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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

JUNE, 1903.

No. 3.

The Human Touch in Industry.

BY ROBERT A. WOODS.

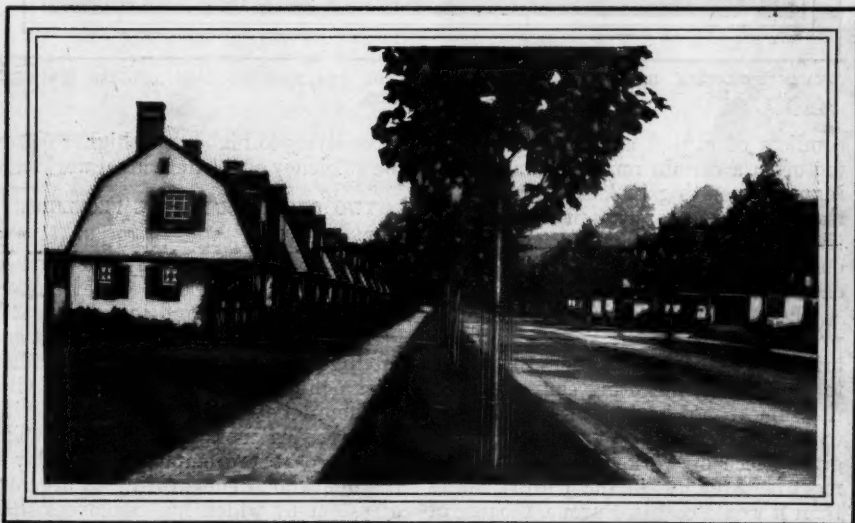
MR. WOODS, WHO IS HEAD OF THE SOUTH END HOUSE SETTLEMENT IN BOSTON, AND EDITOR OF "AMERICANS IN PROCESS," DISCUSSES THE BETTERMENT OF THE RELATION BETWEEN EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED AS THE GREATEST INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM OF THE DAY.

IF the total number of contests now going on between employer and workmen in the United States were massed together into a single great struggle, it would appear as if the country were in the midst of an industrial revolution.

One of the chief causes of the conflict between capital and labor lies in the disappearance of the friendly acquaintance which existed between master and men before there were manufacturing

"plants," when the owner lived near his works, and went in and out daily among his "help." The much discussed methods of arbitration and conciliation and other peace-making devices were not heard of in the old days, because no system was necessary in order to bring the two parties into direct mutual contact, and to put both in possession of the essential facts necessary to a fair decision.

To-day, far-seeing employers are ex-



THE MODEL VILLAGE BUILT BY GEORGE W. VANDERBILT FOR THE LABORERS ON HIS ESTATE AT BILTMORE, NEAR ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

perimenting with various plans designed to restore some of the friendly feeling of the past. It is their aim, so far as possible, to prevent strikes and to insure steadiness and stability to industry. They wish also to win the workman to higher efforts. Aside from organized

crets of the success of American industry, is nowadays being as carefully studied as any question of raw material, mechanical processes, or market. One of the most interesting and vital questions in industrial policy is how, by any and every sort of ingenious effort, to advance



WOMEN EMPLOYEES' DINING-ROOM AT THE FACTORY OF THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO.

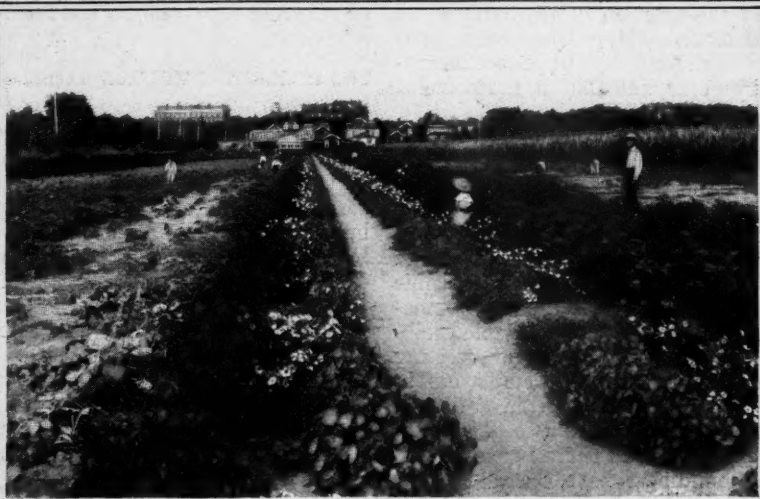
conflicts of capital and labor, there is too often a certain unrest among workmen, resulting in lack of loyalty to their employers, and often in comparative indifference to the quality of work done. This is a condition which threatens the welfare of all classes.

The American workman is the most productive in the world. His labor brings larger returns in wages than come to the workmen of other countries. At the same time, he is, as a rule, worth to his employer all that he receives. A given piece of work actually costs the manufacturer less in the United States than it would cost in Europe, because of the speed and skill put into the labor. This fact, which is one of the chief se-

successively to higher and higher points the efficiency of the individual workman.

TWO GREAT INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS.

These two objects—to anticipate tendencies toward the paralysis of industry by the withdrawal of employees acting in the mass, and to secure a still greater degree of productive interest and intelligence on the part of the individual workman—are perhaps the most vital problems that confront the conquering industrial enterprise of America. The truly progressive employer of to-day is the one who is endeavoring to organize a system by which his employees shall share in the profits of his business, either through a money bonus or



BOYS' FLOWER GARDENS AT THE FACTORY OF THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO.

through the supply of special educational opportunities and social privileges. Such a system will alleviate friction, encourage confidence, and secure larger returns to all concerned—if the personal freedom and self-respect of the workmen, and their right to bargain in a body with their employers, be not undetermined.

Under the profit-sharing system, of which the most notable example is that recently inaugurated by the United States Steel Corporation, employees receive an additional amount of from four to ten per cent of their wages, in prosperous years. The advantages secured to the employer from experiments of this type are reduction in the waste of material, improvement in quality and quantity of work done, economy in supervision, greater stability in the working staff, and occasional valuable suggestions from employees as a result of their increased interest in their work. The advantage accruing to the employer ordinarily makes it satisfactory to him without any sharing of losses during periods of depression. Some of the most important establishments in which profit-sharing has been successfully carried on are the Pillsbury flour mills at Minneapolis, the Proctor & Gamble soap

works at Cincinnati, the Yale and Towne Lock Company at Stamford, Connecticut, and the Bourne cotton mill at Fall River, Massachusetts.

Profit-sharing in some cases develops into full industrial partnership. The N. O. Nelson Company, at Leclaire, Illinois, near St. Louis, has been practically successful in having its employees convert their profit-sharing dividends into stock. The company now pays its regular bonuses to its employees in stock only. It is the aim of Mr. Nelson to make his establishment ultimately a coöperative enterprise. When workmen leave his employ their stock is purchased at par.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF "MODEL TOWNS."

For nearly a century there have been employers, especially when their factories were at a distance from large centers of population, who have made special provision for the housing of workmen, for the education of their children, and often for the support of local churches. In some cases large-minded captains of industry have carried out, for the benefit of their employees, schemes of local improvement comparable to those that larger communities undertake for their citizens. Two Massachusetts towns, in their social institu-

tions as in their material progress, are largely the creation of two families of manufacturers—Hopedale, which has grown up around the Draper cotton machinery works, and Dalton, the home of the Crane paper mills.

Large schemes for the well-being of employees connected with great industrial plants are more often found in Europe than in this country. The Krupp foundries, at Essen, in Rhenish Prussia, furnish a striking example of the best traditions of the responsible feudal baron applied to the vast population attached to that remarkable establishment. Herr Krupp began erecting model dwellings for his employees as early as 1861. The investment has returned a net income of two and a half per cent, and with the fund thus created other buildings have been erected. There is a coöperative store, which is managed by the firm, but whose profits are distributed among purchasers in proportion to the amount of their dealings. A boarding establishment is maintained for the convenience of unmarried employees. The health of the Krupp workers is provided for by a bath-house, a hospital, and a group of regularly em-

ployed physicians; and the uncertainties of life are met by pension and insurance schemes.

TWO INTERESTING WESTERN EXPERIMENTS.

In the United States, until 1894, the most favorably known "model town" was Pullman, now included in the city of Chicago. Here, upon five hundred acres of land, the sleeping-car magnate built not only the plant of his company, but a hotel, churches, a library, an arcade, and brick tenement-houses, all for the use of his employees. A water supply, a system of sewers, and even an athletic field, were also provided. The philanthropic character of the enterprise was somewhat obscured by the fact that the company never charged for these privileges less than the ruling prices, and sometimes a little more. The churches and parsonages had a way of standing idle because no body of worshippers was willing to pay the required amount of rent. The library was but slightly patronized. Many employees preferred to live outside the town rather than take one of the company's tenements. The difficulty was that the men felt everywhere a great force which



A TYPICAL COTTAGE AT ALTENHOF, A MODEL VILLAGE BUILT FOR THE EMPLOYEES OF THE GREAT KRUPP IRON-WORKS AT ESSEN, GERMANY.

tended to circumscribe their whole lives. The very streets were owned in fee simple by the Pullman company.

Gradually the worthy purpose which had gone into the founding of the town was lost sight of. The employees first asserted themselves against the company by voting to annex the town to Chicago,

morning and again in the afternoon. One result of these arrangements is that the factory secures the services of girls of a very intelligent type; in fact, additions to their number are now made only from among high-school graduates.

Great emphasis is laid upon cleanliness. All work-rooms, even in the foun-



A SCENE IN THE KRUPP MODEL VILLAGE OF ALTENHOF—THE CROQUET GROUND ATTACHED TO THE HOME FOR CONVALESCENT WORKMEN.

and then went out on the strike which is now historically famous.

Since the fall of Pullman as a model town there has developed a still more remarkable effort to establish permanent relations of mutual aid between employer and employee at the National Cash Register factory at Dayton, Ohio. Here the original motive was to secure the services of well-qualified men and women. The company did not undertake to lay out a large sum of money, to control the dwelling-places of the workmen, or to enter into any business relations with them aside from their direct connection with the factory. The special effort has been to go to the root of the matter and create the best possible system as to general conditions of labor.

At the Dayton factory the men are on a nine-and-a-half hour day, while women are employed only eight hours. The women are thus enabled to avoid the crowd of men, coming after they come and leaving before them. Women are also allowed a ten-minute recess in the

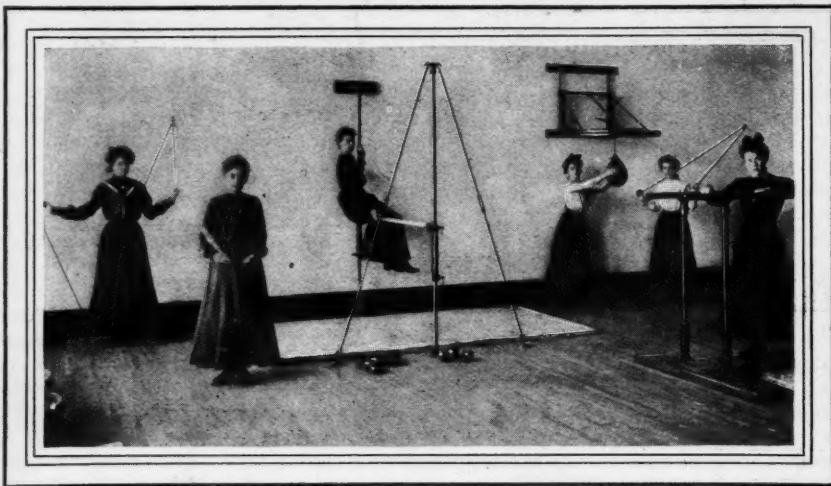
dry, are made attractive. Free baths are provided, and every employee is allowed twenty minutes each week out of the company's time in order to use them. A library and reading-room, a rest-room for girls, a lunch-room, and bicycle sheds, are all included as part of this great factory institution. Literary, musical, and social organizations are carried on among both men and women operatives. Special opportunities are provided for instruction in cooking and domestic science. One of the most interesting of all the plans followed out is that of offering two hundred and fifty dollars in prizes for the best front yards, the best back yards, the best examples of vine-planting, and the best vegetable garden cultivated by a boy. As a result, the whole appearance of the district about the factory has been transformed.

THE FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION OF WAGES.

Mr. Pullman thought his employees strangely ungrateful; what must have been the feelings of Mr. Patterson,

president of the Dayton company, when a formidable strike arose among his much favored workmen? For they did organize themselves into trade unions, and they did insist on having a voice in deciding the fundamental matter of the daily wage. From their point of view, all the special betterment enterprises

the men has been gained to a very satisfactory extent. The feeling of a common interest between employer and workman has distinctly grown. Having accepted the fact of trade unionism, the management now uses its influence to encourage all workmen to take an active part in the union meetings, and the best



IN A CHICAGO DEPARTMENT STORE—THE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM MAINTAINED BY THE PROPRIETORS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THEIR EMPLOYEES.

only touched the fringe of the matter. This, sooner or later, is likely to be the point of view of all sturdy, hard-headed workmen. Every employer who relies solely upon some more or less ingenious form of profit-sharing will ultimately be pretty sure to suffer the same disappointment.

Mr. Patterson, on calmly reviewing the situation, came to the opposite decision from Mr. Pullman. He decided that the organization of labor was inevitable, and concluded to make the best of it. He created a labor department to make prompt investigation of any conditions which seem to be unfair to the men, to be always open to complaints, and to dispose of all such difficulties in their earliest stages and with judicial fairness. On the other side, the department takes up with the workmen such matters as restriction of output, opposition to improved machinery, unjust wage demands, and opposition to the discharge of inefficient employees.

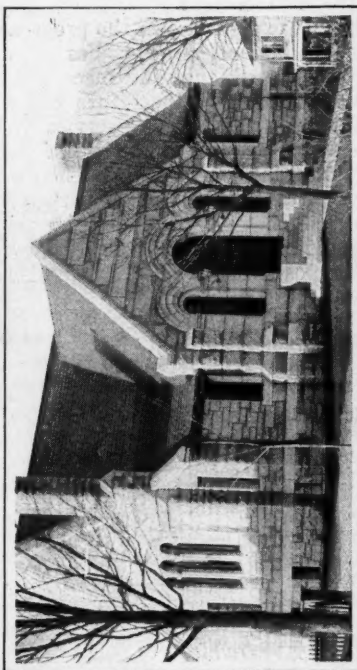
In both directions the confidence of

men are urged to accept positions of leadership. The growing strength of the union is thus likely to be associated with wise counsels and a moderate temper.

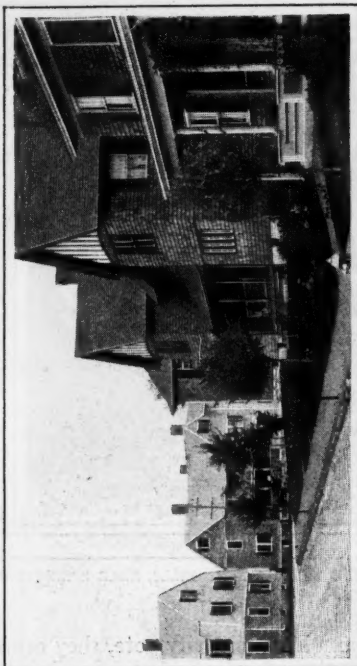
OTHER INDUSTRIAL EXPERIMENTS.

Meanwhile, the Dayton system for the betterment of factory conditions had spread to many other factories in Ohio. In Cleveland a public-spirited citizen placed a fund in the hands of the Chamber of Commerce for the promotion of enterprises like those at the cash register factory among the city's industrial establishments. The chamber employs an expert whose business it is to advise as to the introduction of restaurants, reading-rooms, educational influences, and various forms of recreation, under the roofs of stores and factories employing large numbers of people. The results of this experiment have proved exceedingly satisfactory.

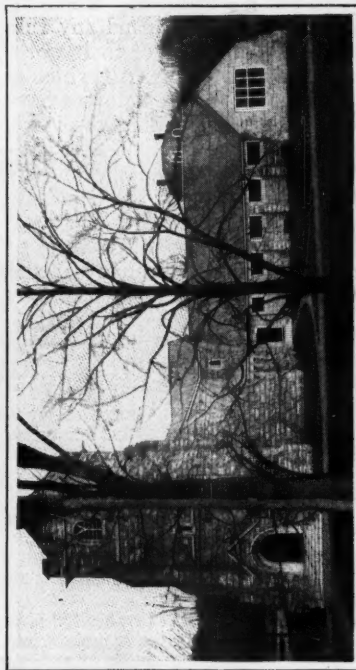
In one large store for the sale of women's garments, in another city, such efforts toward social improvement among



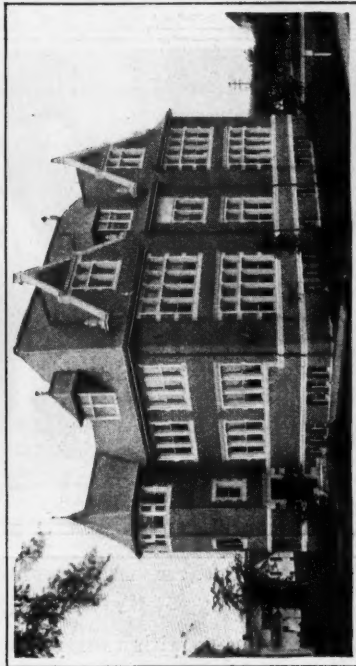
THE BANCROFT MEMORIAL LIBRARY, HOPEDALE.



A TYPICAL STREET IN HOPEDALE.



THE DRAPER MEMORIAL CHURCH, HOPEDALE.



A GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN HOPEDALE.

THE MODEL TOWN OF HOPEDALE, MASSACHUSETTS, CONTROLLED BY THE DRAPER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



THE BASKET-BALL TEAM OF THE WOMEN EMPLOYEES OF THE LUDLOW HEMP MILLS, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

the working forces go with a somewhat daring, but entirely successful, scheme of partial self-government. The employees can initiate or amend any rule that affects the efficiency of their work, subject to the veto of the firm, which is seldom exercised. The employees have decided the hour for closing the store, and can grant an occasional extra holiday. As they have a percentage on their sales, their interest in all these matters is not a one-sided one. They also have the privilege, by a two-thirds vote, of reinstating a discharged employee; and this step has actually been taken by

them. By a majority vote, they can secure the refunding of any fine imposed by the management.

Recent experiences in the progressive management of large bodies of employees suggest that the successful industrial captain of the future will win, not compel, the effective service of his subordinates. He will in a real sense take them into partnership. Their work will carry with it enlarged opportunities. They will be encouraged to give themselves to their work, not as machines, but as the possessors of selecting minds and determining wills.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WHEN from my task I fain would steal,
And into vacuous languor slip,
With inward bleeding then I feel
My guardian angel's whip.

Or when to empty revelry
I give my spirit, though it sears
And shames that inner self, I see
My guardian angel's tears.

Or when I yield to grief, or fear,
Or pride, or say that life is chaff
Blown by an idle wind—I hear
My guardian angel's laugh!

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Sisterhoods in the Episcopal Church.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. LINDSAY, D.D., LL.D.

HOW WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG GAVE THE IMPETUS TO ONE OF THE REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS OF THE PAST HALF CENTURY—THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE SISTERHOODS, AND THEIR FINE RECORD OF CHARITABLE AND PHILANTHROPIC WORK.

ONE Sunday afternoon in 1845 a sermon was delivered in the chapel of St. Paul's College, which, standing on College Point, near Flushing, Long Island, looks across the East River toward the shore of the mainland. The preacher was the Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, and his subject was "Jephthah's Vow." After the service an unknown lady spoke to him in rather a general way of religious vows. Subsequently she made known to Dr. Muhlenberg her desire to enter the "religious" life as a member of some community of sisters.

Some time in the following winter, after the evening service in the Church of the Holy Communion, in New York, the congregation being dispersed, the good woman just referred to was consecrated by Dr. Muhlenberg, the only witness being the sexton, who was waiting to put out the lights.

Thus the first sisterhood in the Episcopal Church and in the whole Anglican communion was started. Its dim outline had long lain in the mind of Muhlenberg, saint and sage, and with it the purpose of founding St. Luke's Hospital.

He would often say: "No sisterhood, no hospital." A few more years passed, and the hospital took its place as one of the great charities of New York, with the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion to furnish its nurses. Together hospital and sisterhood have lived and prospered.

Sisterhoods began to spring up rapidly in the English church about this time. Some of them were transplanted to the United States, others were created here, as there was a need felt for such institutions, if the church was to adjust itself to the conditions of modern life.

In a general way, these sisterhoods were alike. Each one had a



SISTER HARRIET (HARRIET STARR CANNON), FOUNDER
AND MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE SISTERHOOD
OF ST. MARY.

head known as the mother superior. The members were bound together by obedience to certain rules; in most of the orders the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience were taken by the sisters. Each order had a distinctive dress, and all of them cultivated both the contemplative and the active side of Christian life.

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE SISTERS.

In the contemplative side of life the sisters seek to develop their spiritual nature and to offer themselves a living sacrifice to God. They observe the canonical hours in most of the houses; they attend the daily celebration of the Holy Communion; they have their private devotions, and they receive instructions from their chaplain.

But the active life of the sisters is more interesting to the public. As a rule, the several orders are not devoted to any one sort of Christian work exclusively, but each one pursues various lines of useful activity. When we scan the list of their undertakings we notice hospitals, homes for the poor and for the orphan, places of refuge for fallen women, schools, seaside and mountain resorts for the needy, visiting the indigent and the sick, mission work, and assistance rendered in parishes where it is desired by the rectors.

The Sisters of the Holy Communion—the order founded by Dr. Muhlenberg—visit and nurse in his old parish in New York, take care of a Home for Aged Women, and look after the vestments of the clergy and the choir. Another native organization, the Sisterhood of St. Mary, was, in a certain sense, evolved from the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion. Its founder was Harriet Starr Cannon, a member of a distinguished Southern family, and a woman of rare ability and character. She was a sister of the older body for a time, but in 1863 she and several others withdrew from the order. For two years they worked together without any special organization, carrying on various charities, but being subjected to no little persecution from people who regarded them as too much like the Roman Catholics in their spirit and methods. But they finally won their way, and in 1865 five of them formed

the Sisterhood of St. Mary, in New York, Sister Harriet becoming the mother superior.

The community has grown steadily, and has done invaluable work. A list of the charities it maintains will help the reader to realize what a power for good these sisterhoods are. In New York, the order manages the House of Mercy for fallen women, St. Agnes' House and St. Saviour's Sanitarium, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, the Trinity Mission on Fulton Street, and a school. It has a Convalescent Home for Children in Norwalk, Connecticut; the Noyes Memorial Home at Peekskill; a Summer Seaside Home for poor children at Great River, Long Island; the Church Home at Memphis, Tennessee; St. Mary's Mission and St. Mary's Home for Children in Chicago; St. Mary's Mission on the Mountain, Sewanee, Tennessee; and boarding and day schools at Peekskill, Memphis, Kenosha (Wisconsin), and Davenport (Iowa).

These good sisters, always thoughtful of others before themselves, have left for the last of their undertakings the erection of an adequate home for their own order. Plans for such a building have been prepared, and it is hoped that so useful a community will soon be properly housed by the generosity of those who appreciate its great work.

A BATTLE WITH YELLOW FEVER.

Before the story of the Sisterhood of St. Mary is closed, one incident of its life should be recalled. In 1875 a Southern branch of the community was established in Memphis, upon the urgent solicitation of the bishop of the diocese, the late Dr. Quintard. It is said that the women who were sent to the city on the Mississippi "were the flower of the sisterhood of that day." Five years later the yellow fever attacked Memphis with terrible force and fury. Two of the sisters were absent, taking a vacation in New York. Hearing that people were flying from the doomed city, they started to return to it without the loss of an hour.

The church force for the serious work of caring for the sick in Memphis consisted of two clergymen, four regular sisters, and two women, residents in the

sisters' house, but not members of the order. Later on two other clergy came to take part in the work, and three more sisters, one of them a member of St. Margaret's Sisterhood, which has its American home in Boston. Like soldiers fighting through a long and bloody siege,

liantly illuminated with the colors and the gold."

THE SISTERHOOD OF ST. MARGARET.

As we have given some attention to two sisterhoods in New York, both of American origin, I will now sketch one



ST. ELISABETH'S HOUSE, AT RIVERBANK, CONNECTICUT, A HOME FOR CRIPPLED GIRLS, MANAGED BY THE SISTERS OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

these brave and patient men and women labored and suffered and dared during the dark days of the epidemic, attending the service of the Holy Communion every day, and working day and night for the fever-stricken people. Two of the clergy died, both of them Northern men, one an officer of the Union army in the Civil War. Four of the sisters and one of their lay assistants also succumbed to the fever. Dr. Morgan Dix well says that "in the record of the community this is the page most bril-

in Boston, which came to the United States from England.

The Sisterhood of St. Margaret was founded in 1855 by the widely known Dr. J. M. Neale, with its headquarters at East Grinstead, in Sussex. In 1873 a branch of it was brought to Boston, specially to take charge of the Children's Hospital. The mother house of the order in America is on quaint old Louisburg Square, once a seat of fashion. The chief work of the English sisterhood was the visiting of the sick poor. The

sisters naturally took up the same duty in Boston, not only nursing the poor in their own homes, but teaching them how to take care of the sick and to make home more comfortable for those who were well. Their example led to the establishment of the system of district nursing in Boston, which has been for many years an important institution.

Besides their service to the sick poor and their management of the Children's Hospital, the Sisters of St. Margaret work among the colored people of Boston, having a hospital for them known as St. Monica's. They have established themselves in other parts of New England, in New York, and in Philadelphia. One of the largest of their undertakings is St. Margaret's Hospital, in Louisburg Square, Boston, where a pleasant home is provided for the sick, with skilful and sympathetic nursing. Any physician can send a patient to the hospital and attend him while there. In the summer the sisters provide country homes for needy children. During the Spanish war, two of them went to Porto Rico with the American troops, while three others nursed in the army hospitals of Jacksonville.

OTHER EPISCOPAL SISTERHOODS.

If the limits of this paper permitted, I might describe some of the other sisterhoods, but I have space to give only the briefest mention of them.

The Community of St. John the Baptist, an English order, founded in 1851, sent out a branch to this country thirty years later, which has grown into one of the greatest of the sisterhoods. The ancestral home of Helen Stuyvesant Folsom became its abiding place, and

she, under the name of Sister Helen Margaret, its guiding spirit. The first great work of the order in the United States was the care of the Germans on the East Side of New York, a labor in which it has been signally successful; but it has entered into other fields which it cultivates with no less diligence and skill. Among the institutions under its control are schools for different classes of girls, hospitals, and homes, in New York and elsewhere.

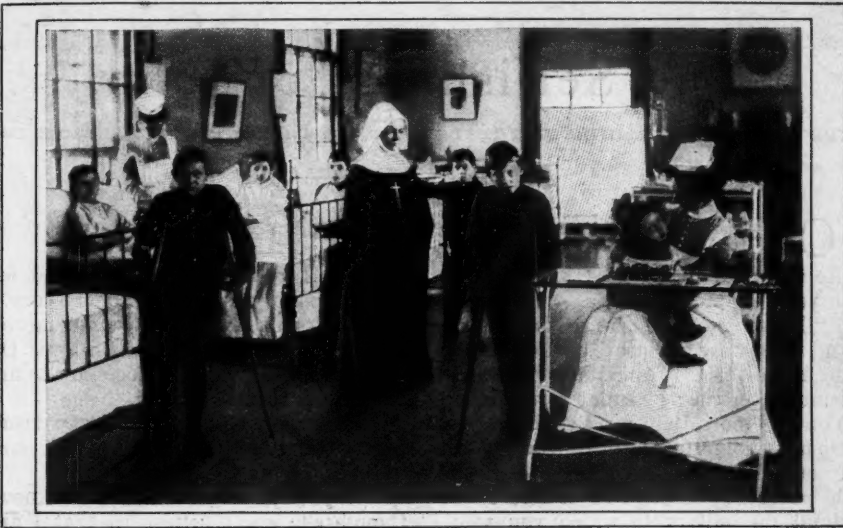
The All Saints Sisters of the Poor have been working successfully in Baltimore for more than a dozen years in behalf of women and children: The Sisterhood of St. Mary, composed of colored women, has been caring for needy people of its own race in the same city, with the help and guidance

of the All Saints Sisterhood. It has found a large field for its benevolence, and one in which there is a lamentable scarcity of workers.

The Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity, founded by Bishop Grafton, of Fond-du-Lac, has justified its establishment by the useful work that it has done, especially in giving religious instruction in parishes and missions in Providence,



A MEMBER OF THE SISTERHOOD OF ST. MARGARET, AN INTERNATIONAL ORDER WHOSE AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS ARE IN BOSTON.



A SCENE IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, BOSTON, AN INSTITUTION MANAGED BY THE SISTERHOOD OF ST. MARGARET.

Rhode Island, and several near-by places.

THE VALUE OF THE SISTERHOODS.

Enough has been said to show that the sisterhood movement is not a mere fad, and that those people are mistaken who believe that, while it is adapted to Latin countries, it has no place among native-born Americans. The simple, pure, and unselfish lives of the sisters are an inspiration and a model to the charitably inclined and a silent rebuke to the selfish, the worldly, and the pleasure-seeking. Their daily work is of no small practical service. The relief of poverty, helpfulness to the sick, the guidance and uplifting of women who are "more sinned against than sinning," the instruction of the ignorant, the hopefulness inspired in the wretched by sympathy and encouragement—all these things and others like them employ the time of the women who have abandoned worldly position and given up wealth, in

many cases, that they may be sisters indeed to those who need their ministrations.

When the great orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Lorenz, returned to Germany after his first visit to the United States, he said to an audience in Berlin that the difference between German and American nurses was that the Germans were servants, the Americans were ladies. The sisters were among the first ladies in this country to take up nursing, and they perhaps set the fashion.

Social service has become popular in the United States, and social settlements are multiplying in our large cities. Well-born and well-educated women are taking part in the work of bettering the conditions of the poor and needy by living among them and sharing their experiences. In this movement, too, the sisters were pioneers and leaders. They may be said to have blazed the way along which conservative social reform has been moving for some years past.

THE PESSIMIST.

THE path was cool. Sweet nature threw
Wide-spread the doors of her abode.
He turned from paths of sparkling dew,
And chose to tread the dusty road.

Kenneth Bruce.

The Selfishness of John.

THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE THAT TESTED THE CHARACTERS OF TWO BROTHERS.

BY MARVIN DANA.

"OH, yes," she said bitterly; "I quite understand! Without me your life will be emptiness. I am necessary to your happiness."

"I love you," the man declared again, and there was the timbre of deepest feeling in his voice. "Oh, Marjorie, I must, I must win you; I cannot give you up! You are more than my own heart; you are my whole life. I never dreamed that I could love like this! Oh, sweetheart, do not refuse me! You do not understand the misery to which you would condemn me, the loneliness, the agony!"

The two were standing on the cliffs overlooking the sea. A hundred yards behind them, half screened by trees and shrubberies, lay the house from which they had strolled after dinner was done. To the north shone the lights of Boston, a luminous mist hanging in the night. Straight from their feet a glittering track thrilled on the water, out and away to the heart of the golden moon; it seemed that they might walk over that shimmering path to a fairy place of love and mystery.

The thought flashed on the man, and he stretched out eager arms toward the girl; but she moved swiftly aside and avoided his embrace. She smiled bitterly as she answered his pleading.

"No, I am not to be won merely by a man's selfishness. I have seen some marriages that were not happy, to put it very mildly. And you have begged, as I have heard other men beg, that I would give myself to you for the sake of your happiness. That is loverlike, and manly, and common. But what of my happiness?"

"I would make you happy. Love such as mine——"

She interrupted him impatiently. "This is the first word you have said of my happiness. And now it is too late. No, I will not marry you just to satisfy your own egotism! Why, Alfred has

never spoken one single word of love to me, and yet——"

"Yes, I know he loves you. That we both worship you is no secret, I fancy."

"You can prove your love for me by proving that it is not a selfish love. Or prove to me that you are necessary to my happiness; then——"

She turned and walked away from him. Captain Ovington stood and watched her until she disappeared.

"Anyhow," he reflected, "I know, though she won't believe it, that I am not selfish in my love. But to prove it to her! Why, God bless her, I'd take perpetual torment for her sake! And I guess that's what I'll do, willy-nilly," he concluded, with a sigh.

As he followed her toward the house another thought came. Could it be that she loved Alfred? For a moment Captain Ovington's heart surged with hate against his only brother.

The next morning Captain Ovington drove to Herr Setel's workshop to make an official test of a new military balloon which the inventor had offered to the government. He was accompanied by his brother, who had asked to join in the ascent, and with them went Miss Marjorie Connaught and her aunt, for they were all guests of Alfred Ovington in his house at Seacrest.

When at last they were come to the spot where the balloon, already inflated, was tugging at its ropes, the captain found himself for a moment apart with Marjorie, and he could not resist saying to her:

"It was good of you to come. At least, you will not misjudge me too harshly."

The man's eyes were warm with longing as he looked into the girl's face.

"Misjudge?" she repeated, with scornful inflection. Then she stepped forward and spoke to Alfred. "Are you quite sure you will go up? In the moun-



ALFRED SHOUTED HIS ADMIRATION TO THE INVENTOR BELOW.

tains last summer, you remember, you were dizzy on the cliffs." There was softness in her voice, a gentle concern that filled the captain with jealous rage. But Marjorie, if she knew, did not reveal any penitence, for she continued flippantly: "The captain, of course, must go—it's his duty as a brave soldier. But you, Alfred, you're only a gentleman of law and leisure, and so——"

The elder brother laughed easily.

"I think I can manage to hold myself inside the basket while the balloon goes up—especially as it's a captive balloon. Really, Marjorie, I don't think you need to worry over my nerves in this case. But I'm awfully grateful to you for thinking about me," and he, too, though he spoke lightly, looked on the girl with eyes that were warm with love.

"Small as it is," Herr Setel was saying, "it is strong enough and large enough to carry two persons. The gas with which it is charged has extraordinary lifting power. Therein consists the worth of my secret invention."

"It looks too small to support two men," the captain remarked.

"But it will," the German insisted eagerly. "Now everything is ready, gentlemen. The cable is on a wheel, so that the balloon may ascend to a considerable height while remaining captive."

Forthwith the young men entered the car, and two assistants, under Herr Setel's direction, allowed the balloon to ascend slowly.

The movement was without jar, for the air was calm. The brothers delighted in the even strength of the pull upward, and Alfred shouted his admiration to the inventor below. Soon, however, the increasing wonder of the view drew their attention from the method of their ascent to the landscape below, which they now saw in an aspect wholly strange to them.

Immediately below lay the meadow from which they had ascended, deserted now save for a few workmen, Herr Setel, and the ladies. On the north lay Boston, a rambling mass of brick and mortar, graced by intervals of green. To the west the hills of the interior raised a barrier, as yet undiminished by the balloon's height. To the south the plain of the coast ran undulating to the

horizon. But most of all the two men were enthralled by the glories of the sea, which washed the shore almost directly beneath them, and thence stretched its splendid expanse eastward till it touched the sky at the limit of sight.

Silence fell on the brothers as they gazed enraptured at the loveliness of the scene. But had they looked down on the men who regulated their progress, they would have found there another and more thrilling interest.

For at this moment one of those at the wheel made a false movement, stumbled, and then fell heavily. As he lurched forward, he caught at a handle of the wheel to save himself. The swift jerk thus given to it tore it from the hands of the other workman. In a moment more the falling man had loosed his hold, and the wheel was free.

Instantly, while the wheel whirled buzzing, unrestrained, the tugging balloon shot upward to the fullest limit of the rope. The inventor, in an agony of fear, threw himself upon it, only to be hurled to the ground stunned. When the last strand of the rope was unwound, the balloon paused for a moment, then leaped lightly toward the heights of air, free and joyous as a soaring bird.

At the first jump of the balloon the brothers had instinctively clutched at the mesh of ropes; then they rested motionless, in mingled amazement and alarm. It was not until the balloon had been free for some moments that they became sufficiently calm to understand what had occurred. But when, finally, at a height of perhaps a mile above the ground, the balloon found a current that drove it smoothly toward the southeast, the captain relaxed the tension of his clutch on the ropes.

"At least, we seem to be still alive," he said.

The other made no answer. As the captain looked at his brother's face, he saw that it was gray, and that Alfred's eyes were dilated with horror.

"Come, come, Alfred," he exclaimed, "courage, man! This is not so bad, after all. It's only that we've got away somehow. There isn't much danger. We're sure to come down somewhere."

At these words the other moved a little and tried to reply, but the only sound he made was an indistinct whisper. At last, when he did manage to speak aloud, his cry was:

"It is awful, awful!"

"Never mind, old fellow," his brother urged; "we're really safe enough. Why, people do this sort of thing every day, just for amusement." Whereat Alfred groaned aloud. "Besides, I suppose there is some way of letting the thing down, if only I could find it."

"For heaven's sake, no!" exclaimed Alfred, now suddenly become energetic.

"What?" questioned John, in astonishment. "Surely you don't want to stay up here?"

"I'd rather stay than go down," was the reply. "No, John, I don't mean to be a coward, but evidently I'm not much on this sort of thing. I'm deathly sick. I could go mad and jump out, though the thought of it fills me with agony."

"Oh, you'll have your nerve back soon," the captain answered encouragingly. "Truth to tell, I'm not exactly enjoying the trip myself."

"I hate to whine," Alfred continued, with a desperate effort to pull himself together, "but I can see no hope. We know nothing about the management of balloons. If you pull a rope, the chances are we'll go to the bottom—smash! I've never tried to resign myself to death; in fact, I've never thought about it much. Now is the time to begin, I fancy. Only I'm tremendously worried about Anne!"

John looked at his brother in pity. The unselfishness in the last words pleased him, for they showed that his brother was recovering from the first turmoil of terror, since he could remember their sister and her troubles.

At another time, indeed, John would have reveled in the sublimity of the spectacle about him. Even now it commanded his attention. Beneath the balloon lay a floor of clouds that wholly hid the distant surface of the earth, and gave a climax of weird unreality to all the prospect. On every side, to the furthest bounds of sight, was empty space. From the clouds below it seemed that the balloon must be moving

rapidly; but if so, it was traveling so exactly with a steady current of air that no movement was perceptible.

Just now the captain took no more heed of his surroundings than was necessary to devise a method of action toward escape. He had no doubt that a descent was provided for in the mechanism of the balloon, but he hesitated to attempt its discovery and operation, especially in view of his brother's timidity. Yet it seemed as if nothing else were feasible. And just then his eyes fell on a cord that lay among the ropes running from the netting of the car.

Instinctively John guessed that this was the string that managed the escape of gas. It hung innocently in its place; surely it must be a safe and simple matter to give it a little pull, a gentle little pull, barely enough to open the valve. Then the balloon would sink down, slowly and softly, like a feather dropping.

John stared at the cord, and his fingers tingled with desire to lay hold of it. He glanced stealthily at his brother. Alfred sat with his arms twisted in the ropes, his eyes shut, his brows furrowed.

"It would only increase his sufferings to speak of it," the captain thought. "I'll try to bring the balloon down to the ground before he knows what's going on."

John reached out a hand to the cord and clasped it. Alfred paid no heed. Then the captain ventured to bring a little weight on the string. It seemed to him that there was no yielding in response. He waited a moment, looking down on the clouds below. No, they were no nearer; he had as yet accomplished nothing.

Once again John pulled softly on the cord, and again it resisted his effort. Little by little he increased the tension. Then, at last, the cord moved—moved so far that he dropped it in swift fear.

At the same moment there came a shrill hissing overhead, and with the sound the balloon began falling swiftly. A scream of fear burst from the lips of Alfred, and it was echoed by John's groan of despair. Unreasoning, they braced themselves as if to withstand the shock that must destroy them. Now the

horror of darkness was added, for they were falling through the clouds. It seemed fearful to perish thus blindly in the mist. Then they had passed the clouds, and the terror of the darkness was gone, only to be forgotten in the continued awfulness of their fall, which now, in the light, they measured by the clouds they left above. So they remained in a trance of fear, motionless, their faces set hopelessly, their eyes staring upward, waiting for death.

Suddenly John cried aloud:

"Why, I don't believe we're falling!"

With the words he peered over the side of the car. There below him lay the sea, calm, unbroken by any point of land; but it seemed rising swiftly, as if to seize its prey.

"Anyhow, we're falling into water," John continued to Alfred, whose face had lighted with a ray of hope at the first exclamation.

And John noted that the sea did not leap toward them as at first. Instead, it was as if the expanse were creeping upward, and the slackening of the movement increased until he dared believe that a chance of escape remained.

A sudden noise startled John, and he turned to see his brother fall in a heap on the floor of the basket. At once he was bending over Alfred. The terrors of the adventure, joined perhaps to the strain of the altitude to which they had ascended, had so drained the younger man's energies that he had fainted; but John believed that he would speedily recover. Having no stimulant to administer, the captain contented himself with rubbing his brother's hands to hasten the return of consciousness.

John stopped his work to look over the edge of the car. To his horror, he saw that the basket swung scarcely twenty feet above the wave-crests, and even while he watched the distance grew visibly less.

"In desperation at the fate that now seemed inevitable, the captain threw a rapid glance around the car, in search of something that might be cast out to lighten the weight; but there was nothing, neither anchor nor bags of sand. Now the waves were less than two yards below them, yet their fall was so gradual that a very little lessening of the weight

must stay the balloon from sinking further. It was two minutes before the car had dropped another yard. But slow as was the descent, it was horribly certain. Alfred now began to show faint signs of life, but he was in no condition for battling with the sea. John's eyes scanned the horizon, but no ship was to be seen. An inspiration came to him. He took off his coat, his waistcoat, and his boots.

"It makes little difference in my chances," he mused, "and at least it gives him time to pick up. I think the balloon will float until a boat sights it, and then he will be all right. As for me—well, it will be much better for Marjorie this way. No, I've no one, not even a sweetheart, to miss me. Good-by, old fellow!" he murmured, stooping for a moment over his brother's form.

The captain climbed upon the edge of the car and dropped off into the sea.

The splash of the fall was not heard by Alfred. The balloon leaped upward a little way, and there floated steadily. John, as he watched it drifting from him on the breeze, prayed for his brother's safety, prayed until at last the tiny speck vanished on the horizon and he remained alone in the waste of waters. The sea was calm, and he floated beneath the warm sun, thinking of many things in earth and heaven, but mostly of Marjorie.

A sloop standing in towards the bay ran close to him and picked him up. Just in time for dinner he reached his brother's house. In the hallway there was a scream, then something, a cloud of laces and sweetness, was upon his breast—Marjorie! His arms closed on her, his heart jarring and strangling him.

"Marjorie!" he stammered wonderingly. "Marjorie! Marjorie!"

"Kiss me, John! And, oh, forgive me, dearest! You have taught me, John; I must have *you*. I, too, am selfish. I love you—love you!"

A cable came from Alfred, who had been picked up and carried to Halifax, and a letter followed it. When Marjorie had read the letter she came to John with shining eyes.

"And I called you selfish," she said—"you!"

The Man Who Runs the Train.

BY HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN.

A REAL HERO OF EVERY-DAY LIFE, THE "ENGINEER," AS HE CALLS HIMSELF, OR THE "ENGINE MAN," AS SOME AUTHORITIES TERM HIM—A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY A FORMER MEMBER OF THE CALLING.

THE locomotive runner is more, and less, than an engineer. His brethren of the monkey-wrench and squirt-can in other lines of the calling affect contempt of his mechanical qualifications. With few exceptions, he served no time in the shop, nor did he graduate as a machinist. But though his knowledge of the machine was picked up during his apprenticeship at the "scoop," and is more or less imperfect, it suffices amply for his needs. He is neither required nor expected to plan or build engines. His duty is to obtain the best possible results from them as he gets them, and to care for them intelligently. And for ingenuity and wealth of resource under ever varying difficulties, he vies easily with the most scientifically trained marine or other engineer.

It is as a railroad man that he excels. Seated in his narrow cab, his left hand never leaving the throttle lever while the engine is in motion, and his keen eye fixed steadily on the farthest point ahead, he is the impersonation of cool, self-reliant vigilance.

THE ENGINE MAN'S QUALIFICATIONS.

The locomotive engineer is neither born nor made. Strictly speaking, he is evolved, or adapted. The requisite characteristics are many and varied. A phlegmatic temperament is absolutely essential. When cars and engines are piling up about him, he must never get "rattled." He must possess a keen and clear perception of the right thing at the right time, for his decision—rendered amid impending chaos, and instantaneously—will be subjected to the test of calm revision in the peaceful surroundings of the superintendent's office.

He must have a rapid fire analytical mind; for at frequent intervals among the rules, and clothed in the convincing authority of italics or capitals, this motto confronts him: "In all cases of doubt, take the side of safety." It is at once an expression of confidence and a snare. His doubt must be so well founded, and his action thereon so satisfactory, as to furnish unimpeachable defense at the investigation which invariably succeeds these "cases."

Without being pig-headed, his faith in his own judgment must be such as to prevent him listening to the siren song of fellow employees; for "advice" will not be accepted as a valid excuse. His bump of veneration for "duly constituted authority" must be abnormally developed; in no instance may he presume to question its righteousness. An iron constitution must also be his, that he may defy not only the rigors of the elements, but that greater breaking strain, overwork. Master mechanics suspect the plea of sickness, and a request for time to sleep offends superintendents.

These are but a few of the most salient points of his necessary qualifications, and they must all be developed and perfected by long years of training. His calling fosters sedateness and a quiet, introspective habit of self-communion. Intrusted with weighty responsibilities, and immersed in an atmosphere surcharged with the possibility of unexpected happenings, he leads a life conducive rather to gray hairs than to levity.

The uncouth individual whom you may have noticed in the cab of the engine at the head of your train is the pick of a large flock; for "many are

called, but few are chosen." The raw material from which he is evolved grows in luxuriant profusion along the right of way. To the juvenile male American, the engineer, the controlling spirit of the glittering iron steed that flashes by him daily, is a heroic character in a class by himself. Thousands of boys become infatuated with the rush and roar of the locomotive. Only a small proportion of these thousands have the requisite "sand" to cut loose from the farm and tackle the railroad; but to cull the likeliest candidates requires an exceedingly fine winnowing of raw stock. But an infinitesimal minority of those selected finally survive the pitiless process of elimination.

FROM WIPER TO FIREMAN.

The future engineer begins as a wiper, or helper about the roundhouse. The first lesson he learns is that of unquestioning obedience to everybody above him—which includes the entire outfit. The necessity for him to know the why or wherefore of an order is not admitted. He next learns, more or less incorrectly, the names and functions of the parts of the machines on which he works. He becomes familiar with them, through going over them with waste, wiping off the accumulated dirt and grease. To these humble neophytes the engineer is frequently indebted for discoveries of slight fractures, or of loose nuts and bolts which have escaped his own inspection.

Wipers serve under the supervision of the roundhouse foreman, who instinctively notices the brightest of them. Here and there is one who seems to take notice. He remembers occurrences, and has distinct impressions of the individuality of engines and engineers. He is handy, and forces himself upon the attention. Is a man wanted for a job requiring a modicum of common sense, he is called. He performs these simple duties satisfactorily, and the foreman comes to depend on him—to a limited extent. A fireman being wanted in an emergency, the foreman calls the young wiper, and is agreeably surprised by his ready answers. With more or less misgivings, and much cautionary advice, he sends him out.

The boy fills the bill so well that the foreman experiences a thrill of satisfaction with his own perspicacity, and mentally marks him for promotion.

There may not have been another boy in the gang who would have proven himself competent on a first trial; yet the selection was not due to any conscious mental process on the foreman's part; it was simply a manifestation of the survival of the fittest.

Auspicious as his start has been, none can foresee how the tyro will pan out. Bright, intelligent young men frequently fail; while dense, stolid looking fellows get there. I know men who have survived the rigid ordeal of the lower grades, and have been running first class trains for years, whom, on snap judgment, you would hesitate to intrust with a verbal message.

Then there is luck. After a heart-breaking series of "unavoidable accidents," none of which could be traced to any fault of his, a trunk line superintendent said to an engineer:

"Joe, you are a good man, but you are so blamed unlucky that this company can't afford to keep you."

Joe was sent away, but he received a first class recommendation, and has been running successfully on another road ever since.

PROMOTION TO THE "RIGHT HAND SIDE."

Our young fireman may prove to possess that subtle sixth sense which will enable him to get along with less fuel than anybody else. He may be a wizard with poor coal and stubborn, hard-steaming engines. The master mechanic may have him slated for early promotion; and yet, when promoted, he may fail dismally. It is hardly likely that he will, though, for he is of the kind who keep their eyes open. He will probably be over-confident, and will have a slight feeling of professional contempt for some of the engineers for whom he has fired.

When first promoted to the right hand side, he is set to switching in the yard. Here he comes in contact with other boys who have recently been promoted. Here he learns much as to the momentum of cars in motion, and acquires a flippant regard for the value

of rolling stock. "To thunder with cars an' engines, so long as you don't kill nobody," is a favorite expression with many of these young fellows; aye, and with older ones, too.

He will smash a car occasionally, but if he doesn't particularly distinguish himself in that line, he probably will survive this degree.

During this period he will be disillusioned in regard to his own importance. His previous experience taught him that the engineer was a great personage. He now learns that, if so, it is some other engineer than he. Yard masters and conductors, brakemen and switchmen, all regard him with the reverse of reverence. Still, he holds his head up, and tries to show that he considers all mankind his inferiors.

By the time he is through with the yard, his horizon has expanded in several directions. He cultivates a habit of listening with an air of indifferent superiority while others discuss difficult railroad problems; thereby acquiring valuable information while concealing his ignorance. If he is the right kind, he will store this information for his future guidance.

He may not graduate from the yard without one or more interviews with the "big boss." The fact that he survives proves one of two things: he has evaded trouble, or has succeeded in shifting the blame to others. Either proves his fitness; for nowhere is it truer than on the railroad that the worst crime a man can commit is to get found out.

The next step takes him out on the road; probably with a "work train." He now enters on what may prove a rocky experience for both himself and the company. He has an opportunity to forget or misunderstand telegraph orders, and get in the way of trains. He may succeed in causing a bad wreck, getting himself or others killed, or he may simply delay a first class train; one accident will be about as disastrous as the other in its effect upon his career as a railroad man.

He now meets the overbearing conductor, who will attempt to impress his personality upon him, and to "take charge." Should the conductor be an older man than himself, and one with a

positive manner of expression, the engineer will be lucky to escape this pitfall.

A LESSON IN SELF-CONFIDENCE.

An instance will illustrate this point. A through passenger express was delayed, so that a three car local, which should have followed ten minutes behind her, got out ahead. The local carried signals for an excursion train. Now, it is one of the strictest rules that a first class train is due until she arrives—up to a specified time, say twelve hours, when she loses all rights. A train is represented, not by the engine and cars of which it usually consists, but by its time; and a train has not passed until all the sections of which it is composed have passed.

That day a section gang was putting in new rails. Their work train went into the switch to let the express and local go by. The express failed to show up. Presently along came the local, carrying signals for a following section. The express followed the local, ten minutes later, and the conductor and the section foreman decided that the express was running as a second section of the local.

The conductor opened the switch and ordered the engineer to pull out and go back to work. The young fellow demurred, saying that there was a section of the local still due; but the conductor and section foreman, both old railroaders, called him all kinds of a fool for not knowing that the express represented that section. They finally put it to him straight, that if he delayed the work by his stubborn ignorance, he would do so at his peril. Overborne, but not convinced, he pulled out. Half an hour later the excursion train came along, and had to wait for them to spike a rail and get their train in out of the way to let her pass.

Next day the superintendent made caustic remarks to that conductor and foreman, and sent the young engineer back to another year in the freight yard. It was no excuse that he had been overpersuaded by older men; he should have known. To the plea that he did know, answer was returned that he should have stuck to what he knew to be right, no matter who said to the contrary. He

had lacked self confidence—a fatal weakness.

On the other hand, engineers who knew—that is, believed—that they were right, have suffered for that same upholding of their opinions.

It is at this stage, and later, on freight, that the crop of young engineers is rapidly thinned. They are worked so nearly to death that they sometimes forget a vital matter at a critical moment. There are so many things to remember that it is hardly to be wondered at; but the man capable of forgetting is not the one sought.

THE FREIGHT ENGINEER.

It is on freight trains, and especially on single track roads, that engineers are made. Running wild, with no rights that anybody is bound to respect, they soon demonstrate their fitness or unfitness. The conflict of jurisdiction between engineers and conductors wages most fiercely on freight. Conductors will assert that the engine is but a part of the train in their charge; while engineers as stoutly maintain that the conductor's authority ends at "the back of the tank." The management wisely holds them jointly responsible; leaning a little to severity towards the engineer, as he controls the power. He only can side-track the train or pull it out of the switch.

Over this question of side-tracking or pulling out, innumerable squabbles occur. The engineer, knowing the capacity of his machine, may desire to go in, when the conductor wishes him to go on to the next place. Or, being safely in the switch, the conductor may wish to stay there, when the engineer is satisfied that he can go with safety. Cases have been known where an engineer has pulled the pin and gone on, leaving the conductor in the siding with his train; but this style of railroading has pretty well gone out nowadays.

Most wrecks occur on freight. Desiring to go as far as he can ahead of the following passenger train, the engineer "whoops 'er up" when he gets the chance. He appears with disconcerting suddenness to track watchmen, section men, and others unaware of his existence. The cherry-picking or apple-

stealing flagman accomplishes his mission, and the investigation of the wreck furnishes an object lesson in strenuous and ingenious lying. Freight cars break down, rip up the track, and ditch the train. Drawheads pull out of rotten cars, and the rear section collides disastrously with the head end, or is left behind, according to the grade.

In the latter case, when the engineer discovers that he has "broke in two," it is his duty to go back after the "hind end." If the crew are asleep in the caboose, no light will be shown on the head of the rear section, and as he has no knowledge of its whereabouts, he will be lucky not to run into it and wreck it. All this time the following passenger train is gaining on him, and he mustn't "lay her out."

From the blame of these and myriads of other similar happenings, the engineer must clear himself, if he is ever to become one of the elect.

He is occasionally confronted with things that no rule can cover. I once picked up a red lantern. The accompanying Italian laborer's stock of English consisted of the slogan: "Cross over 'ere! Cross over dar!"

In an emergency, when out of reach of a telegraph office, one may cross to the opposite track, provided no regular train is due on that track, and a man is sent on ahead with a flag.

As I didn't know but that the Italian might be an expatriated brigand chief, up to some old country deviltry, I took the flagman on the engine, cut loose from the train, and went ahead carefully on my own track, to see what I should see.

I found the roadmaster repairing a wash-out. He wanted to know what in blazes I was doing; didn't I get his flag?

THE PASSENGER ENGINEER.

The goal to which all aspire, and for which all this preliminary experience has been but a training school, is the right hand side of a passenger engine. When "the gentleman in the overalls" gets there, he has reached the summit. Then, and never for a moment before, he may write himself down a success. But his proven worth, alone, will not assure him this promotion; there must be

a vacancy—and they are few and far between. The passenger man sometimes dies, he is occasionally killed, but he never “quits.” Once in a very great while, a new train is put on, and all hands move up one peg. The senior engineer on freight—senior in point of service—succeeds to the first vacancy on passenger, and all below him get a corresponding lift.

His troubles are now, comparatively speaking, over. He must make the time, and he must rigorously abstain from the cup that inebriates. If he does those two things, he can work three hundred and sixty five days per year, and the company will pay him three and one half cents per mile—“a hundred a month,” or a little over. You will see him on the same train year after year, until the color-blind test, the infirmities of advancing age, or insanity, claim him for their own.

Of these three disabling agents, the color-blind test is the one most dreaded. It is hard to understand how a man can “railroad” for years with this peculiar defect and nobody find it out until an expert comes along and demonstrates its existence. Of all those whom I have personally known to be condemned, not one ever showed the least symptom of the failing. Nor have I ever heard of a wreck traceable to the color-blindness of any one concerned. It would be childish, of course, to attempt to dispute the existence of anything so well established; but it gives one a shock to learn that a man who has been running twenty-five years or more is unable to distinguish a green signal from a red, or to tell the difference between a horizontal semaphore and one hanging at an angle of forty-five degrees.

An engineer on the Long Island road was discharged as hopelessly color-blind. He obtained employment on the New York Central, and, ten years later, when the system was introduced there, he was declared perfectly sound. A fireman who assisted his engineer in looking out for the numberless signals in the Pennsylvania yard for months was sent up for examination. He failed utterly, and had to leave the road.

It is a serious matter to enter the

office, knowing that one may come forth without a job, after having put in the best part of a lifetime learning the business. Men become possessed of an unreasonable fear. They doubt the evidence of their own senses. Can it be possible that the flags they have always supposed to be red are really green? Of course that is absurd; and yet a well known comrade has been “knocked out” by the color-blind test; what is a man to think? Even though the ordeal be passed, there is the assurance of periodically recurring examinations hanging like a relentless bloodhound on a man’s trail, to get him at last; for railroading is hard on the eyes.

A proof of the strain of their work is the deference with which engineers regard those of their number who have succeeded in retaining their positions to even a comparatively advanced age. These veterans are so few that they are well known, but a recent attempt to investigate their records for publication brought forth a uniform protest. Owing to the prevalence of “modern methods” and “new blood” in railroad management, they feared it would be ill advised to parade their half centuries of faithful service in print. This, we are told, is “the age of young men.” Heaven help the old fellows!

THE HEROES OF THE THROTTLE.

The engineer jumps—when he has the chance—to save his bacon, on freight trains. But the history of railroading is brilliantly illuminated with accounts of heroic fellows who have stuck gallantly to their posts in the vain effort to save their trains when helpless passengers rode behind them. The mangled remains of a grimy martyr are dug from under his engine, and the newspapers print a line or two of eulogy. The hurrying throng glance through the article, and with the involuntary mental tribute is mingled a vague wonder as to why men choose such a dangerous calling.

Patient and long suffering under injustice and petty official tyranny; alert and cautious, yet brave to the point of deliberate self immolation, American locomotive engineers are a body of men of whom we may well be proud.

The Trial of Trot.

THE STORY OF A QUIET LIFE THAT HAD ITS TRAGIC EPISODES.

BY ELLIOT WALKER.

I.

"CAN'T you give me a job, mister? Says I to myself, coming along: 'Trot, maybe there's a chance right here. Those garden beds need weedin', that grass in the meadow's awful high, the barn roof would stand shinglin' in spots, and only one man in sight to 'tend to things. No harm to ask,' says I, and here I am asking."

Nicholas Ainsworth erected his hoe handle to a perpendicular position, and his grizzled, weather-worn visage screwed into a shrewd, suspicious stare.

"Name's Trot, hey?" he observed caustically. "Good name for ye, I guess, an' all the rest of yer sort. No, I ain't needin' no one."

"Oh, come now," said the stranger smoothly and with no show of irritation, "you don't take me for a hobo?"

Ainsworth smiled grimly.

"What shall I take ye for, then?" he returned. "A bank pres'dent?"

"For your hired man," replied the other quickly. "For an hour, a day, a month, or a year. I'm looking for work, good, hard work. For two weeks, mister, I've tramped through this section, trying to get it, and in all that time I haven't begged a meal. Folks have given me little odd jobs, but I can't strike anything steady."

"Let's see your hands," demanded Nicholas, leaning forward. He scrutinized the outstretched palms. "Jest as I thought," he commented. "You ain't done a day's work in Lord knows when. I've heered these yarns afore, son."

The man before him looked down dejectedly.

"I've told you the truth," he said quietly, retreating a step. "I'm a town man. These hands have done more work than you think—not your kind, but just as hard. Well, I suppose you're pestered to death with hoboes, and ain't

to be blamed if that's your opinion of me. Good day, mister."

Ainsworth gazed after him as he started away.

"Looked like a feller to git mad, but he didn't," he ruminated. "Maybe I'm wrong. 'Twon't do no harm to give the critter a bite. S-a-ay!" he called. "If you're really sufferin' for food, stop to the house. P'r'aps the woman kin give ye something."

The departing form wheeled and bowed gratefully.

"I'll work it out," he responded. "Much obliged," and he stepped rapidly across the road to accost a gray-haired, high-shouldered woman, busily engaged in scrubbing tins on the back porch of the thrifty-looking farmhouse.

The sharp lines about his square jaw softened as he met the kind brown eyes in the narrow countenance, and his voice held a ring of respect in its softened modulation as he made known his errand.

"Sit right down on this bench," said the woman cordially. "Of course I'll give you what I can. How did you come to get by Nick? He's a discouragin' man, and always blamin' me for my feedin' perpensities; but I can't see no one go hungry."

She stepped into the kitchen with a rattle of cheerful laughter. The young man on the green painted seat put his fingers over his eyes and coughed. He was weak and faint from fasting, and the drop that trickled down his cheek came unexpectedly. A white cat rubbed against his leg, and presently climbed in his lap. He fondled it, and the creature purred and settled down. A soft breath of clover-laden breeze fanned across the vine-clad porch. When Mrs. Ainsworth came out, her visitor was almost asleep.

"You're clean beat out, ain't you?" she said as he aroused. "Now, there, if my Jess hasn't made up to you! She

don't usually take to strangers. Get down, kit! Eat away, mister, an' I'll go on scrubbin' pans."

Watching him, her brow knitted.

"How long have you been trampin'?" was her sudden question. "What's your name?"

"Trotwood Cone. I'm no tramp, ma'am, if I do look it," replied her guest.

"I knew it," said Mrs. Ainsworth. "Just hard luck, eh? Wait a moment."

Stepping inside, she brought out a napkin and handed it to him with a nod of approval.

"You've eat with good folks," she smiled. "Missed it, didn't you?"

The man smiled back. The hot, strong tea crept in his veins with a quick invigoration, and he ate with a careful voracity, heeding the compliment.

"Yes," he answered to the earlier question, "hard luck—that's it, ma'am. I want work. I'm handy and willing. I'd be satisfied to give my time for my board for a while. I haven't a penny to pay for this kindness, but I'll do anything you'll set me at to square it. Anything!"

The farmer's wife looked hard at him.

"You're a queer young man," she remarked with frankness. "I ain't askin' a question, but who are you? I mean, what have you done for a livin' up to now?"

"Clerked it," answered Cone promptly. "I've kept books, but I spent three years on a farm out West for my health, and I'm handy with tools, so you see I could be useful in lots of ways. Done other things, too, but not worth mentioning. Let me bear a hand on those pans, and you think of what else I can do."

"Well, here's the rag," assented Mrs. Ainsworth. "I declare, it 'most seems as if Nick ought to give you a chance. He needs some one to help him, but he's hard to suit. Consequence is, everything gets atop of him, an' he hires men from the village by the day. That costs him a pile, an' they're no good, anyhow. I'll keep you at somethin' till noon, give you a dinner, an' then I'll tackle Nicholas. If you're all right, it ain't out of the way to think we can try you."

"If you will," cried Cone eagerly, "I'll—"

"Wait till I've seen my husband," interrupted his hostess. "I can't promise nothin'. There's Benny, too; he'll have somethin' to say."

Listening to the shuffle of Mrs. Ainsworth's easy footgear in the adjacent pantry, Cone put a finishing rub on the pans, and sat still, thinking, his contented look changing to the hard, hopeless expression which had so quickly caught the vigilant observation of Nicholas Ainsworth.

"Clerked it!" he muttered to himself. "Worked on a farm for my health. Done other things not worth mentioning. Lord! Lord! What am I?"

"Who you?" inquired a shrill note of interrogation.

The man started with a gasp, the queryechoing his own dreary thought so aptly. There, on the wide stone step, stood a little fair-haired boy in a very much rumpled frock.

"I'm Trot," said Cone, with a sudden companionable impulse, and grinned unaffectedly. "Who are you?"

"Benny," was the solemn response, with no answering smile.

The round eyes fixed themselves on Cone's with unwavering steadiness. Presently the rosy lips twitched approvingly.

"Goin' to stay?"

"I—I hope so—"

The curly head bobbed at him, and the child disappeared with a pleased little chuckle.

"Bless his heart!" thought Cone, staring at the syringa bush around which the boy had vanished. He could hardly see it for the mist gathering in his eyes. "What ails me?" he said, impatiently getting up and shaking himself. "Pshaw, my nerve is failing, I guess! 'Goin' to stay?' Well, so that's the individual who would have something to say! I guess he's said it."

"Here, mister!" called Mrs. Ainsworth, and Cone hurried inside. "Plenty to do," she informed him, leading the way up-stairs. "First of all, here's hammer and nails. Go 'round the windows an' tighten them rattlin' sills. You'll find a pail of mortar by the garret door. Fix the loose bricks in the

chimney. There's a couple of 'em just under the roof. I won't ask you to risk your neck, but the lightnin'-rod wants straightenin'."

Cone laughed.

"I'll do it easy," he said. "I'm a regular spider for climbing."

"Come down, then, when you're through, an' I'll set you at somethin' else. My land, if it won't be a comfort to get things in order!"

She went below, and her assistant fell to work with a will. It would have gratified her to watch him, a small, wiry man, quick of hand and eye, putting the nails in just the right places with rapid taps, plastering the chimney with the ease of a bricklayer, and finally swinging like a monkey from the north window to the bent rod, to manipulate it into shape with strong, active fingers.

When he slid down to the grass below and whistled for fresh occupation, Mrs. Ainsworth viewed him with high approval.

"You ain't done all that already?" she cried. "Well, you *are* smart! It's only eleven o'clock. Back of the barn is a lot of raspberries that wants pickin'. S'pose you take this pail an' go at 'em. I'll look for you after dinner. Just as well not to talk to Nicholas till he's eatin'."

Cone cheerfully obeyed, and departed in the direction of the big red barn, pausing on his path to listen to the brook singing beyond the garden, and to lift his gaze to the mountains walling the valley.

"It's my place," he whispered. "Goin' to stay? Bless the little scamp, I wish I might!"

It was half-past twelve when, hot and again hungry, Cone tramped back with a loaded pail. Pausing by the step, the gruff voice of the farmer dampened the hopeful spirit growing in him. Evidently Nicholas had pushed back from the table, by the sound of a creaking chair, and his tone was argumentative and discouraging.

"No, Marilla," he was saying; "he ain't what I want. That's a look to him I don't like. Give him his meal and send him off."

"But he's so handy, an' it won't cost nothin' to try him," pleaded his wife.

"I took to him, Nick, soon as I see a bit of his ways. You will, too."

"Nah!" grunted Mr. Ainsworth. "No use talkin'!"

Cone stood stock-still in dismal disappointment. Then he jumped. A small, warm hand had touched his and lingered there.

"I runned away," lisped his new-found friend. "Le's go in."

Mechanically the man stepped along, the wee fingers leading him. At the door of the kitchen the child spoke.

"Here's Trot," he said. "He's goin' to stay."

"There!" ejaculated Marilla. "Set down an' eat, you two. Benny, where havé you been? Go kiss your gramper."

The grizzled farmer drew the little fellow close.

"You worry me outen my wits, Benny," he murmured. "Don't ye know ye must be here to dinner? Shucks! I'll—I'll think on't, Marilla."

II.

It was "Trot" after that with them all, for he stayed. After two years he was still at the Ainsworths', and a different man, always cheery, but quiet, and working like a beaver.

Nicholas grew to depend upon him; so did Marilla. The two old people, with the little orphaned grandchild whom they worshiped and spoiled—their only daughter's son, left to them when a toddling infant—lived a lonely round of days, their main idea being to save for Benny.

The child, now six, was both a solace and a torment, having had the upper hand long before the advent of Trot—which that gentleman saw and pondered on in silence. His influence over the little fellow was remarkable, and their mutual devotion still more so, yet the man was almost stern with the boy, and watched his budding traits of independence and waywardness with the anxiety of a father. Benny would often weep over untoward acts which "Trot wouldn't like," but he never failed to give him his utter confidence; and if those trips into the near-by woods were sometimes solemn hours for Benny, he always marched happily home with his

hand in Trot's, and evinced great cheerfulness until his next dereliction came under the notice of his mentor.

Strange to say, the Ainsworths never interfered, although they were morally certain that their beloved charge had upon at least two occasions, for serious peccadilloes, suffered physical chastisement. Perhaps, in their doting hearts, it was a relief to have such responsibilities shifted. Benny did not advance information, and they did not inquire.

"Let 'em alone," observed Nicholas to his better half, when Marilla confided to him that the boy's anatomy disclosed marks of a reddened character. "Trot knows what's right, I jedge, an' Benny lied frightful. Hurt him? Bah! It hurt Trot the worst, I'll bet, if he done it. I couldn't, an' you wouldn't. Some one orte. Queer chap, Trot is. I kin hardly ever git him to go to the village, an' he hates strangers as bad as I do. But 'round home thar ain't a nicer-man to git along with. After all, Marilla, 'twas lucky I prevailed on ye to let him stay. He's saved me money, an' I don't begrudge him his ten dollars a month. Yes, I done well to keep him."

Mrs. Ainsworth opened her mouth to expostulate, but stopped. "Let him think so," she decided. "He'd argy till doomsday."

Nearly a month later, Nicholas, coming in from a trip to the village, was greeted by his wife with a tale of excitement.

"'Bout an hour ago," she commenced, "there was a man—a big, well-dressed feller—come to the front door. I went. Says he, 'Does Mr. Cone work here?' For a moment I didn't think, so long since I've called him anything but Trot. Then it occurred to me, an' I says, 'Yes.' 'I'd like to see him,' he says, very polite. 'Is he 'round? I'm an old friend,' an' first I knew I was talking to him quite free, an' tellin' him how much we thought of Trot. He was mighty interested, an' asked what my name was, an' about you."

Marilla paused for breath, and her husband scowled. "Go on!" he said.

"Well, finally I pointed Trot out to him, down by the brook washin' my boiler, an' he went. Pretty quick I heard loud words, an' looked out just in time

to see Trot knock his friend kersplash right into the water!"

Ainsworth laughed. "That all?" he asked.

"No, 'tain't. Out scrambles that man, an' pulls a revolver, with such a cuss word, but Trot was onto him like lightning, an' had his jackknife against the feller's throat; an' I heard him say as plain as you hear me, Nick Ainsworth: 'Move a finger an' I'll slit your gullet! Gimme that gun!' That's just what he said, an' the man give it to him."

"Whew!" whistled Nicholas. "An' then what?"

"Nothin', only the feller backed off, an' says he, deliberate an' ugly, not scared-like: 'I'll cook your goose! These folks shall know about *you*,' an' off he traveled with a pair of wet legs."

"H'm!" growled the farmer. "Nice doin's in a man's back yard. Where's Trot?"

"Don't know. He come right in when I called, innocent as you please, but wicked-lobkin', an' says he: 'See that? That man's no good. I had to do it, Mis' Ainsworth. Sorry if it upset yer. Guess I'll take the colt up to the pasture.' I haven't seen him since, but he ought to be back soon."

Nicholas, who had been standing, now sat and reflected.

"Marilla, I don't like it," he said. "Still, Trot kin probly explain. I'll git him to tell me to-night arter he gits calmed down."

"He's calm enough," replied Marilla. "Calm as a corpse, an' just about as easy to talk to. Really, Nick, he fairly give me a chill, the coolness of him. I didn't holler," she added, with a touch of pride.

"Where was Benny?"

"Up to Susy Lippitt's, playin' with Zeke. Trot sent him so's he wouldn't get in the brook, where he was workin'."

Nicholas scratched the back of his head, coughed in an important manner, and strolled out.

That evening at supper, when Trot seated himself, he gave Marilla a keen glance. She nodded. He looked at Nicholas, who lifted his shaggy eyebrows.

"I'll tell you about it by and by," said Cone, setting his jaw, and an unusual silence ensued.

Benny, busy with his bread and milk, suddenly began an audible soliloquy, mainly intended for his own edification. This habit of his rarely elicited attention from his elders, who were prone to conversation at meals. Now, however, his words fell upon ears eager for any diversion.

"I'm a good boy," was his announcement, "an' I'm gettin' gooder all the time. When I'm growed up maybe I'll be as good as Trot. My, he must have been an awful good boy! Yes, sir, I'm goin' to be like him some day."

"God!" burst out Cone, with a sob of anguish.

He flung out of his chair and ran from the room, breathing like a man stabbed. The door of the seldom-used parlor slammed after him. The child looked about in amazement.

"Go on eatin', deary," said Marilla Ainsworth thickly. "It's nothin'. Come, husband!"

They went softly into the parlor, and stood before the man who sat upon the haircloth sofa with his face in his hands.

"Steady, Trot," spoke Nicholas.

But the tearless, gasping grief had to spend itself. At last he found a hoarse whisper.

"Like me!" he groaned. "Heaven forbid! I can't stand it! I'll have to go!" Then his words poured out. "That man I struck to-day knew me as a boy—knew all my deviltry. I belonged to good people, but I went wrong; just mischief at first, but it put me on an Industrial Farm at eighteen. He knew me in jail; later he was in on the same job—burglary. Five years we got, and served us right. I was liked, and the last two years I kept the institution's books. He knew me after I got out, and tried to drag me back to the old tricks, but I broke away and came East to try for an honest living. All the way from Iowa I came, with just money enough to land me in this blessed country. I thought I was safe, but he's found me. He'll get even. People will know what I was. He wanted me to go in with him again—blast his black heart!"

"You kin stay right here," quoth Nicholas Ainsworth. "I'll stan' by ye, Trot. It's what ye are, not what ye ain't. That's gone by. Fergit it!"

Cone's hand went out to him in pathetic gratitude.

"No," he said more firmly; "it's the little lad. He loves me."

Marilla began to cry.

"And I'd die to give him one happy minute," went on the ex-convict. "I've laid awake nights thinking of ways to bring him up right—to make him a good man. Watch him when I'm gone. Don't let him go the other road."

Ainsworth choked.

"Don't you see," said Cone, "these things will get 'round. I know Brad Danton. Benny'll hear 'em. Can I stand that? No, good friends, I ain't strong enough to bear it."

"Stay a week, so's I kin mend yer clothes an' fix you up," sobbed Marilla. "Nick wants you to help him get ready to get along without you, too."

"I'll do that gladly," responded Trot. "Come, I've got to face it. One more week I'll have, anyway. Let's go back to Benny now. I'll bawl in a minute, thinking of all your goodness to me."

Sorry days, the three ensuing. On the morning of the fourth a neighbor halted his horse before the Ainsworth house and handed Marilla a copy of the nearest city newspaper.

"I've read it," said he generously. "Nothin' in it."

Marilla gave the print a casual glance. Then she tore wildly to the barn.

"Trot!" she shouted.

Cone hurried to her, followed by Nicholas. Marilla caught their arms.

"Look!" she cried. "That's the man!"

Cone's face went ashen as he scrutinized the picture thrust before his eyes.

"Burglar shot dead! Yes," he said slowly, "that's Brad!" A joyful light spread over his drawn features as he met their astonished gaze. "There's no one else to hound me. My secret's safe!"

"You'll stay?" entreated Marilla.

"'Course he will," grinned Nicholas.

"Yes," said Trot, "I'll stay." The sleeve of his jumper went across his eyes. "Can I have a half day off with Benny?" he asked quietly. "Don't seem as if I could do any work."

"You kin!" responded Nicholas fervently. "Take the whole day, Trot. Put 'em up a nice lunch, Marilla."

The Siege of Bigbag.

A HITHERTO UNRECORDED INCIDENT OF THE CAMPAIGN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE.

I.

FROM the day when they joined the regiment, a week before it sailed from Manila on its expedition to Bigbag, Buntoc province, Privates Niles and Taylor had been the "queer people" of the Forty-Eighth Missouri.

In the advance inland they had displayed an eagerness even greater than that of Colonel McIlaney, the "old man," himself—which was certainly rather extraordinary. When the unlooked-for strength and viciousness of the opposition developed by the regiment compelled it to sit down for a week, and the forty miles still between it and Bigbag began to look like four hundred, Niles and Taylor chafed immoderately. They ended by gathering to themselves fourteen others of Company F, and conclaveing with them morning and night in unfrequented places till they were collectively and opprobriously known as "the lodge"—which was also out of the common in two newly enlisted men.

But there had been no reason to suspect that they were either crazy or treasonable, until word came for the Forty-Eighth to fall back the fifty miles to San Fernando and the sea, there to await further orders; whereupon the whole "lodge" suddenly disappeared, with rifles, full kits, and all the ammunition they could carry. The rank and file of the regiment gasped, and the officers swore in rage and incredulity. Two days later, half a dozen different Macabebe scouts brought in word that the deserters had *not* deserted, but were making war on their own account, and had already got twenty miles further on the road to Bigbag; and then rage and incredulity became stupefaction.

But even if the "old man" and his subordinates could have heard the private conversation of Niles and Taylor

that night as they lay flat in a paddy-field ditch, they would not have been mightily enlightened.

"I tell you," Niles was asseverating—"I tell you there's no court-martial could prove it. We just got out o' touch with the crowd and turned round in the mix-up. Then, findin' ourselves cut off, we naturally kep' on goin' the way we was headed, till, without knowin' it, all of a sudden we brung up in Bigbag. How are you goin' to get around that?"

"Yes," said big Buck Taylor, ignoring the fine line of defense with bitter pessimism, "yes, I *see* us in Bigbag!"

"Well, my Lord, ain't we half way there already, and only Johnston hit? Nor they ain't even got it into their heads yet where we're linin' for. They're lookin' for us over half the province, and every band of them shootin' into every other. I tell you we'll have Bigbag took, and be sittin' tight in their old lime-kil' fort by Tuesday!"

"Well, an' then?"

"*An' then?*" An' then we stay right there till we're rescued. Look at them Spanish dagos in Vigan and the legationers in Peking—and us belongin' to the greatest power on earth! Keep your worryin' till you've time enough for it in Bigbag. Just now we got a rush order of fightin' an' sprintin' to fill!"

If the Macabebe reports were to be credited, no sixteen men ever did more amazing fighting and sprinting than the runaway "lodge" did through the first week of their expedition. It was a six-day go-as-you-please, with a fight at every lap. The Niles-Taylor force worked forward by the jungle paths, "lying doggo" in daylight, breaking out swiftly in the darkness, and finding their way with the inspiration of drunken men. They slept under the banks of streams, sometimes half in the water. They lived

on rice and mudfish—cooked, till their matches gave out. It was popularly reported that they methodically drank the blood of all they slew, and also that they carried anting-antings between their teeth as a life-preserving fetish. These sayings were erroneous, for it was “magic leaf”—a sort of Luzon quinine—they kept in their mouths, chewing on it constantly, as boys chew slippery elm; and if they fought like demons, they were infinitely zealous to keep their hides unpunctured.

And so they dodged and doubled, playing deadly cross-tag with their pursuers, and often breaking through them almost without being aware of it. Foot-blistered and bare-headed, half frozen by night and half sun-struck by day, they still fought and sprinted, and thanked God that the wounds they got were not in their legs. At last, when their movements had given rise to the belief that they were aiming either at Baraguin or Maraguete—and for all they knew, they had been—they got their hands upon a straying Viscayan, choked a whole guide-book of local topography out of him, and suddenly swung straight back along the buffalo trail to Bigbag. The last ten miles they made in the light of the moon on the unbroken run; and an hour before midnight they rushed the unwarned old Spanish stockade and fortalice like a band of mountain cats.

II.

THERE was such excitement in the province of Buntoc as had not been known in that land of sunshine for some centuries. Many held that the sixteen *Amerigos* had run this *amok* pilgrimage to serve some private and mysterious god. Others believed that they were manifestly inspired, led, and counseled of the Evil One. Which opinions, translated from the oriental to the occidental, were united in the “old man’s” profane declaration that the whole thing was only one more sixteen-fold proof of what some blankety blank fools will do in the itch for notoriety. And Major Cording was willing to bet large amounts of ready coin that the whole “lodge” was in the pay of a certain

orange-tawny New York daily of uncountable circulation.

He would have lost his money, though. For the representative of that enterprising journal was just then cursing himself, with that fullness of vocabulary which distinguished him, for not having been along with the “lodge.” He resolved to do the next best thing, and take all advantage of now being back at San Fernando and a telegraph office. From more Macabebe information, and his own imagination, he prepared a despatch which made of the Niles-Taylor achievement another charge of the Light Brigade. Only, the feat of the sixteen was infinitely the greater one, they being *only* sixteen, and afoot—and they had charged not less than forty miles!

To San Fernando rushed half the correspondents in the Philippines, and their vicarious largess subsidized every Macabebe in northwest Luzon. From then on the uncensored cables sent continuous thrills and peans. The siege of Bigbag was the fastest and fiercest kind of game from the beginning; and what didn’t happen was well invented. Yet, for the most part, invention was not needed.

The ten-foot stockade about the little old fort was of triple, out-leaning bamboos, big as pier-head buffers; and the “lodge” could apparently trust it to stop Mauser bullets. During the first days, though the constant sniping from the cover of the surrounding town rose every few hours to a fusillade, they scarcely replied to it. Then one night from the interior of the fort little rocket-like meteors began to shoot. They were arrows, from the supply of ancient Negrito weapons still left in the Buntoc armory, and they were feathered with burning tow. They fell upon the dry thatch roofs of Bigbag, and consumed the place like the fox-fired corn of the Philistines. So thereafter in all directions about the stockade there was an open range for the defenders.

Through the weeks ensuing the sixteen had to stand an investment which must seriously have interfered with the regularity of their meals and sleeping hours. After days of incessant sharp-shooting came night rush upon night rush. Then Cavitan, the Filipino com-

mander, alternated with stink-pots and hand-grenades, and attempts to fire the stockade by stealth. At the end of a month of this, the little garrison still held the fort; and Buntocs, Viscayans, and Negritos, with ranks decimated to no purpose, beheld it with bitterness.

Then Isidro with his Principes, on his way across the island to attack San Fernando, stopped off to show the chafing besiegers how it really should have been done. After the two days of battle which followed, the fort ran up a tattered white flag, and two men with their heads bound in bloody cloths showed themselves and asked for a twelve hours' truce in which to bury the dead. To this Isidro agreed with most chivalrous readiness; and shortly after noon his burying party, which consisted of about half his force, caught up a battering-ram of a charred roof-tree and rushed the stockade wicket.

Some thirty got in, and they seemed almost to have been expected. Nothing was visible outside the fort except the loopholed and continuously spitting muzzles of a dozen Krag. Further attempts at ingress only added to the pile of Principes in the shattered gate; and egress meant equally certain death.

The joke was on the band inside. They grinned with the philosophic good humor of their race, and let their Mausers fall. A few hours later they were exchanged for twenty thousand rounds for the said Mausers, the Krag ammunition of the defending force being all but exhausted. The lieutenant who led the storming party was traded back for quinine and brandy.

When the Macabebes made report of this thing, and it had been sped overseas to a people that loves to take its tales of heroism spiced with the impudence of high comedy, there was let loose a shout which went over all the land of the *Amerigos*. From the ten thousand mouths of the press there went up one fervent demand to have the "lodge" swiftly out of Bigbag and close hugged to the national bosom. Why did not Manila act? Every day it was more incomprehensible. If the general in command was bound and mummied in red tape, why did not the Forty-Eighth cut the cables and act alone?

Now, as the popular ideas of the moving of regiments had been mainly formed by seeing various local bodies of the National Guard gather at their armories at 6 A. M. and take the 7.30 express for parade duty in the next town, it was scarcely to be expected that the views of the military men directing affairs in Luzon would in all things coincide with them. The general in command at Manila was a hard-headed man of war. He had been listening to the news from Bigbag with grim, soldierly satisfaction; but it had puzzled him somewhat that Washington should find it necessary to remind him, every day or two, that that siege still continued. He intended, if possible, to deliver the beleaguered "lodge," and he knew what regiments he was going to use for the business; but he was not prepared to change the course of half a dozen other small campaigns in order to do it to-day or to-morrow. As the sixteen had made their bed, so should they lie in it—till in the fullness of time they could be taken out again.

At San Fernando the "old man" sat listening to the Macabebe reports with amazing serenity. His fine sense of the heroic had been blunted early in his career. After the first fury at the evasion of the Niles-Taylor contingent had worn off, his paternal feeling for his regiment, which even went behind discipline, gave him no little secret pride in the fight the band was making; but he had no intention of taking undue risks with nine hundred men to save sixteen.

But one day headquarters at Manila got a twenty days overdue newspaper mail, black with headlines which roared and bellowed in one ferocious chorus; and then it suddenly comprehended why Washington had been making so many unnecessary inquiries about that flyspeck in the Luzon hills. That same day a regiment at Cavite, and another garrisoning Tondo, got the most immediate kind of orders for the north.

And when San Fernando got its mail, the first in five weeks, the officers of the Forty-Eighth sat around and breathed hard. The "old man" picked up now this paper, now that, and as he dropped one after the other his face gradually changed from its familiar beefy red to

an apoplectic royal purple. The last sheet he examined was the famous journal which Major Cording believed to be the instigator of the whole Bigbag business. The last paragraph of its editorial, typed like a circus bill, read thus:

And the Forty-Eighth still sits comfortably in San Fernando, and sees, day after day, week after week, sixteen of the bravest men ever on its muster rolls fighting and dying not one hundred miles away. We do not know Colonel John Grimes McIlaney, the esteemed warrior who commands the regiment. We do not know what medals he possesses for bravery. We do not know whether he obtained his present rank by that masterly zeal and activity he is now displaying. We do not know whether it is customary for an American officer to let men of his command who have won the glory he should have won himself be done to death for it. We do not know how these things be. But we know this, Colonel John Grimes McIlaney, that if Niles and Taylor and the fourteen with them perish in Bigbag, we shall demand that you be hanged on a gallows as high as Haman's. And we speak for the American people.

When the colonel recovered the use of speech, he sent for Lieutenant Hoyt, a young man who had scouted alone through half the archipelago.

"Hoyt," he said, almost weeping in his wrath, "have you seen any of this Bigbag stuff? The people have gone crazy! The papers seem to be full of nothing else. Would any sane being believe that sixteen enlisted men could stir up such a Gehenna of foolishness? But it's evident that Washington's nervous, and we've got to stop it. Manila's sending us the Fifty-Second Tennessee and the Seventieth Nebraska, and we'll be able to move in ten days or a fortnight now. But in the mean time you'll have to get back into native togs, and go ahead in and tell them we're coming. Do something or other to stop their yaps! If they should feel like putting themselves out of their misery, tell them not to hesitate, for Heaven's sake! We'll do the right thing by their families. Hang me high as Haman! If any more Macabebe yarns go through the office, or if there's any more Bigbag talk of any sort put on the cable, I'll do some hanging on the nearest telegraph pole!"

III.

HALF a dozen evenings later, "Commander" Niles was standing sullenly in the half-darkness by the stockade gate,

receiving a particularly disreputable and tattered Buntoc, who was just straightening up into Lieutenant Hoyt. Niles himself was standing with martial erectness, and painfully so, for he had a boil under his left ear—he had lost his right—and another on the back of his neck. He was regarding Hoyt with a surprise which did not show any sign of turning into delirious joy.

"Well," said the lieutenant urbanely, "you grafters seem to be still here, all right!"

For some time longer Niles contemplated the military wreck with morose hostility. Finally, putting his thumb and second figure to his lips, he gave a three-one-two river whistle.

"Where's your command, anyway?" asked Hoyt.

"Oh, they're havin' a little rattin' main in the rice-house. I guess there's no partic'lar occasion for rootin' them out. Here's Taylor comin', though."

The joint commander shuffled down through the dusk, wonderingly.

"They're comin'," Niles snarled. "The lieutenant's here to tip us off."

Buck Taylor looked at the unlimbered Buntoc like a surly bull just prodded up from the straw. He neither saluted in soldier fashion nor vouchsafed any civilian greeting.

Had Hoyt been of another sort, he might have taken it unpleasantly. As it was, he chuckled with delight.

"Well, you needn't be so *infernally* glad to see me. There's nothing to gush over, you know. Say, what does it feel like to be heroes, anyhow?"

"Aw, looky here," said Niles, going with fierce abruptness to the matter that was gnawing his vitals; "what's the old man got waitin' for us, anyway?"

"If we let ourselves be took without any trouble," added Taylor.

"Oh!" said Hoyt. "So you don't think of being rescued—unconditionally?"

"Well, I guess if we'd surrendered it wouldn't 'a' been unconditionally, would it?"

"Still," said the lieutenant persuasively, "you rather expected to be rescued, didn't you?"

"Oh, I reckon we knowed we'd got to be sooner or later."



NO SIXTEEN MEN EVER DID MORE AMAZING FIGHTING AND SPRINTING THAN THE RUNAWAY "LODGE" DID THROUGH THE FIRST WEEK OF THEIR EXPEDITION.

Hoyt sat down and rocked himself.

"Well, you two are certainly the champion pair of shysters in this hemisphere! But you'll come out all serene, I reckon. You seem to have the whole United States behind you, anyway."

"All right, that's talkin'," said Niles, and was immediately more friendly. "Come up into our room, and we can kind o' go into things."

They trailed across to the back door of the fort, climbed a flight of stone stairs to a little cubby-hole off what was evidently the armory, and sat down. The lieutenant began his inquiry with comradish frankness.

"Now, you fellows, there's a general idea that you came in here for notoriety, but I don't believe that myself."

"No," said Niles sourly, "we didn't come in here for no notoriety."

"Then—you can trust me—was it that you first intended to desert and then concluded not to?"

"No, nor we didn't have no notion of desertin', neither!"

"And you're not in the pay of any newspaper?"

"Newspaper! Holy cripes! You'll be askin' us if we didn't come in to lectur' next!"

"Then what in the name of all that's understandable *did* you come in for?"

"Well," burst out Niles with envenomed suddenness, "I'll tell you why we come in here. We come in here because we was two dead easy, gold brick buyin' Reubs! We come in here because we let ourselves be took in by a common, every-day, ornery yellow Chink! And we've been eatin' Chink food for it ever since!"

"No!"

"Yes," said Buck, "we was took in by a Chink." And he drew in and let out his legs in the stress of his emotion.

"You mind we joined out of the sanitary commission, don't you?" began Niles slowly. "And just before the regiment left for up here, you mind the smallpox scare was on? Well, me an' Buck was doin' exec'tive duty in Tondo, diggin' out Chinks and ropin' them in to the docs and holdin' them while they was scratched. Well, most of them fought back like hoboos from the suds. The second week we struck one that,

seein' as he knowed English, we thought 'd be easy persuaded; but he fought back worse 'n any. He told us he'd made a vow to his joss or somethin'; anyway, if he let hisself be scratched by a Christian he'd be queered for life everlastin'. We told him we reckoned old Lancets wasn't any more a qualifyin' Christian than we were; but that didn't seem to make any difference. And after puttin' up the biggest kind of holler, and seein' that we was goin' to take him along whether or no, at last he up and starts in about a great-great-grandfather of his, Chan Luey, and his treasure."

"Wha-a-at?" Hoyt caught his pipe as it slid from his teeth.

"Yes," came in Buck rancorously; "he said it was buried under the side entrance of this here Bigbag fort. He said it was no good to him, because his vow ruled him off from collectin' coin; an' he could never get anywheres near it anyways, for they killed Chinese on sight up here Buntoc way."

"An' in that," broke in Niles again, "the Buntockers has got wisdom!"

"But, good Heavens, you didn't need to bite, did you, and that right off the bat?"

"Who said we did bite right off the bat?" answered Niles, with a new flux of ferocity. "We made inquiries, though all on the quiet and casual, o' course; and there *was* such a Chink as this here Chan Luey."

"Oh, certainly! There's no doubt about that! I heard of him and his treasure before I stepped on the Escolta."

"Yes," went on Niles, "everybody had. It seemed as if we was the only fellers that hadn't. And his treasure was a sure enough one, too. There was a Yankee company organized on'y last year, and they're burnin' money just in the hope of gettin' on the track of it. The more we hear of it, the bigger thing it was."

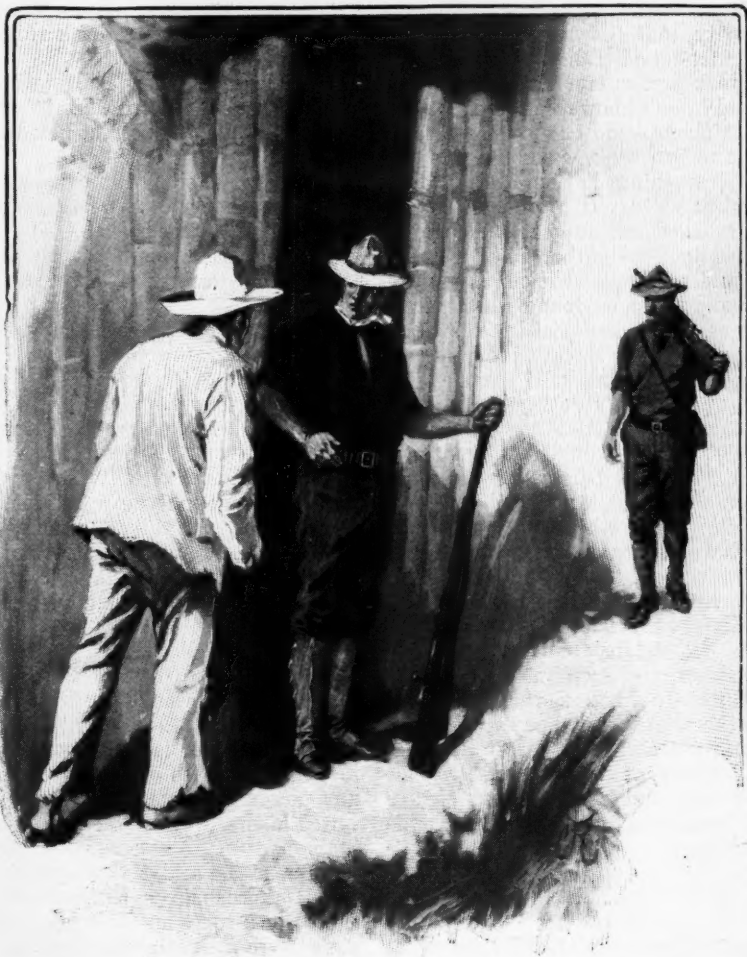
"Yes," said Taylor, "they said there was pearls and rubies like bunches of grapes, and di'monds bigger 'n the hangers on parlor lamps, an' coin like all the Washin'ton treasury, an'—well, now, lieutenant, is there any man could keep his brains cool in his head when there's talk like that goin'?"

"An'"—Niles carried it on again fiercely—"when we heard that Bigbag fort was exactly the place the Forty-Eighth aimed to head straight for—well, that finished it with us! No doubt that Chink knowed it would, too. When we

here and took this place like you heard we did."

There was a long pause. Delicacy kept Hoyt from putting the question most pertinently to be asked.

"Well," said Niles at last, breathing



"YOU GRAFTERS SEEM TO BE STILL HERE, ALL RIGHT!"

was halted half way in from San Fernando, it seemed to us as if that treasure was off the ice an' wouldn't keep, and we about went daffy; and so, because we couldn't go on by ourselves, we let a bunch of the boys we felt surest of into it, promisin' to divvy up half of it among them. Then we went ahead till we got

slowly, "this here fort is built on a granite rock, and there ain't a shovelful of soil within a rod of the front or back door; and there's no side entrance."

"But," said Niles, when the tactful sympathy of Lieutenant Hoyt had in time laid balm to the bitterest smart of recollection, "I must say as the boys,

after their first natural ugliness, has behaved mighty decent. The way they've stood by Buck an' me an' one another has been a lesson for preachers! They've all been plugged more or less—some of them reg'larly sieved. There's three on stretchers now; but the others has toted them down to the main, gentle as sisters of charity, and they're enjoyin' seein' those wire-tailed Buntoc cats get in their work just as much as anybody.

"And I don't know what we'd 'a' done without them same cats, neither. But about a month back, when the rats was eatin' everything in sight, and even chiawin' at us in our bunks, one night Buck sneaked out on a reconnaissance and managed to gather in a Negrito baby, and we swopped it off for two of them; and when we found what rattlers they was, we've had mains off and on ever since. Even rattin', though, gets dead played out in time. And except for it, when there's no fightin' to do—and we ain't had two good weeks of scrappin' in the whole two months—hangin' on here's been most unendin', maddenin' tedyous, now I tell you! We made dice, but we ain't got any cards; and what lickie we got by fermentin' rice don't seem to have no bite to it. And here we've been, week on week, cooped up in this bakin', blisterin' rock, wearin' butter-tubs for hats, and burr-hemp shirts, and eatin' moldy hen-fodder till we've got boils so thick you can't count them. An' everybody's waitin' to give us the laugh from here to 'Frisco; an' all along of lettin' ourselves be sucked in and gold-bricked by a dirty, bowl-faced, soul-perjurin' Tondo Chink!"

IV.

THREE weeks later, Privates Niles and Taylor, having found it vastly eas-

ier to break the bonds which knit them to the "old man" and the Forty-Eighth than to shake themselves free from the two score correspondents and photographers traveling with the relieving force, once more set foot in Manila. On a rapid "double" they made for Tondo.

"Now, by cripes," said Niles, "I guess I'm goin' to get back this right ear o' mine!"

"And I got a few boils left that's goin' to be grafted onto him!" gloated Taylor, with equally direct bloodthirstiness.

They rushed along the narrow street, with its one-story cane houses, turned a corner, and stopped dead. The domicile of the descendant of the opulent Chan Luey was manifestly closed and untenanted.

"Well," growled Taylor finally, "wouldn't that—wouldn't that sort of scorp you!"

Down the screen-like door was pasted a red paper bearing a vertical inscription of criss-crossed hen's feet. Niles peered at it poisonously.

"Oh, it mought be a receipt for a dirty collar, for all *we* know," said Taylor. He swooped a malevolent hand upon a passing Celestial. "Say, what does that mean, you yaller-jawed, rat-eatin'—"

"No sabe 'Melican!"

They had returned to the Patriots' Rest, and were standing with eyes balefully aglare upon the frothy bar. Within them still surged lava-fires which nothing, either bottled or on tap, seemed of any power to quench. Suddenly Niles raised his head with a last, straw-catching hope.

"Buck," he said, "if we was to take that Chink shack opposite to his, an' camp down there an' wait long enough, ain't there a fightin' chance that some time he'd come back?"

RETROSPECT.

OUT of the humming cares of crowded day
We climb with tired feet
Into the sheltering tower of strong, still night—
Ah, rest is sweet!

Then through the soothing dark our dust-dimmed eyes
A bridge of stars may see
Reaching to that far vision-land which lies
In memory.

Grace Hodsdon Boutelle.



THE GATEWAY OF THE GROUNDS OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AT POINT LOMA.

The Point Loma Community.

BY BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE.

A UNIQUE CALIFORNIA COLONY OF THEOSOPHISTS, FOUNDED BY A WOMAN WHO RULES IT WITH AUTOCRATIC POWER—HERE MEN WORK WITHOUT PAY, CHILDREN ARE BROUGHT UP ON A NOVEL PLAN, AND MANY STRANGE THEORIES ARE EXPLOITED.

WHEN Kipling wrote of men working neither for fame nor for money, but simply "for the love of working," it seemed, in this commercial age, an economic anachronism. But in Southern California, on a little peninsula that juts into the Pacific, a woman, Katherine Tingley, has organized a community where, among other strange things, men work month in and month out for neither gold nor glory.

Mrs. Tingley founded the Point Loma colony three years ago as a place where her fellow believers might carry out their principles in all the relations of life. It has been described as a retreat for metaphysical speculation, and dubbed a "spookery," in contemptuous

allusion to the so-called "psychic phenomena" which attached to Mme. Blavatsky, the late high priestess of the theosophic cult; but, as a matter of fact, the branch of the faith of which Mrs. Tingley is the head expressly repudiates all these things. Believing that theosophy has passed the speculative stage, and not espousing spiritualism, it is her avowed purpose to develop a social, educational, and religious scheme deducible to a single statement.

"I would not say, 'Let us pray,' but 'Let us do;' let us turn from the negative side of knee prayer to the positive side of heart action," is her creed for this would-be Western paradise.

Mrs. Tingley is working out her pecu-

liar project on no mean scale. The solitary structure of three years ago is now replaced by forty buildings, with as many more planned on paper. There are three hundred residents—as many

the kitchen; another Southern gentleman of large commercial interests is a violin-maker, the wife of a well-known millionaire heads a department, and so on through the uncommon category.



MRS. TINGLEY, HEAD OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, AND AUTOCRAT OF POINT LOMA.

as the colony can accommodate at present—including many cultured men and women, and, of course, some mediocrity. The more pecunious contribute, in addition to the labor of love, portly rolls of greenbacks in support of the institution. Not a salaried person abides on the place. A Georgia lawyer is head gardener, his daughter an assistant in

Mrs. Tingley wields autocratic power over the Point Loma colonists, and over her followers throughout the world, who are said to number a hundred thousand. In every detail of community life, from changing the milk-bottle of the newest baby to laying the last shingle on a bungalow, her desire equals a czar's edict. Even over the advisory cabinet



THE TRAINING OF YOUTH AT POINT LOMA—BOYS OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL AT SKIRMISH DRILL.

of business men she is supreme in authority, being also empowered to appoint her successor. She has the unquestioning devotion, even the adoration, of her apostles. Of course such

subservience of individuality is not likely to appeal to the independent spinal column of the masses of Americans; and whether personal devotion to the idea will survive the passing of Mrs.



STUDENTS OF THE ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC—VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IS A PROMINENT PART OF THE POINT LOMA CURRICULUM.



PLOWING THE SOIL OF POINT LOMA—IN THIS STRANGE COMMUNITY EVERY MAN AND WOMAN MUST LABOR IN THE FIELDS OR THE WORKSHOPS, AND NONE RECEIVES PAY.

Tingley is a subject for all shades of conjecture. In the mean time, it stands as an interesting experiment.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

Physically, at least, Point Loma is certainly a terrestrial paradise.

The visitor reaches the place from San Diego. The road skirts a bay curving to the west; then on climbing upward and finally emerging from a canyon, a striking panorama bursts on the sight. Crowning the promontory are two buildings that suggest the architecture of our dream pictures of the White City. The larger, surmounted by a great dome of opalescent green, is the Homestead—a hostelry with ninety rooms, the chief abode of the faithful. The other, capped with amethyst, is the Aryan Temple, dedicated to those patron saints of theosophy, Mme. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and used for the Raja Yoga School.

Through the Egyptian gateway—guarded by a United States Senator's brother, who sounds the approach on a

bugle—and one drives to the eminence. An enchanted pause; a full breath of this poppy-scented, champagne-like ozone of Southern California, and the eye sweeps a domain of five hundred acres that a sovereign might envy. Fertile fields flanked with the palm and the eucalyptus are dotted with auxiliary settlements devoted to the silk-worm industry, chicken raising, vegetable gardens, and a convalescents' camp. From the west the blue Pacific rolls in peacefully, breaking into white flounces of foam on the rock-ribbed shore; eastward lies the opalescent bay, the rival of Naples, with the continental-like city of San Diego, backed by the snow-crowned Sierra Madre mountains. The stately sentinel on the tip of Point Loma is the government lighthouse. One of these days a wide boulevard, curving from San Diego to the lighthouse, will make the place more accessible.

EDUCATION AT POINT LOMA.

Probably the most interesting feature of Point Loma life is the Raja Yoga

School. Its curriculum is unusual, consisting largely of music, the drama, art, and athletics, but also including many other things, from carpentry to esoteric philosophy. "A second Bayreuth!" exclaimed Mme. Modjeska joyfully, upon seeing three-year-olds actually reading music at the piano and hearing the chorus of babies and grown-ups.

In common with gastronomic reformers, who think people are usually over-fed, Mrs. Tingley offers a limited menu of nuts, cereals, fruits, and vegetables, alike for adults and children, which the metropolitan epicure would consider next door to starvation.

The life of the older "students," as the Point Loma colonists are styled, is



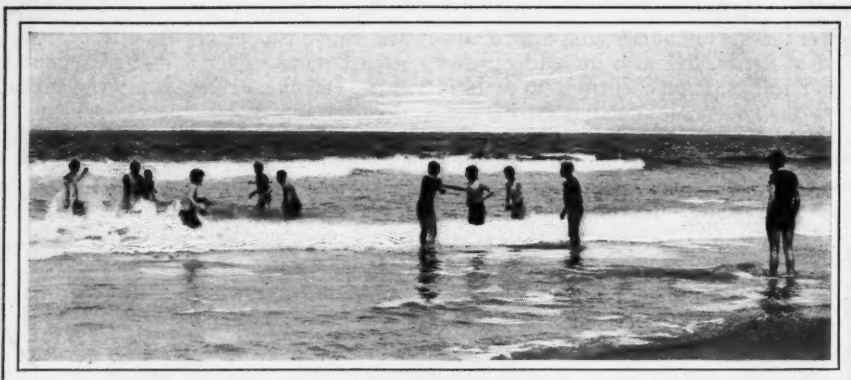
THE TWO CENTRAL BUILDINGS OF THE POINT LOMA SETTLEMENT, THE HOMESTEAD AND THE ARYAN TEMPLE—IN THE FOREGROUND ARE BOYS OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL AT DRILL.

The school children live in circular group-houses, as they are called. Each building has a central room surrounded by a series of tiny bedrooms and, outside, by bits of garden which the pupils cultivate. With a teacher to act as god-mother day and night, there is no break between school and home life. At the same time, individual responsibility is developed by making each child the caretaker of a younger tot. That even small pupils are not permitted but once in two weeks to see their parents, even though they be residents, is not calculated, it must be confessed, to appeal to the average mother. The semi-tropical climate makes comparatively acceptable the introduction of a vegetarian diet.

one round of "something doing every minute," from athletic exercise in the early sunshine to the nine o'clock chimes at night. Each woman, in addition to her regular work, is required to learn the cooking art under "Lady Jane," chief of the vegetarian cuisine. Some students abide at the Homestead, others in Japanese-like bungalows which, by cleverly devised screens, may be converted into one large room in the daytime or separated into compartments at night.

THE TEACHINGS OF THEOSOPHY.

Though Mrs. Tingley does not indorse all of Mme. Blavatsky's doctrines, she traces the germ of the Point Loma



ON THE BEACH AT POINT LOMA—"FROM THE WEST THE BLUE PACIFIC ROLLS IN PEACEFULLY."

colony to an unfulfilled project of the older woman's. Prior to her death, twelve years ago, Mme. Blavatsky expressed her hope for the establishment, somewhere in the New World, of a school that should "turn out something besides reading and writing candidates for starvation." When she died, there followed a split among her followers. Mrs. Tingley was recognized as head of her sect in 1896, and two years later she reorganized it under the title of the Universal Brotherhood. She had already fixed upon Point Loma as her

headquarters, and in 1899 the colony was inaugurated with a camping-out congress. In the following year she took up her abode at the Homestead.

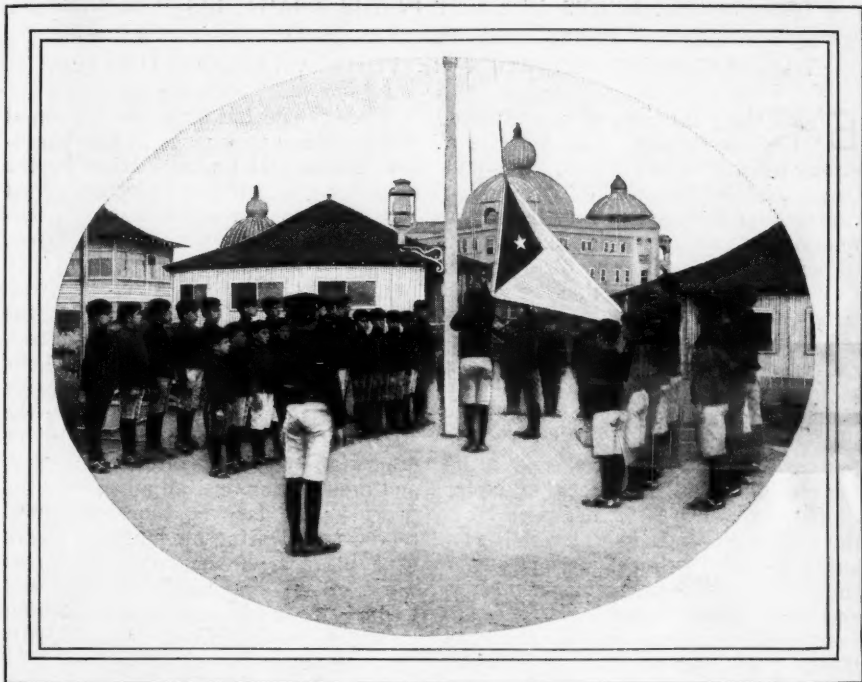
The community consistently emphasizes the practical side of its philosophy. Indeed, to extract its theosophic principles a good-sized conversational corkscrew is needed. They may apparently be boiled down to four cardinal doctrines, which, the colonists claim, are broad enough to underlie all religions. The first is the somewhat mysterious one of "Karma," which is defined



ON THE LINKS AT POINT LOMA—GOLF IS ONE OF THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE THEOSOPHIST COMMUNITY.

as the inherent effect of all thoughts and acts, right or wrong. The second is the old Pythagorean theory of reincarnation, or repeated births on earth. The third is the recognition of the divine and the animal in each individual, as well as the power to choose which

Recently the theosophists of Point Loma have undertaken to lighten the darkness of the outer world by doing some gentle missionary work. Mrs. Tingley purchased the opera house in San Diego, and every Sunday evening its stage is set with flowers and foliage,



MRS. TINGLEY'S CUBAN PROTÉGÉS AT THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL RAISING THEIR NATIONAL FLAG.

shall predominate. The fourth is the acknowledgment of no power in the universe, outside oneself, which one need fear as punishment or hurt. Though in the avowal of these beliefs the theosophists pay the highest respect to the teachings of Christ, it is difficult to reconcile some of their ideas with the accepted Christian theology.

Only twice has Mrs. Tingley appealed to the public for money. During the Spanish-American war she sought funds for relief work carried on among sick soldiers under the auspices of the Universal Brotherhood League. After the war, with the official approbation of President McKinley, she headed a relief expedition to Cuba. Thus she became interested in Cuban children, forty of whom she is educating.

and the public of the somewhat sleepy town is invited to an entertainment of music and addresses given by "students" attired in Grecian garb.

It is only natural that the peculiarities of the colony should have given rise to all sorts of stories. Imaginative newspaper scribes have told, with much wealth of detail, how Mrs. Tingley claims miraculous powers; how she sits on a purple plush throne surrounded by "students" who make her spine-breaking salaams; or how she believes that her pet dog, Spot, is the reincarnation of a departed worthy who was her husband in a previous existence. Some more malicious inventions, not long ago, were the cause of a libel suit against a California newspaper, in which Mrs. Tingley was successful.

King Edward as a Theatergoer.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE ENGLISH KING'S INTEREST IN THE DRAMA, HIS FONDNESS FOR AMERICAN PLAYS AND PLAYERS, AND THE FORMALITIES THAT ARE OBSERVED WHEN HE VISITS A LONDON THEATER.

EVER since the days of the Stuarts, English sovereigns have taken a strong interest in the drama. It would be well, indeed, to pass lightly over the first chapter of the story that traces the relations of royalty and the theater, for its leading characters are the fair but frail Nell Gwynn and that none too kingly monarch, Charles II. It is needless to revive a scandal which the softening touch of time has turned into a romance. Time has also completely changed the atmosphere both of English court and of English stage. The former has long since awakened to its responsibilities as the national exemplar of decorum. The latter has risen from the nether Bohemia in which it began, and has taken its proper place as one of the great professions, beside such sister arts as music and painting. Titles, as every good democrat knows, are empty things, yet it was an event of no small significance when Queen Victoria for the first time conferred knighthood upon an actor, eight years ago.

The late queen was always fond of the drama, though she did not enter a playhouse during the last thirty-five years of her long life. The first London theater that she attended as a sovereign was Drury Lane, which she visited within a year of her accession. After her marriage, she and the Prince Consort saw many plays together. Her theater-going ended with her husband's death, but she kept in touch with the histrionic world by means of frequent "command performances" at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral. Sir Henry Irving, Sir Charles Wyndham, John Hare, Beer-bohm Tree, George Alexander, Ellen Terry, and Mary Moore are among the well-known players who appeared before her in this way.

When the performances were given at Windsor they took place in the Waterloo Chamber, and were marked by the observance of full court ceremony. At Balmoral, on the other hand, all formality was conspicuous by its absence.

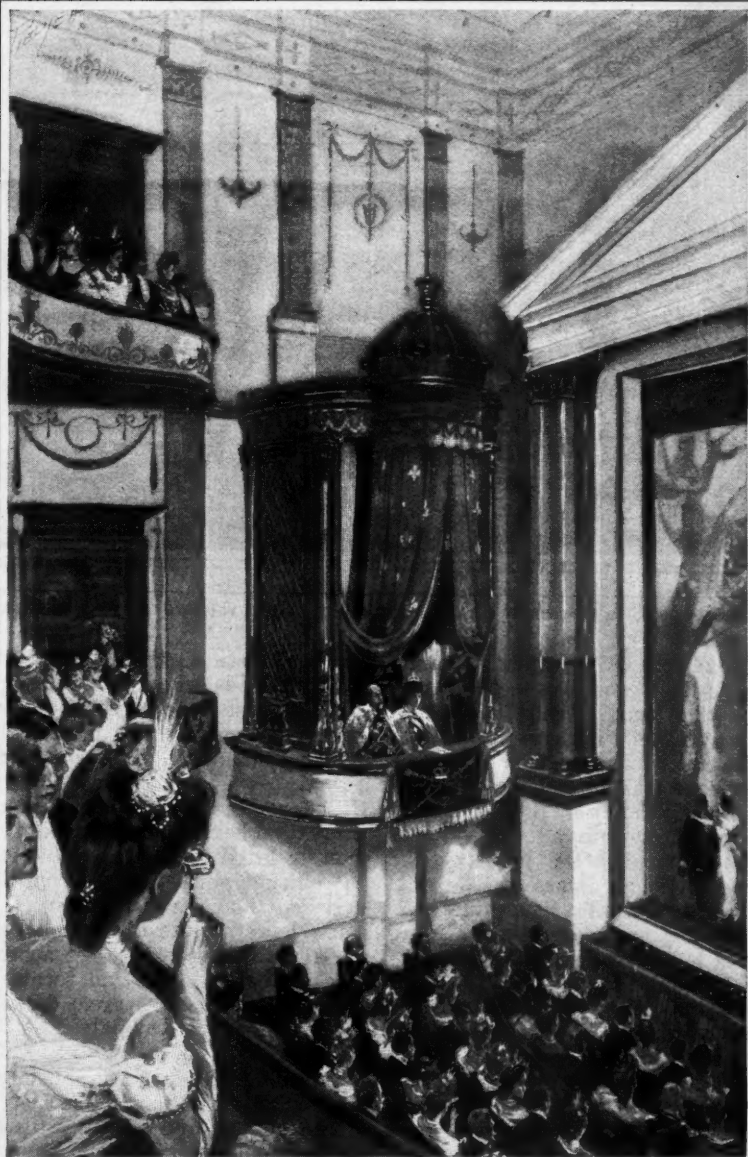
KING EDWARD'S TASTE IN PLAYS.

King Edward has inherited to the full his mother's regard for the drama, but his taste is a good deal more catholic than was that of the late queen. Broadly speaking, he likes the best that the stage has to offer—comedy, musical or otherwise, tragedy, farce, burlesque, and even pantomime, all appeal to him, provided the fare be thoroughly well served up. During his long experience as a playgoer he has seen the finest work of all the English actors and dramatists, and it is not unnatural that he should be disinclined to accept anything second-rate.

When he is thinking of visiting any particular piece, he always ascertains beforehand the names of the principal members of the company, and it is chiefly from his recollection of their past performances that he decides whether he would care to attend. He thinks of the player, rather than the play.

"I don't care—Irving's bound to be good," he is once reported to have said, when some one assured him that a certain drama was not worth seeing, on account of the poor part allotted to the distinguished actor.

On only one occasion has a serious mistake been made, and this was when the recommendation of a friend was taken. The piece in question was of the musical comedy genre, and the leading character was a thinly disguised burlesque of a certain reigning mon-

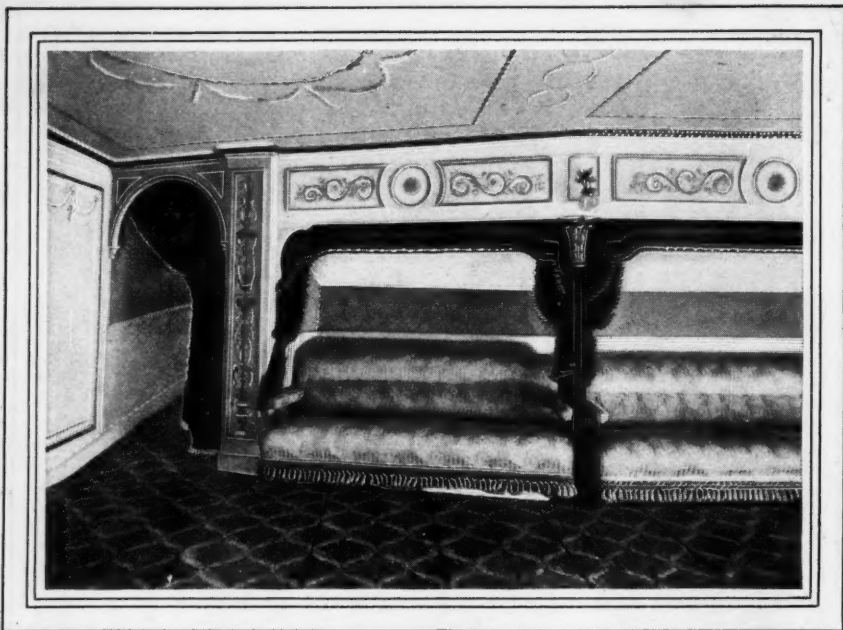


KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THE ROYAL BOX AT A LONDON THEATER.

arch. In ignorance of this, King Edward sat through the opening of the performance. As it proceeded, however, the burlesque grew more and more

offensive. At the end of the first act he left the theater and has never visited it again.

In all the chief London theaters a



THE RECEPTION ROOM CONNECTED WITH THE ROYAL BOX AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATER, LONDON.

royal box is kept in readiness. As a rule, it is the largest box in the house, for the king usually brings a party of friends with him. Perhaps the finest is the one at the Imperial Theater, the furniture and appointments of which were specially chosen by the lessee, Mrs. Langtry. There are also very handsome royal boxes at His Majesty's, the Haymarket, the St. James', the Garrick, Wyndham's, and the Vaudeville. At the three last named theaters they are prepared by removing the partition between two ordinary boxes.

When the king visited Drury Lane about a year ago, to witness the performance of "Ben Hur," a special box was built for him in the center of the front row of the pit, to give him the best view of the famous chariot-race. At other times, however, he has used the ordinary royal box. At Covent Garden, which he frequently attends during the opera season, his box is on the second tier. Just behind this, and approached by a private door, is a handsome anteroom, to which the king withdraws during the intervals for the purpose of enjoying a cigarette. It is also

his habit between the acts to join any of his friends who may be occupying adjacent boxes. On these occasions, etiquette demands that all present should remain standing until his majesty leaves.

Anterooms are necessary adjuncts to every royal box. Most of them are sumptuously fitted up, and it is difficult to say offhand which theater is entitled to carry off the palm in this respect. Perhaps, however, the distinction belongs to His Majesty's, where the apartment is octagonal in shape and furnished in Sheraton style. The same description of furniture is used at Daly's and Wyndham's.

At the Alhambra, the appointments of the anteroom are valued at more than four hundred pounds, with sumptuous upholstery and fine Louis Seize chairs. This is the only London theater that provides a private lift for visiting royalty.

That eminently fashionable playhouse, the St. James', has what is perhaps the largest box in London, and the adjoining anteroom is very tastefully furnished. The corridor leading to the

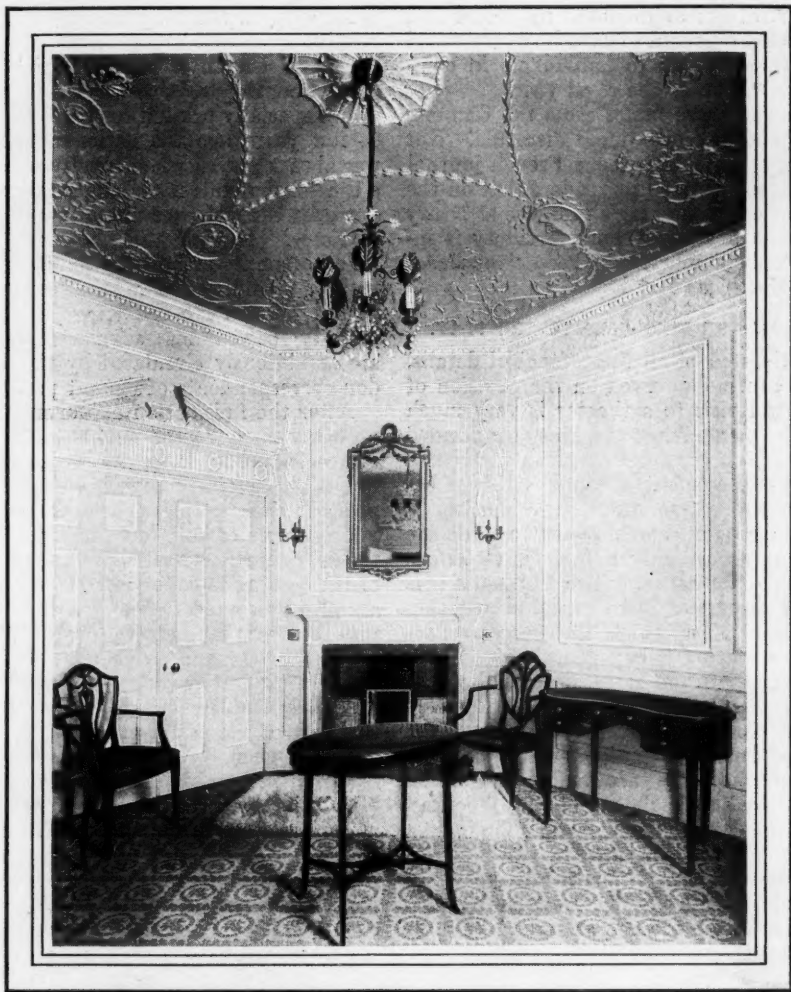
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box is papered in red and hung with handsome engravings.

Since his accession, King Edward has shown a strong liking for American plays, especially when they have been interpreted by American companies.

Kester's other play, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." He has also seen "Ben Hur" and "Arizona."

When, as often happens, the king and the queen go to a theater together, it is customary for the management to pre-



THE ANTEROOM OF THE ROYAL BOX AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATER, LONDON.

The first piece that he witnessed on the expiration of the court mourning for the late queen was "Mice and Men"—which is classed in England as an American production—while two days later he went to see William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." He saw "Mademoiselle Mars" twice, and attended Paul

sent her majesty with a bouquet of flowers. Recently, when Queen Alexandra visited Drury Lane, the occasion was celebrated with something more substantial—an eight-course dinner, served in the anteroom on the conclusion of the first act.

Some of the printed stories about

King Edward's visits to the theaters are more imaginative than veracious. Ingenious press agents spread elaborate stories detailing how his majesty goes behind the scenes after the performance and personally congratulates the principal actors and actresses. I have seen illustrations of diamond necklaces and jeweled pins said to have been presented to these fortunate individuals in commemoration of the royal visit.

When these fables cross the Channel they become even more distorted. Not long ago, for instance, a French journal solemnly assured its readers that on the occasion of the king's presence at Drury Lane a battery of horse artillery is invariably employed to keep "*messieurs les Hooligans*" at bay!

HOW THE KING GOES TO THE PLAY.

Divested of all these fanciful details, the routine observed on the occasion of a royal visit to a theater is very much as follows. When the king has decided to see a play, notice is usually given to the management a couple of days beforehand. Sometimes the notice is shorter, for his majesty may decide where to go only a few hours before the performance. The intimation is sent through a Bond Street seat-letting agency, from which the necessary accommodation is engaged. This is paid for at the usual rates, despite the general belief that royalty is on the free list. If, as frequently happens, the royal box is engaged, the person who has booked it is informed that he must abandon his claim. He is, of course, provided with other seats. There is a legend to the effect that an individual of highly democratic principles once absolutely declined to give way in the matter, and that the management had to fit up another box for the king's use. The story, however, is probably untrue.

With his proverbial punctuality, King Edward reaches the theater about five minutes before the curtain goes up. On arriving at the private entrance, which is protected by a covered awning extending across the pavement, he is met by the manager and escorted to his box. At one time etiquette demanded that this official should lead the way, walking backwards, and holding two lighted can-

dles. When George IV visited Covent Garden on a certain occasion the candles blew out and left the whole party standing in a dark passage until fresh ones could be procured. Thereupon his majesty ordered the practice discontinued, declaring it to be "damned nonsense."

As soon as the king and his suite—consisting of one or two equerries and perhaps a couple of personal friends—are seated, they receive white satin programs specially printed for the occasion. A few years ago the national anthem was always played when royalty entered a theater, but this is no longer the case; nor does the audience rise at the king's entrance. For all this, however, detailed accounts of how the audience remained standing while the orchestra played "God Save the King" and his majesty bowed his acknowledgments are assiduously circulated by the London correspondents of distant papers.

After the first act an adjournment is probably made to the anteroom, where cigarettes and coffee are discussed. Should his majesty have been specially pleased with the piece, he informs the management of this fact during one of the entr'actes. Occasionally one or two of the leading members of the company are also presented to him. A few minutes before the end, the royal party leave the box and drive off. This is done in order to avoid the crowd that always assembles outside a theater at the close of the performance.

Like Queen Victoria, King Edward has frequently made the theater come to him, by ordering "command performances" at Sandringham or Windsor. On such occasions, of course, the company's London house is closed. To compensate the management, a lump sum of money is paid down, the amount varying with the size of the theater and the number of players engaged.

The effect of royal patronage on the business of a theater is not so great as might be thought. Of course there are always some who will go to a performance merely because the king has been there, but not enough to infuse a fresh lease of life into a play that has failed to attract on its own merits. On the other hand, a successful piece needs no extraneous advertising.

A Daughter of the States.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

MR. PEMBERTON'S LATEST NOVEL IS ON NEW LINES—IT IS A NARRATIVE OF VARIED INTEREST, A STORY OF LOVE AND OF ACTION, OF HUMAN LIFE AND EMOTION UNDER THE STRESS OF EXCITING ADVENTURE AND OF A HISTORIC CATASTROPHE.

I.

"THE man's a rogue!"

And thus doing justice to his conscience and his convictions, the reverend gentleman who had spoken pressed his finger-tips softly together, and beamed upon so much of the world as may be seen from the promenade deck of an ocean steamship.

"I do not say," he continued, after a little pause, "that I speak from either personal knowledge or the definite information of others. I am merely an observer. There are some characters so transparent that they cannot hide even their defects from us. Such a man is that fellow yonder. His very footstep is open to suspicion. The stoop of his shoulders is the first letter of his alphabet. His eyes say, 'Some one is looking at me. I know it; I am a rogue.' He does not complain because his fellow passengers avoid him. Why should he? He understands the justice of it. The attention that we pay him is a compliment. He is clever or he would not be a rogue. There are few sufficiently strong-minded to turn their eyes when vice in its more attractive shapes passes their windows."

He laughed in a deep, sonorous voice which expressed self-satisfaction and no little sense of condescension. Jessie Golding gathered up her skirts to let the Rogue pass, although her clear eyes followed him steadfastly.

"I wonder if his ears burned," she said in a low voice. "Anyway, he must be used to it. This ship's done nothing but talk about him for two days. He couldn't have had more notice if he'd been Theodore Roosevelt himself. I

suppose you call him a rogue because you don't know anything about him. That's charity, isn't it?"

Her interest centered upon the tall, stooping figure of the Rogue as it stopped for a minute before the door of the smoking-room, and she scarcely heard the Vicar—so she had come to call the Rev. St. John Trew—when that substantial worthy began to defend himself.

"We are all rogues in a sense," he was good enough to admit. "The more attractive our public position, the more amiable is the roguery we practise. Doctors, lawyers, politicians, especially, must be rogues to succeed. Believe me, my dear Miss Golding, I never enter a strange pulpit to beg for a new parsonage but I say to myself: 'Rogue, your tongue is cheating them!'"

"And does it?" Jessie asked quickly, though she answered her own question before he could reply. "Why, yes, I'm sure it does," she rattled on; "you make them feel that heaven has kept the roof on just that they may slate it. Oh, I know; they give two dollars when you have done. They book all the front seats in paradise and then go home to dinner. I've done it myself, and I felt good—until I wanted the money next day."

The Vicar of Sackville Street folded his hands in an attitude of benevolent righteousness. "I complain of the third hymn," he said reflectively. "If we could collect the offertory while the special preacher is actually in the pulpit, the custom would be beneficial, I am sure. There are some things, alas, which belong to the kingdom of dreams. An offertory bag without small coins is one of them."

* Copyright, 1903, by Max Pemberton.

"And rogues—they are facts, of course! I saw you cast down your eyes while he passed. Did you feel very brave about it? I didn't. I think I was a little bit sorry."

"It is the mission of your sex to be the agents of compassion. You admire virtue in men, but avoid it. I am quite sure that every woman on the ship is saying in her heart, 'Poor fellow!' If our Rogue were a missionary returned from his labors among the heathen, the young ladies would say, 'How dull!' while the men would ask what he made out of it. Observe—your Rogue, having wrestled with temptation for precisely twenty seconds, is now asked to play poker again. The lamb will be bleating somewhere near. That is the habit of lambs; they imitate a gentler creature and admire rogues. Their fleece, like yours, is offered at his feet. When they are shorn, they expect sympathy and do not get it. We know that they will return to the Rogue whenever he calls them."

He brushed some blacks from the book which was open upon his knee, and turned to regard his companion critically. Jessie's head rested upon the rail of her deck chair. The fresh breeze had caught her flaxen curls and blown them awry; the sea heightened her color and gave a sparkle to her eyes. While she was not quite sure whether the Vicar bored or annoyed her, she would give him ten minutes to answer the question. Few men were worth more than that.

"Say, Mr. Trew," she exclaimed, putting on a manner and a drawl quite foreign to her, "are you aware that I'm to be married in fifteen days' time?"

"My dear young lady, do the American papers leave one unaware of anything at all?"

"Then you know all about it?"

"Er—hem—I understand that the world calls you very fortunate."

"Yes; but suppose—well, suppose I were a lamb?"

"Impossible to suppose any such thing."

"I'm going to marry Lord Eastry, you know."

"A charming man. One of our oldest families."

"Yes, but I'm not marrying his family; I'm marrying him."

"His name has been much before the public lately."

"In the Bankruptcy Court—isn't it nice of him?"

"Really—I had quite forgotten it. But we rely upon America to get us out of these little difficulties. You will live at Monkton Castle, of course. That—let me see—is at present, I think, in the hands of the—the Meyersteins."

"It's something with a 'stein' in it. My father says they're Jews. I suppose they might be. Is Monkton very beautiful, Mr. Trew?"

"Quite a show place. I paid a shilling to see it last year. The caretaker is evidently a dissenter. He ignored my card."

"Shall I have a great staircase, and a statue of the fourth baron of something in the hall, and a suit of armor to look at when I go to bed?"

"All these things are to be found at Monkton."

"The chapel's a synagogue now, I suppose; that's a pity, isn't it? Do you know what religion Lord Eastry is? When I asked him he said, 'Rats!'"

"H'm! His lordship's religion is, undoubtedly, the church of his fathers."

"Did they have a church, then? How interesting! I thought they only drank port wine. They'll all be my fathers now, won't they? Oh, I feel quite an old family myself, and I'm only twenty-four."

"In another ten years age will not be so kind to your conscience."

"You mean I'll have to lie about it. Well, I don't think I will. Age should speak for itself. If a woman looks twenty, she is thirty. I read your age in a gossip-book down-stairs. I wouldn't tell it you for the world. Men are much sillier that way than women. You'd hate me for the rest of the voyage."

"My dear Miss Golding, as if it were possible for any man alive to forget so charming a companion! Tell me my age, by all means. I am fifty-three, and proud of it. Time and golf deal gently with me. That is for your own ear. You are one of those thrice-blessed creatures to whom a man tells everything. And you will never betray me."

"Are you sure of it? We Americans must talk, you know. You English

sometimes seem as if you'd said everything you wanted to say a hundred years ago, and couldn't begin all over again. There's a man on my right at table who never gets further than 'Really, how very interesting!' He must have said it two hundred and forty times since he came aboard. I'd like to put him in a museum as a specimen of a tired Britisher."

"Spare the race which you are about to honor. We are a reserved people, principally because we have been taught to believe ourselves better than other people. America talks because she is always wanting to learn. When a man is very silent, he is a great thinker, a great fool, or a great rogue. You see we return to the original subject—the Rogue, our own particular Rogue——"

"I wonder if he is winning again today!"

"Study the lamb at dinner, and you will be answered."

"He sits at the purser's table. I can only see his back."

"Thrice unfortunate! We must try again. There is Mr. Bentham, for instance——"

"What, the Bantam! Oh, the dear little china doll!"

"Who has been gazing at you with rapture for the last ten minutes. Let me grant him a stool in my paradise. My religion teaches me self-sacrifice."

"And golf? Well, make him come here and I'll pat his little hand. He says he's a lawyer, doesn't he? I shouldn't have thought his poor little hands were large enough to steal anything."

The Vicar said: "Please, please!" and went over to bring the professed gossip to the place.

Percy Bentham was certainly far from being a fine man, for he stood no more than five feet in his shoes, and his monstrous ears and clumsy hands served to emphasize a deficiency of nature's gifts elsewhere. Jessie had christened him the Bantam before they steamed out of the harbor. His pertinacity was as remarkable as his memory for unpleasant facts. He could tell you something disgraceful about half the great families of Europe.

"The Rogue's playing poker again," he began, without waiting to be asked.

"Oh, yes; I thought you'd like to know. He won fifty-two pounds on the last hand—a full. A man like that will get shot some day. Of course the Lamb is losing."

"And all you great strong men permit it," cried Jessie indignantly. "I'm ashamed of you, Vicar; why don't you do something?"

"Behold, I am reading a yellow-back."

The Bantam coughed a little reproachfully.

"My dear Miss Golding," he said, "have confidence in me. I promise you it shall all end well."

"That's what they say when they lynch a man in Kentucky."

"Really, now, Miss Golding, why do you dislike that man so?"

"Because it's the fashion."

"And yet you have never spoken a single word to him."

"Perhaps I shouldn't dislike him if I had—he just haunts me. I see his face in my dreams, when I have any."

"You do dream, then? How interesting! I never had any one dream about me."

"You're not wicked enough."

The Vicar laughed contentedly.

"Virtue sleeps for ten hours," he said blandly. "You must commit a crime, Mr. Bentham."

"That's what I've been trying to do all my life."

"But you won't succeed," said Jessie; "you haven't the pluck for it. Look at the Rogue, now. You shiver when he passes you—you seem to feel that he is covering up a dreadful story which would make your flesh creep."

The Bantam wagged his head knowingly.

"You'll know all about it when we go ashore at Liverpool," he said sagely.

"Then it's really true that he is in trouble? Every one says so."

"Time will show," said the Bantam, and he went off to watch the poker party.

II.

THE Rogue took his seat at a corner table in the smoking-room upon the upper deck of the Winona, and Herbert Laidlaw, the Lamb, sat opposite to

him in the angle of the lounge. The others of the party were well known upon the ships of the Blue Star Line—Richard Marx, the great poker-player, and Bert Sedgwick, who, as many said, was neither more nor less than his confederate in rascality.

If men wondered that such experts should sit down with the Rogue, they believed at the same time that the aims of three, at least, of the party were identical. Many stories were afloat of the fortune and the folly of the freckled, pale-faced youth whom the Rogue had enticed to his cabin, but in one surmise all agreed. His friends of the Winona would fleece him to the last farthing; they would not leave him the price of a railway ticket when he landed at Liverpool. Some of the more friendly even offered their advice, or whispered a hesitating word of warning; but the answer was always the same:

"I know what I am doing—Murray West is all right!"

Now, Murray West was the Rogue's *nom de voyage*—for heaven alone knew what his true name might be; and while he could inspire such confidence, it was obviously vain to withstand him. Believing that the Lamb was already grown for the shearing, the wise ones went their own way and left him to the penalties of that denuding process. They were good enough to grant you that the few words they had exchanged with the Rogue were neither uninteresting nor altogether wasted; for while one would say that the man had been a gentleman, another condescended to admit that his daring as a card-player was quite extraordinary.

Such a testimonial did not further that desire of privacy which the card-players chiefly desired. There were occasions when quite an audience watched the game from afar, and nothing but the Rogue's obstinate refusal to play anywhere else but in the smoking-room of the ship prevented an early adjournment to the state-room he had engaged.

"Let us have elbow room," he said dryly. "I like to see my opponent's hands."

"That's an offensive observation," Marx had retorted; but the Rogue made no apology.

"I don't withdraw it," he had said.

"If you want to play, call for the cards. If you don't want to play, go and sing hymns. It's the same thing to me."

It ended invariably by the gamblers eating their words and calling for fresh cards. In their own cabin they told each other that they had "struck a snag."

"I never dealt a single pack out of my breeches last night," Sedgwick said gloomily. "The man's got the eyes of a hawk; you can feel his fingers itching for your throat. What was it he took of the English dude last night? A pretty considerable hatful, I know."

"It was five hundred and fifty pounds—that I know, for I totted it up. Our money, chum—confound him! This steamer ain't worth drink money while he's aboard."

"We'll see what's going this afternoon. I'm crying off if it's no better than yesterday. It's sinful to think what that dude might have been worth to us if this cargo had been left on the quay. A herring-backed, lean-boned son of a British hog—I'll get even before I'm through with him!"

They adjourned to the smoking-room in this amiable mood, and finding Laidlaw, the dude in question, ready and waiting, they sat down in the unexpected belief that the prey would be theirs alone and that none would dispute it with them. In this, however, they were premature. They had scarcely called for the cards before the Rogue appeared upon the scene, and at once took his accustomed chair. Jessie Golding, as we know, had rewarded him with her interest while he hesitated for a moment upon the threshold of the smoking-room; but neither she nor the Bantam understood how very much was at stake in that particular game.

Richard Marx looked up swiftly when the Rogue entered, and said something under his breath. His companion swallowed a hasty oath, and cut the cards with an adroit hand which appeared to cover a trick prepared. Herbert Laidlaw fidgeted uneasily in his chair. The smoking-room steward carried three cocktails to the table, which he dusted with an acquired flip, entirely ineffective but undoubtedly pretty.

"Shall I bring another?" he asked the Rogue.

The answer was "No," in so fierce a tone that the man skimmed away, muttering. Richard Marx, a dark-visaged, bearded Jew, with a diamond ring upon the middle finger of his left hand and a turquoise upon the little finger of his right, took up the cards sulkily and asked what it was to be.

"I'm sick of this five dollar rise," said he. "Let's make it a hundred dollars and have done with it. Here's Mr. Laidlaw going to sleep over it."

"Oh, don't you trouble about me," said Laidlaw with a strange smile. "I'll play for anything you like, if West will join in. It's the same thing in the end, anyway. What do you say, Murray?"

He appealed to the Rogue, his friend and cabin-companion, who, with a shrug of his stooping shoulders, expressed his indifference.

"If you will put your money on the table, I'll play for what you please."

"That's rating us very low," said Marx, though the purpose of the request did not immediately occur to him. "I guess our money is as good as yours."

"We shall see when you show it to us," said the Rogue quietly.

He took up the cards and shuffled them negligently. A few men gathered round the table and began to follow the game with interest.

The sunlight shone down through the open ports and focused in a quivering beam upon the players. You could hear the chatter of women upon the promenade deck without, the swish of lazy seas, and the iron pulse of the foaming propeller. It was five o'clock upon the afternoon of a glorious day of July. The steamer was two days out from Sandy Hook, and in four days more would be at Queenstown. There was not a human being aboard her who stopped to reflect how much might happen in four days.

The Rogue took up his cards, and play began in a desultory and unexciting manner. A couple of deals found Laidlaw winning ten pounds from Marx and half that sum from Sedgwick. The first jack-pot was a matter of twenty pounds, which the Jew swept to his side carelessly and with something of contempt. He understood that West had challenged him; if it came to a question of ready

money, he believed the game to be already over.

"I make it fifty sovereigns to come in," he cried presently, putting the notes upon the table and looking West full in the face.

Sedgwick, the obedient, pushed fifty pounds out upon the green cloth before him, and said: "That's mine."

The Rogue threw down his cards and did not play. The Lamb alone remained. He came in, of course; he would have staked his last shilling on a pair of aces. When the betting began, the Jew made it seventy-five pounds, and counted the money note by note. Sedgwick cried that it was a hundred, and the Lamb, losing courage suddenly, let his fifty go and sipped his cocktail.

"A good game this," he remarked to some one near-by; and then, observing that Murray West was dealing to him, he said: "My blind, I suppose. Well, I make it twenty pounds."

The Jew made it fifty again, and once more the Rogue threw down his cards. A *sotto voce* aside upon the part of Sedgwick, to the effect that it was almost as amusing as playing pitch-farthing by yourself, did not draw any response from him.

The Lamb lost his fifty pounds and smiled childishly when he paid it. There was another jack-pot when the deal passed to Marx, and this his friend Sedgwick pocketed. So far the two men had won more than a hundred pounds from Herbert Laidlaw, and half of that sum from Murray West; but it was evident, none the less, that the Rogue's tactics perplexed them. They played like men expecting some subtle attack which would call upon all their resources, honest and otherwise, to meet it. When the blow fell, it had been some time anticipated.

The Rogue dealt, and Marx made it one hundred pounds to come in. Sedgwick, acting as upon a good understanding, put his hundred pounds upon the table and waited for Murray West. The Lamb stood out for the first time, and the betting remained between the Rogue and the confederates.

"I make it two hundred and fifty pounds," said Marx, a little triumphantly.

"Three hundred," cried Sedgwick. "There's my money!"

They turned to the Rogue, who leaned back in his chair and smiled a little sardonically in spite of himself. His cards seemed to amuse him; he took a bundle of notes from the breast pocket of his waistcoat and tossed them negligently upon the table.

"I play for that," he said quietly. "I think you'll find a thousand pounds there."

The mention of the sum, and a certain constrained silence following upon such a piece of daring, drew a little group of spectators to the table. Marx, meanwhile, regarded the bundle of notes with an impudent stare which concealed his own surprise and gave him time for thought.

"Well," he said, at length, "I hope the Bank of England feels all right to-day."

"More comfortable than you do, probably," retorted the Rogue pleasantly.

"Who says I'm uncomfortable? Do you think a thousand pounds will break me?"

"I'm waiting to hear."

"Well, you sha'n't wait long—see here; what's that, now?"

"That," said Murray West, with conviction, "is an exceedingly poor imitation of a note for a thousand francs."

"Do you say it's queer?"

"I do."

"Ah, you know a lot! Well, then, since you object to French money, we'll try again. Are these good enough for a tenderfoot Britisher?"

He produced honest notes to the tune of twelve hundred pounds, and laid them on the table.

"I make it that," he said.

"And I double it," cried West in so odd a way that some of the spectators tittered.

As before, he took a roll of notes from his pocket and did not delay to count them. His eyes were fixed intently upon Sedgwick, who had been fumbling with the cards, but who now stopped with a look of blank dismay which was shared by Marx. The plain truth was that the two men had little more than another hundred pounds between them. The

wealth of the man they opposed astounded them, for they would have wagered ten minutes ago that his whole fortune was not five hundred pounds.

"I didn't sit down to play skin the bear," said Marx angrily, while he counted the notes with his hand and threw his cards upon the table. "You can find some one else, and be darned to you! This isn't how gentlemen play; their word is as good as their money. I don't pay, Sedgwick. Let him do what he pleases; I'm keeping my money!"

The Rogue pitched down his cards, and, with a sudden swift movement, grasped Sedgwick's wrist and held it upon the table. The quickness of the attack and the surprise of it so far robbed the man of his self-possession that he half rose from his chair, and in so doing allowed the five cards which his knee had been pressing against the lower edge of the table to fall to the ground. At the same moment an apparatus for dealing cards fell from his sleeve and lay upon the green cloth for all the world to see.

Herbert Laidlaw, utterly surprised, laughed like a boy when he beheld it; some of the spectators nudged one another; but the Rogue had an ugly look upon his face.

"Why, yes," he said; "I've been wanting that all along!"

He pocketed the implement, and, taking advantage of Marx' gaping hesitation, swept the bank-notes from the Jew's hand and began to fold them neatly.

"You see, gentlemen," he said to some of those round about him, "these men are what I thought them to be—not only professional card-sharpers, but also swindlers. They have won eight hundred pounds from my friend here since we left New York. I am about to return Mr. Laidlaw his money. The rest is my own, and I shall keep it."

He brushed back the lank black hair from his forehead, counted out eight hundred pounds in bank-notes, and handed them in a little bundle to his cabin companion. So far Marx had not uttered a single word, his silence being due as much to his incapacity for defense as to his astonishment. The obvious hostility of his audience, and the fact that

they were upon a steamer, where neither threats nor violence would help him, contributed to his reserve.

"As God's in heaven, I'll make you pay for this—pound for pound and something over!" he said, under his breath; and, without another word, he stalked from the smoking-room, with Sedgwick upon his heels.

A murmur of laughter followed him as he went; but the prevailing note was one of surprise. Men asked one another what it meant that one sharper should be thus turning upon another. Why had the Rogue handed over eight hundred pounds of his plunder to his own ewe-lamb, the particular Southdown he had brought aboard with him to fleece? Was it to encourage the others, a mere bit of bravado to win credit with the ship; or might the more charitable assumption be entertained, and this man be set before them in a new light?

They did not know. The inscrutable face of the Rogue taught them nothing; he invited no man's confidence, was the same taciturn, stooping figure as heretofore when he quitted the saloon and went out upon the promenade deck. His absence set twenty tongues wagging, but none made anything of him.

Anon it was reported that he had been seen by the wheel-house in close talk with Marx, the Jew, and this was new food for slander. After all, his generosity might have been nothing but a *coup de théâtre* to drive off Marx & Co. and to keep the lamb to himself.

Marx, indeed, had waited upon the lower deck until West came down; and, having by this time recovered his natural self-assurance, he boldly accosted his antagonist and invited a conference.

"I want ten words with you—alone," he said, without any display of temper. "Let's go down to the wheel-house and get out of the way of these women."

West followed him with a docility which seemed to promise much, but which was, in truth, nothing but the prompting of his curiosity. He knew that he had not done with these men; but for his own safety's sake he was quite willing to hear what they had to say. Most of the passengers had gone to their cabins by this time, to make ready for dinner. The aft wheel-house

cast a deep patch of shadow eastward upon the lower deck, and beyond lay that spuming wake of foam which opened like a fan of cloven water whose blades might touch the infinite horizon.

"I guessed it would be this," said West shortly, when Marx halted and turned to speak. "You want your money back, I suppose. Well, my man, see here, you're not going to get a red cent of it. I promised to teach you a lesson, and I've done it. Next time you meet one of my friends, leave him alone. I speak for your good."

Marx laid a hand upon the lapel of his coat, and would have remonstrated unctuously.

"It was different down at Jackson City, when I took a hand with Freddy Carson of Holt's," he remarked retrospectively. "Why, pard, I've seen Freddy shear some lambs in his time, and precious clever he was about it; and now he's aboard a Blue Star liner, hustling his flock like a good Methodist. Say, did you know him in that same city, the Freddy Carson I speak of?"

"You are perfectly aware that I know him. He taught one or two of you a lesson down there, I remember. You don't seem to have profited by it at all. Well, he's through; he's found something else to do, Mr. Richard Marx—one time Abbé Renshaw."

Marx laughed at the mention of his aliases.

"It's astonishing how the families get mixed up when one knocks about the world a bit! Here's you under a British flag and me under a German. Well, I guess the staff's the same; and that's the point. Look, now, Murray West, what's the meaning of yonder tenderfoot, and who's going to foot up this particular nonsense? You've had twelve hundred pounds of my money——"

"Eight hundred of which you won from my friend last night and the night before."

"I don't deny it. What's come to you that you quarrel with a man for winning eight hundred?"

"Did I not warn you?"

"Oh, be darned to that! If he wants to play an honest game——"

"Did you use the word honest?"

"Come, now, we won't quarrel."

You've queessed my pitch this trip, and I'll be fifty out of pocket, anyway. Give him four hundred and I'll cry quits."

"He has already got it."

"I saw that, but you can change it. Four hundred, and no scores between us."

"I've said that I won't give you a red cent. Did you ever know me to change my mind?"

"You'll change it this time! Do you know who is aboard this ship?"

"You are here, for one, and another swindler by the name of Sedgwick."

"Leave him alone. Did you ever hear of Miss Jessie Golding?"

"It is possible."

"She's in state-room twenty-three—going across to be married, now that the mourning for young Lionel Golding is off. Poor boy! He was shot in Jackson City, you remember."

"Well?"

"Why, nothing. When shall I have my lot?"

"Now," said West, with sudden heat; and he took the man by the neck and sent him with one kick headlong into the scuppers.

III.

EARLY upon the morning of the following day, the Rev. St. John Trew took a long cigar from his case and spoke of self-sacrifice.

"In three weeks' time," he said to Jessie Golding, "I shall be in my pulpit, and you will be upon your honeymoon. Is it permitted me to say that I would willingly change places with you?"

"Of course you may. I don't see why not, either. You always complain that the church cannot draw the men. Now, we could do that. Let's begin next Sunday."

The clergyman purred audibly, as if the notion tickled him.

"A steamer is really an excellent place for nonsense," he said. "Perhaps that's why it does us all so much good. Just look around you and observe the pursuits to which intellect stoops when it is afloat. That excellent old fellow with the whiskers yonder, who is trying to throw potatoes into a tub, he is the head of a great New York publishing

firm. Imagine what the Century Club would say if they caught him at it in Fifth Avenue! Then look at our friend, the lean curate from Durham. He's putting as much ardor into a game of bull-board as would convert a generation of heathen. Next Sunday or the Sunday after he will be intoning, 'When the wicked man,' as if nothing had happened."

"It's just that," said Jessie philosophically; "nothing ever happens on a steamer. You get up because it's time to, and you go to bed because it isn't. Look at the sea—who wants to do anything but watch it go leaping by? I love to think that those great rolling waves will go leaping by a thousand years from now. There's never any change about the sea, is there? You're always sure of it, and it never disappoints you."

"Unless," said the Vicar, "it be in circumstances which are relatively unpoetical. I was not at table upon the first evening—the reflection reminds me of forgotten emotions—but a day like this should surely dispel them."

It certainly was an animated scene, and one typical of a Blue Star boat. Few types of travelers were absent from that crowded deck, and in the scintillating web of color lords and commoners, age and youth, the newest energies of America and the older manners of Britain, weaved their flippant picture of humanity. A cloudless day brought laughter in its train. The ocean swell rolled lazily, as if weary of stress and content to cry a truce with summer.

"It's just beautiful," cried Jessie, in a burst of excited enthusiasm; "and, of course, because it's beautiful, it won't last—or, if it did, we shouldn't think it beautiful any more. Why, suppose they came and told us that this was to go on for three months—the sun shining, the sea smooth, and nothing to do every day but to do nothing. Wouldn't your old friend, the publisher, hate the sight of potatoes, then!"

She did not give him time to answer, but went on rapidly:

"He's a dear, though, and his wife's just like him. She asked me to read a book yesterday because she wanted my opinion. 'Tom values the opinion of

young girls,' she said; 'they are the people who read novels.' I told her that I always borrowed mine; and she wasn't so happy. She didn't see that if no one ever borrowed books, the publishers wouldn't have any sale for them. Some people can't see things."

The Vicar nibbled at his cigar and uttered a pious commonplace.

"People always try to borrow knowledge—and umbrellas," he said, with something of satisfaction at the thought. "Society views these offenses with equanimity. A man who opens a borrowed umbrella covers his blushes as he walks. Look at our friend, the Rogue, now——"

Jessie turned her head quickly, as if expecting to find the stooping figure of Murray West at her elbow.

"Why, where is he?" she asked.

"I was referring to him by way of an illustration. That man differentiates himself from the normal human race by walking, as it were, with the stolen umbrella neatly folded up. You can read the owner's name upon the handle of it. And that reminds me. I believe there was something of a scene yesterday. The thieves fell out, though whether honest men came by their own, I really cannot say."

"Mr. Darnill, the theater manager, says that young Laidlaw was paid four thousand dollars. I wonder what trick that was! Do you know, Vicar, I dreamed of our Rogue all last night. I thought he followed me to England, and would stop everywhere I stopped. If I spoke to him he didn't answer me. It makes my flesh creep to think of it. I know I'll have to go and speak to him just now. I can't help it—he fascinates me. If he said, 'Jump overboard,' I believe I'd do it. Those great black eyes of his——"

"Oh, they are black, then?"

"Of course they are. Haven't you noticed it yourself?"

"Certainly not. There are some men it does not do to look full in the face. I should say you would be much wiser to interest yourself less in this somewhat dubious personality. Mr. Bentham, I am sure, will tell you the same."

"The Bantam—do you think so? He's talking to the Casino girls, isn't he?"

I thought he said that actresses were only to be tolerated when they married lords. He's quite a father confessor to them, isn't he?"

"H'm! I think you will admit that abstract terms, when applied to young ladies, are a mistake. I must say that I found Miss Lottie Causton most interesting; while her friend Dora—is not her friend named Dora?—she is quite a lively soul. She chaffed me about the shape of my hat—in a friendly way, of course. She has promised to come and hear me preach when we are all in London together."

"How improving! You should invite the Rogue also. It would be quite a family party."

The Vicar shook his head in a disapproving manner.

"You are determined to reform the rascal. Well, don't forget that I warned you, for I see Mr. Bentham beckoning me. Some matter about to-night's concert, I suppose; it is astonishing the energy some people display in disturbing other people's amusements! Will you excuse me?"

"I'll read your book while you are gone. What is it? Something deep and cultured? Oh, 'The Crime in the Red House'! A course of sermons for Advent, isn't it?"

"They should suit your Rogue," the Vicar said; and with that went hurriedly off to join the Bantam, who conveyed him instantly to the saloon below, and there administered what the reverend gentleman called his morning glass of soda-water, with just a suspicion of whisky for medicinal reasons.

Jessie, meanwhile, read precisely three pages of the profound book before her desire of human society, and especially of the society of man, proved too strong for her, and she jumped up upon an impulse and walked aft to the scene of those infantile pursuits which had moved her erstwhile to derision. The worthy New York publisher was still throwing potatoes into a bucket; his wife continued to peruse those manuscripts upon which she had desired a young girl's opinion; the Casino girls were being persuaded to admire a shoal of porpoises from secret places; the great theatrical manager had found his own steamer chair,

and slumbered peacefully in one extended rigid line, to which a Panama hat, cocked awry over the face, gave a dis-solute diversity.

In this quarter of the ship Jessie perceived the Rogue, and observed that he stood alone. Indeed, he was the one man who found occupation enough in that unchanging but ever new aspect of the foaming wake which the *Winona* cleaved in the heavy waters. Westward, to the America he had left, his eyes were turned. The lank, black hair blowing about his ears from a shooting cap, the close-cut suit of dark flannel, the stooping attitude, were less to be observed than the animation of his eyes and the curious poise of an exceedingly intellectual head. Jessie said that at such a moment he looked quite like a boy, notwithstanding the thirty-five years which the ship's gossips gave him.

She had paused almost without knowing what she was doing when she approached the rail where he stood. She felt an impulse to address this man, to take the liberty of a steamer's deck and make an acquaintance of him. The idea was both delightful in its boldness and suggestive in its promise. What a stroke to have the Rogue's story from his own lips—if he would tell it to her! After all, she could come to no harm by speaking to him; and so, a thousand miles from the thought that a word, a step, might turn the whole course of her life and shape it anew, she stepped mischievously to the man's side and addressed to him a question.

"You can't see America, can you?" she asked, a little timidly.

He turned at the question, and looked her through and through. It was impossible to avoid such a burning glance. Jessie knew that she was blushing.

"Why do you say that?" he exclaimed, with the readiness of one who admits nothing. "Don't we see farther with the mind than with the eyes? I can see America as clearly as I can see myself turning my back upon this ship."

He made a place for her near him, as if sure that she wished to continue; and so they stood together watching the spuming seas, and the flying spindrift, and the heaving waters which the ship cleaved and gathered up and flung past

her, like some mistress insatiable of the deep. Jessie was never tired of this recurring spectacle; and the mood in which she had been answered attuned itself to her own and left her pensive.

"Why," she said, "what a queer thing to say! Children talk like that. I remember when I was a child that I used to think myself somebody else and say, 'There's Jessie watching you!' When the fire burned red, I could see my own face in it; but we all do that, I suppose, don't we?"

"I think so, unless we are very vain. A vain man never gets away from himself. When he walks, his feet say, 'I—I—I'; or, perhaps, if he's self-made, it's 'me—me—me.' He doesn't want to be on speaking terms with the *Mr. Hyde* we have all in us somewhere. If it isn't equal vanity to say so, I like to see the other side, myself in different moods. When I review the past, I act it in my mind. I was acting a scene when you came up to me."

"Tell me about it—I should like to know."

"I'll ask you a question first. Why would you like to know? That's fair, isn't it?"

"Why, yes; but what do you want me to say?"

"I want you to say what interest you can possibly have in a man whose touch is so repugnant to you that you gather up your skirts when he passes you."

Jessie's face was crimson when she looked up to reply. Like many another flippant creature of her age, she had never thought it worth while to reflect that every overt act, of love or hate, must carry its own consequences at the appointed day.

"Oh," she said, trying to brazen it out, "you don't really mean that?"

"A touch of feminine art to please that creature of dull intellect whom you call the Vicar. Yes, it might have been that. His mind would bear the strain; it will help him to preach charity and long-suffering, and to search for lost sheep. The clerical instinct, I have invariably observed, has a bias toward sheep. The soft, downy creatures seem to suit them. Hence the word followers—I presume you understand it in the English connection?"

"Of course I do. You are English, are you not?"

"I was ten years ago; I may be again. Once I said that I had shaken the dust off my feet and would never return; but the dust of the fatherland clings. I don't believe the man is yet born who has put love of country out of his heart, though there are countries which may seem to us unworthy of such devotion. You Americans are to be forgiven much, because, in spite of some vulgarity of expression and not a little noisy bombast, you have a love for your own land which nothing can change or eradicate. I like you for that."

"And for nothing else?"

"Oh, you have many good qualities, almost as many as your bad ones. Your hospitality is the truest and the most unselfish I have ever met. Your genius for finance is colossal. All your women are pretty—and a few are women. You pretend to despise your rivals; but you study every move of theirs, however trifling, and you are not ashamed to imitate them. Your young men are physically finer than the English, and now that they are learning manners there is hope for them. You are conscious of your immeasurable power, and prone to boast of it. When you are in a temper you have not the magnanimity of a great nation. You do not wholly understand how to play, but you are learning. In short, time will make of you the greatest nation on earth, if you will let it. Your dangers are wealth and the social question. Most nations need to think only of the latter."

He laughed at the trend of his own thoughts, and a certain levity of utterance betrayed his mock earnestness. Jessie had heard him with mingled feelings of resentment and wonder. The ship had agreed that this man was a scoundrel. She did not think that he spoke like one.

"You're laughing at America, and I won't let any one do that," she cried, wishing to provoke him. "None of you Englishmen really understand. That's why you write books about us. I suppose when you go ashore you'll be interviewed by newspaper men and take away our characters to show how grateful you are."

"When I go ashore I shall get as far away from newspaper men as I possibly can."

"Then it isn't true that——"

She flushed again, and broke off clumsily. Her uncontrollable tongue had been about to tell him what the people on the ship were saying. He enjoyed her embarrassment, and delighted to play the rôle which scandal assigned to him.

"I beg your pardon, it is all perfectly true," he corrected. "I am a man with a past, and I generally carry it about with me. When I told you that I could see America, I meant to say that I could see something in my life which I would well forget—a friend's farewell and his confidence in a man who did not deserve it. We were rounding up cattle together at the moment you approached me; if you had delayed an instant we should have been in camp with the soup. I'm quite hungry at the thought; it's the sea air, I suppose."

"No, it's thinking about it. I can never read about eating and drinking without wanting to do it. If the heroine eats a box of candy, I want a box to nibble. It's foolish, but then everything's foolish."

"Forgive me; nothing is foolish but vulgarity and conceit. Those are the true fools who judge their fellow men without knowing anything about them. I don't speak of woman, for truth is of small concern to her. I think at heart she would be very much disappointed if her tittle-tattle proved true."

"Do you say that of American women?"

"Of all women."

"Then you are, I suppose, what they call a misogynist. I can't think why you are talking to me."

"I am trying to teach you how to see America, though a thousand miles lie between you and your own country."

Jessie sighed a little pathetically.

"I love America," she said.

"And so you leave it!"

"All Americans do; but they return."

"If they must. I am speaking of your sex. You, for instance, will not return. You have sold your birthright for a castle and three generations of black-guardism."

"How dare you speak to me like that! Have I done anything——"

"Yes, you have asked me a question, and I have answered it. When you return to your friends, to that rhomboid in black who is styled facetiously a minister of the gospel, you can tell him that every word of it is true. Here is the card-sharper, the sponge, the ne'er-do-well, who is not fit to touch your skirts. He makes no defense; he would not ask you for the world to think better of him. But he would teach you to see America, for you appear to be in danger of forgetting it."

Jessie, accustomed to the homage of men, to their parrot-like repetitions and their abject worship of her beauty and her father's money, felt as if some one had slapped her suddenly upon the cheek. She had plenty of self-possession, for such is America's dower to her daughters; but this almost brutal attack, the manner and the contempt of it, stung her pride to the quick; and with an angry stamp of defiance she turned abruptly away and went down to her own cabin.

The Rogue, meanwhile, continued to gaze over the waste of the waters as one who had caught up again the thread which an accident had broken. He lived, for the time being, as he had said, with that other self, the Murray West of the shadow years, the exile, the outcast in the land of aliens. Deeds he would have forgotten, days of shame, were returning to accuse him. The figures he would have buried grouped about him to claim his friendship by right of the masonic familiarity of need. Ghosts of despair rose up to defy his present and deny it.

He turned from them impatiently to pace the crowded deck—and walking there, Richard Marx, the Jew, touched him upon the elbow.

"Are you going to pay me now?"

"Not a sixpence."

"Ah, I saw you with Jessie!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I wonder if she knows how her brother Lionel died? I think not. Well, you'll be paying me to-night."

West made a sudden movement and caught the Jew's fingers in his own.

"No," he said; and he wrung the man's hand as he spoke.

The Jew bellowed like a child; his fingers were crushed as in a vise.

IV.

THE ship recovered its spirits wonderfully as the voyage went on, and all sorts and conditions of men and women emerged from cabins which had cloaked their groans. The morning deck, the Vicar confessed, was like a Sunday "park parade." Dashing American girls, in costumes which America had not made, found, in the timid and modest language of the Bantam, their sea feet and their sea tongues. They were here, there, and everywhere, like butterflies above a field of azure blue. Staid old gentlemen, driven by well-fed doctors, walked their daily mile staidly before sitting down to a quiet rubber. Youths who were never happy unless active laughed so loudly over their games that the gulls drew close to hear their music. The inevitable bore who must perish if he be not permitted to "get up" something, promoted divers harmless speculations. People paid their dollars gladly to be quit of him; he raced from chair to chair, his collar crumpled and the sweat upon his brow. Even the Vicar, who was talking to Jessie very solemnly of marriage and its consequences, admitted that the eleemosynary instinct is out of place upon a ship.

"For heaven's sake, let us forget the nimble sixpence," he pleaded.

The bore regarded him with an eye askance.

"Let us see," said the Vicar, when the man had done with him, "we were talking of honeymoons. A pleasant subject for such a sunny morning, though I have always observed that mankind avoids it after a certain age. It is not a subject that will bear reflection."

"Do you think so, Vicar? Well, what about poor little me? I shall be off to Paris for my honeymoon just when you begin to preach again. Oh, it's lovely to think about! I can see all the girls running in the shops to bring me hats—such hats, dreams in lace and feathers! We shall shop all day, and when there's nothing more to buy, then it's the Italian lakes. Tell me, Vicar, do you think it's

safe to take my husband to the Italian lakes?"

"You mean that, overcome by the attentions of the milliners' assistants aforesaid, he might take refuge in the water?"

"I didn't say it."

"H'm, it is not necessary to be explicit."

"But why shouldn't I enjoy my honeymoon? Why shouldn't I be happy?"

"I devoutly trust you will be. Indeed, so far as human foresight can anticipate, your happiness is provided for."

"Oh, you mean that lots of things might happen. Why, yes; that's so. This ship might sink, or you might fall overboard."

"Heaven forbid! As to the ship sinking, I put my faith in Divine Providence. The captain tells me, also, that there are water-tight compartments."

"Then I wish you'd lock up that man in one of them. He's looking at me again. Has he a camera, Vicar? Don't tell me that he has a camera!"

"Nothing of the kind. He is not even looking this way."

"That's unkind of him; but I'm glad he hasn't a camera."

The Vicar smiled.

"How did your pictures of him, those you took yesterday, come out?"

"The man in the dark room says I must have snapped the devil by mistake."

"More shade than light, then?"

"Yes, and yet—well, I oughtn't to say it, but don't you think it's a clever face?"

"The same has been said of Barabbas, who was a robber. In reality, you mean that you rather admire him?"

"Now, Vicar, I won't hear it. Admire him? I hate him. He's the first man I ever met who insulted me to my face. If there wasn't another man in Europe I wouldn't speak to him again."

The Vicar laughed.

"He has moved away now; you can look up again."

"I suppose he's talking to those silly theater girls?"

"He is talking to his friend, the Bantam. I shouldn't wonder if they were going down to the cabin to drink to-

gether. Dear me, how the time passes! It's eleven o'clock, and I haven't had my morning glass of soda-water."

"Well, why don't you go and have it? People will think we're engaged if you sit by me like this."

"God bless me!" exclaimed the Vicar.

"I hope not. I've a wife and five children in London."

He quitted his seat abruptly and descended the great staircase with the pre-occupied air of a man who is contemplating a treatise upon the vices of his age. Left alone, Jessie turned impatiently to her Aunt Eva, "the last rose of summer," as the Bantam called her.

"Auntie," she said, "do you think my father will meet us at Liverpool?"

"I'm quite sure he will, Jessie."

"So that if this man, this Mr. West, were to annoy me, he would be there?"

"What put that into your head? The man never looks at you. What a foolish idea for a sensible girl like you, Jessie!"

"I'm not sensible, or I shouldn't want to marry Lord Eastry. A castle and three generations of something or other—that's what Mr. West calls it."

"My dear Jessie, be reasonable!"

"Oh, of course I don't mean it, Aunt Eva. I don't mean to speak to Mr. West again—unless circumstances arise. I've told the Vicar so."

"What circumstances could possibly arise? Don't we make our own circumstances? I have lived forty-one years, and no man that I disliked ever spoke to me."

Jessie looked at her sharp-nosed aunt, and admitted that her anxieties in this respect were altogether unnecessary. Eva was fifty-nine years of age. She had great tribulations of conscience, sometimes, to know whether she could confess to thirty-nine or forty-one years. Far from a fatalist, she believed in odd numbers and their attending virtues.

"I wouldn't marry a man upon the thirteenth of the month if he were the last of his sex," she once said to Jessie; and Jessie agreed that it would be wiser not to.

Fearing further argument on the subject of the Rogue, Jessie retreated to the music-room, to strum wildly upon the rarely touched piano there. Every note she played seemed to say: "Circum-

stances, circumstances!" Defiantly, she told herself that there could not possibly arise any circumstances which would justify her in addressing Murray West again. He had been arrogant, outspoken, even rude. She was not quite sure whether outspokenness in his case was nothing but pure vanity.

"He thinks I will go to him," she cried to herself passionately; "but I never, never, never will!"

Vain boast! She was deep in talk with him at ten o'clock that night.

It befell by an accident, rare but not unknown even upon a Blue Star boat. Dinner was over in the saloon, the decks were brightly lighted, the ship's orchestra played at the head of the great staircase, when there came a rumor from the smoking-room that one of the ammonia tanks, situated just forward of the engine-room, had burst, and that the deadly fumes had stifled some of the steerage passengers. For a little while no one paid much heed to the affair, but it was noticed that all the officers went forward, and presently those in the smoking-room who had been foremost in treating the matter as a jest ran out gasping and crying that every one would be suffocated.

Soon the stinging breath of the ammonia came aft, like a blast from a chemical furnace; and women who but an instant before had been passive spectators of an unwonted activity, rose in dread alarm, magnifying the danger and terrified because there seemed no way of escape from it. The captain himself, a splendid Scotsman by the name of Ross, hearing of the panic, came aft to reassure the scattering groups and to ask for doctors for those whom the fumes had caught.

"Keep your seats; keep your seats!" he cried in a tone which brought the men to their senses and the women to confidence. "The ammonia tank has burst, and you're getting a breath of it. There's no danger, ladies, none at all. Dr. Fletcher is with the poor people forward, and he'd be glad of any assistance if we have doctors aboard. The wind will put us straight again in ten minutes, please God!"

He hurried back again to direct the work; and when he had gone the cough-

ing and crying and gasping were made lighter by the jests of brave women and the activity of ready men. Jessie, indeed, like a true child of America, could not resist her desire to see something of that which was actually passing upon the scene of action; and in spite of the burning air and the actual danger of collapse, she climbed to the upper deck and so looked over the fo'castle. And there she saw the Rogue, coming up from the stifling depths with a woman in his arms.

Delaying merely to ascertain whether the rescued were alive or dead, he went headlong down the companion again, and presently emerged with a second and a third victim of the mishap. His activity and tempered courage earned the admiration even of the officers and crew. Men who put their heads below the deck came up staggering and faint, to declare that it was the mouth of hell. They protested the impossibility of any human being living down there for three minutes together; but Murray West brushed them aside where they talked, and was first into the terrible pit where the vapor choked the throat and the fumes were like acid in the lungs.

They said next day that he had brought six poor creatures to the deck; but he would hear no more on the subject, and was obviously ill at ease when the captain thanked him at the dinner table.

Jessie watched the scene from the security of the upper deck, where a cooler breeze of night freshened the atmosphere and beat off the heavy gases. It was not morbid curiosity alone which kept her there, for her nature was inherently sympathetic; and although, had she probed the truth, it might have told her that she was really fascinated by a man's bravery and resource, she could yet excuse herself upon a plea of her desire to help those who suffered.

While others were exclaiming fearfully, or running away to their cabins and hiding themselves, or confessing that they dared not look, Jessie went down quietly to her state-room and obtained all the rugs and wraps upon which she could lay her hands. Armed with these, she returned to the middle deck and began to offer her assistance. Some of the

women had been snatched absolutely from their bunks; others were but lightly clad and shivering in the fresh night wind. Jessie wrapped these in such warm cloaks as she had, and sent the idlers among the men running for others.

Her awakened interest absorbed itself in a pleasure which was absolutely new to her. Here she was, a millionaire's pampered daughter, who, perhaps, had never stooped to one real act of womanly self-sacrifice in her life—here she was, regardless of her fifty-guinea gown, kneeling on a dirty deck, as active as any nurse from a hospital, and more gentle than many of those worthy women. Now covering up a trembling girl, now putting brandy to the lips of a coal-grimed stoker, she was thinking all the time that here was a noble phase of life she had never known nor sought.

Murray West, the Rogue, caught her in the act and encouraged her. She answered him without a thought of her resolve never to speak to him.

"I should get her to a cabin," he said, when she had covered up a fragile-looking woman who sat apart trembling, but without complaint. "It will be all right down-stairs just now, but they must blow the fumes out first. The captain says he will have bunks made up in the second class."

"She can come to my state-room," replied Jessie, without raising her head. "My uncle's cabin is not occupied. He couldn't come with us. I'll take her there now."

Murray offered his arm to the poor woman, and led her away to the vacant state-room. The work of rescue had been completed by this time, and it was known throughout the ship that the accident had cost three lives. Men who had done nothing flocked together in the smoking-room and talked about it. On the promenade deck timid women, afraid of their cabins, moved like specters in the morning mist. Jessie was one of these, though it was not fear which kept her from her bed. The scene still troubled and excited her imagination; the daylight did not wholly banish that vignette wherein the lanterns had flashed their light upon the faces of the living and the dead. She admitted to herself

that she was glad when Murray West came up to her. He had lent his heavy overcoat to a sufferer, but he did not seem to feel the bitter wind.

"Well," he asked, crossing the deck to her side directly he perceived her, "and how's the patient?"

"She's sleeping," said Jessie. "She only woke up once, and that was to ask for her sewing-machine."

"The habit of her slavery. She is thinking of her daily bread. Observe the beauty of modern civilization! These people die with sewing machines in their hands. It was a cross once, but that was a long time ago."

"I shall do something for her in England," said Jessie decidedly.

"You are doing something to-night—giving her your sleep, it appears."

"No, I won't claim that. I couldn't sleep. I saw the thing all over again. I want to tell you that I thought it very brave of you—"

"Nonsense! You want me to tell you that you acted well—isn't that it? You didn't lose your head, and now you feel very proud of it."

Jessie stamped her foot with indignation.

"You are the rudest man I ever met in all my life."

"Then you should be glad to have sailed in this ship. Experience is useful. Think how many times, when you are at a loss over the dinner table, you can begin with the 'rudest man.' He was a card-sharper on the Winona, you will say. You lifted your skirts to let him pass, while orthodoxy in a muffler and a shawl guffawed. Israel kept to its tents, I see. Your parson snored right through."

"You know nothing of Mr. Trew, and you're unjust to him. Men don't believe in anything nowadays, and so they talk about the ministers." And then she added, upon an impulse of temper: "I'm sure he's a better man than you are."

"The very reason for which I quarrel with him. Here's a brand for the burning all ready to his hand, and what does he do? Snatch it out? Not a bit of it. He goes down-stairs for his morning glass of soda-water. Do you think a man of that kind ever saved a human soul? I don't!"

"You are very gloomy to-night."

"Oh, I leave the gaiety to you. If women did not laugh, death would be intolerable. It's because you're shallow that you throw off these impressions so quickly. No woman grieves long except for her lover or her child. They've little heart outside their own affinities."

Jessie was quite silent. She turned from him, but not so quickly that the tear upon her cheek was hidden.

"Why do you say that?" she asked in a choking voice.

"Because I am a fool. Yes, I was forgotten by a woman once, and I have never forgiven or forgotten in my turn. Come, you have a sorrow. I spoke like a brute. Try to think that I am not really unsympathetic."

"I am sure of it," said Jessie, who would not have believed it possible that a voice so hard and cold could melt in a moment and become gentle and winning as that of a child. "It's so easy to wound and so difficult to heal. Oh, yes, you didn't stop to think—men are just like that! If they can say a clever thing, they don't care who suffers."

"I deserve to be scolded. Won't you tell me of your sorrow, Miss Golding?"

He had never addressed her by her name before. This new manner was difficult to resist. Jessie had just determined that she would tell him nothing of her own story, when she discovered herself telling him everything.

True sympathy is as wine to the tongue. Jessie delighted in the recital.

"Excepting my father, who is dearer to me than anything in the world, I never loved but one man in my life," she said. "That was my brother, Lionel. I don't think I really understood what death meant before Lionel died. Oh, it was like the end of my world! Everything was changed; there wasn't a pleasure I had which I could enjoy again. If I walked in the street, I used to remember how he walked with me, and say, 'Nevermore!' The smallest thing could bring back to me some word or thought of his. I loved him so! We weren't rich then, and Lionel was away in Jackson City. He died there. I remember the time so well; they came to tell us in the night. I heard my father's

voice, and I ran down to him. One doesn't believe or understand it all at first. I think weeks passed before I knew that it was all true, and that I should never see my brother again. Sometimes, even now, when I am at home, I wake in the night and fancy that Lionel is sleeping in his own room. I'm sure he is near me often; we may believe that of the dead, may we not?"

"I am convinced that we may. There are very few, I am sure, who do not, even if it be but once in a lifetime, hear some voice from the unseen world. The sure knowledge that we do is the greatest argument for immortality with which I am acquainted. Believe that your brother Lionel is very near you in sorrow and in joy. It is no miracle which makes our love eternal; love is nature, and nature forbids it to perish."

They both fell to a silence of reverie, and so watched the great gold sun leap up above the gray swell and cleave its segment of a molten sky. The long waves caught up their color and were deeply green in the spreading arc of light. Shadows upon the ship became men and women, afraid no longer, but welcoming the day.

"Your brother died in Jackson City?" Murray continued anon. "Are you altogether acquainted with the circumstances of his death?"

Jessie looked up with flashing eyes.

"He was killed in a quarrel," she said. "My father has spent thousands of pounds trying to find the man who shot him. Oh, if we only knew! To think that he goes unpunished while my brother is dead! But it will not be always. I am sure that we shall know some day."

"And that man will never obtain your forgiveness?"

Her blue eyes faced him without flinching.

"If I knew the man," she said, "I would never sleep again until he had been punished. I could kill him myself. Don't stare at me so—you don't know what I have suffered—you can't know!"

She buried her face in her hands. Murray watched her for a little while, as though hesitating; and then, without another word, he left her to her grief.

(To be continued.)



MEMORIAL TABLET ON THE ROSS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE IN CHILLICOTHE, WHICH STANDS ON THE SITE OF THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

The Making of Ohio.

BY JANE W. GUTHRIE.

IN MAY THERE IS CELEBRATED THE CENTENARY OF ONE OF THE GREAT FORMATIVE EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WEST, THE ADMISSION OF THE FIRST STATE CARVED OUT OF THE UNITED STATES' FIRST COLONY.

THE Iliad of our country closed with the treaty of Paris in 1783. Its later epic is read in the history of those heroic adventurers who gave to the nation, and to civilization, the vast imperial West. This is a wondrously thrilling chronicle, dramatic in intensity, splendid with daring deeds, crowded with inspiring events; and not the least stirring part of it is told in the contest for the admission of Ohio to the Union as a State, just a century ago.

It was a contest between the forces of progress and those of conservatism, as they were then represented in the territory northwest of the Ohio River. On the one side were men who had cast aside

tradition, given up their homes, liberated their slaves, and migrated to the wilderness for an ideal. There were those among them who had listened to Thomas Jefferson's seductive reasoning on the rights of man. There were Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, Jersey men, whose schemes for Statehood were sufficiently subversive to cause alarm to the Federalist party, represented by the Governor of the Territory, General Arthur St. Clair. On the other side there were the New England settlers and those who, in coming to the West, held to an inherent conservatism.

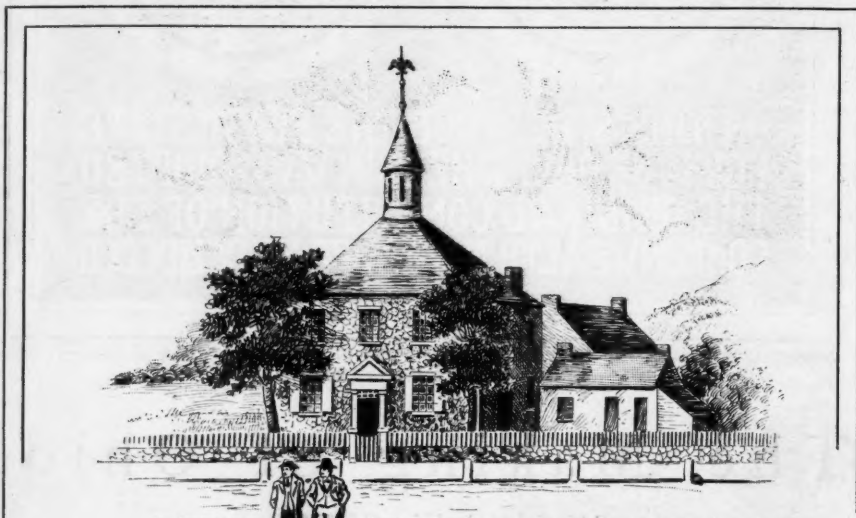
That contest, local as it seemed, was but the echo of the larger national one

then taking place—the struggle between the Federalists and the new political party, the Democratic-Republican, headed by Jefferson, whose French-born theories were swaying the thoughts of his countrymen. In a wider significance, it was a part of the contest that has been going on ever since the world began between the might of man and the rights of men.

A century ago the Northwest Territory

Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the Northwest Territory, and in the Constitution of the United States, the demand was yet more radically met in the first constitution of the State of Ohio.

This product of democratic principles must be looked at from the human point of view. We must observe its power as a **shaping influence**, a cohesive force to draw together and mold into



THE BUILDING IN CHILLICOTHE (NOW DEMOLISHED) WHICH WAS USED AS THE STATE HOUSE OF OHIO FROM 1803 TO 1816.

From a print dated 1846.

—the United States' first colony, that princely domain lying between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi, and north of the Ohio—was largely a wilderness. To-day, become an imperial group of sister States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—it bids fair to fulfil Richard Cobden's prophesy made in 1835:

Here one day will be the headquarters of agricultural and manufacturing industry; here one day will center the wealth, the power, the civilization of the entire world.

A study of the causes that produced this growth will reveal the evolution of the American ideal—the constantly increasing desire for government of the people, by the people, which had first asserted itself in the struggle for independence. Finding expression in the

form peoples of diverse racial instincts and characteristics.

In his "The Winning of the West," President Roosevelt touches lightly upon the making of Ohio, and curtly asserts that "the Ohioans adopted a very foolish constitution." Professor McMaster is more appreciative:

The adoption of the constitution was a political event. It was another triumph for the rights of man; another victory in that great struggle on the results of which are staked the dearest interests of the human race. It was the full expression of the most advanced ideas of free government.

The fact that the typical Ohioan has ever been a man of action and affairs may be traced to formative influences. The Territory was sponsored by the soldiers of the Revolution, and received from Congress a singularly wise sys-



THE OHIO STATE HOUSE, IN COLUMBUS, WHICH SUCCEEDED CHILLICOTHE AS THE CAPITAL IN 1816.

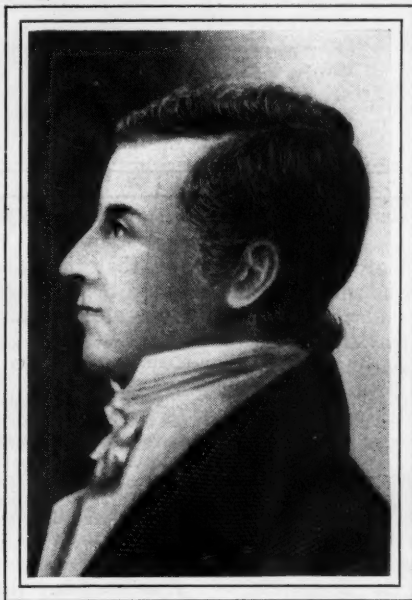
From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

tem of government in the Ordinance of 1787. It became the meeting ground for men from widely scattered sections with diverse political ideals. This infused the healthy spirit of competition, and the separate ethnic strains merged into a vigorous union of racial characteristics. All had been taught and developed by the vital movements of the time—the resistance to colonial charters, the Declaration of Independence, the making of State constitutions, and the Revolutionary struggle.

All were in sympathy, too, with the general outcry against slavery. It was of deep import

to Ohio that in Virginia alone more than ten thousand slaves were liberated in the years between 1782 and 1791, and that the first anti-slavery society in this or any other country was established at Philadelphia in 1775; for the most flourishing settlements of the Northwest Territory were in the military land grants peopled by the best class of Virginians and Pennsylvanians.

Suggestive, also, was the presence of Scotch-Irish peoples who were moving toward the West, and who became a vital force in its development. But the most potentially forceful influence of all was

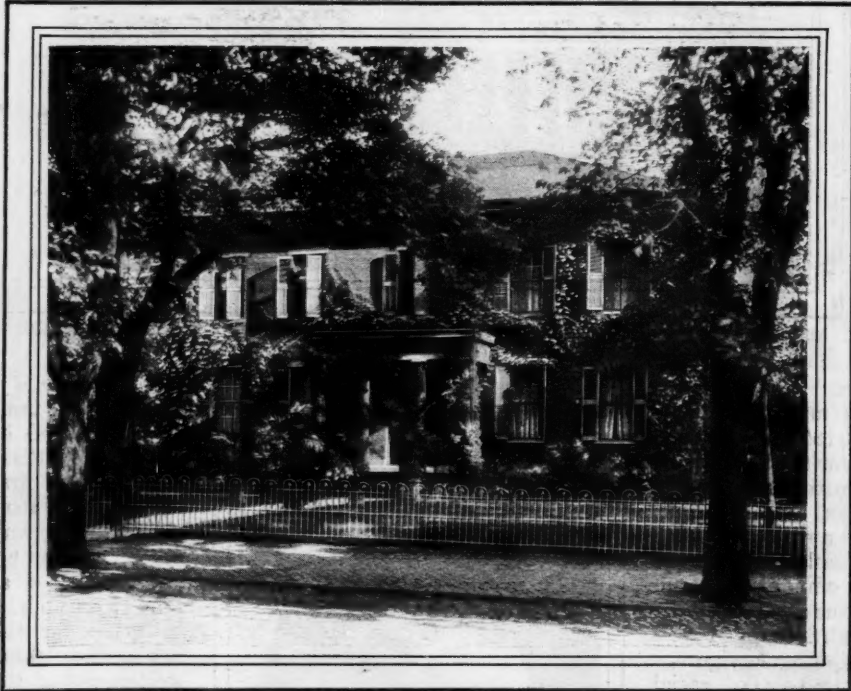


EDWARD TIFFIN, THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF OHIO (1803-1807).

environment. Unconquered nature and a virgin soil hinted of enormous potentialities of freedom to the pioneer.

First settled in 1788 at Marietta and Cincinnati, the Territory progressed but slowly until after the victories of Wayne, in 1794. These made possible the opening up of the military lands, where freedom from the hampering re-

Ordinance of 1787, which, he said, "was formulated when civil liberty was not so fully understood as it is now, and contemplated only a government by the few over the many." He argued that the government was anti-republican, and that neither the Governor, the judges of the general court, nor the Legislative Council were amenable to the people,



A TYPICAL COLONIAL HOUSE IN CHILlicothe, THE HOME OF GOVERNOR TIFFIN'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

straints that retarded growth in other sections produced rapid development. The Virginians and Pennsylvanians settled there began to desire larger political opportunity, and the Jerseymen at Cincinnati were in sympathy with them. All saw in the Territorial government a menace to progress.

THE STATEHOOD MOVEMENT IN OHIO.

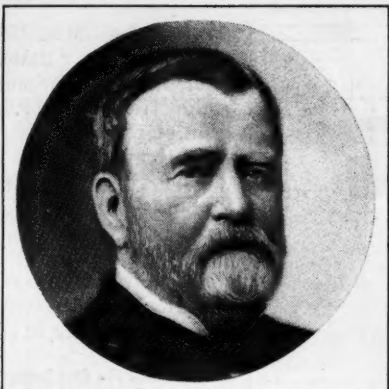
In the yellowed folds of the *Scioto Gazette*, of Chillicothe, for the year 1801, may be found a letter published by Mr. Tiffin, afterwards first Governor of Ohio, giving his reasons for desiring Statehood. He drew attention to the

and that the Governor controlled the will of the representatives of the people. He wrote:

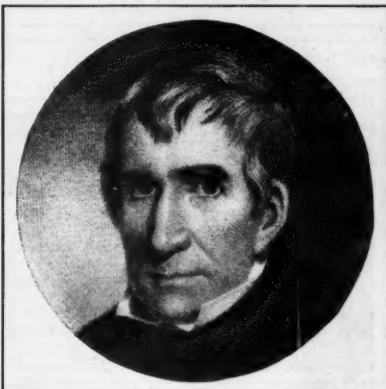
Let a government congenial to American sentiments be adopted, and it will be like opening the flood-gates to a mill. Wealth will flow in upon us; improvements will adorn our lands; agriculture will flourish; our rivers emptying into the Ohio will convey, by way of the Mississippi, our surplus crops to thousands suffering for want of food. . . . Our government, like a tree of liberty, will extend its shelter over all our citizens, and cause men to contemplate our rising greatness with amazement, and our people to cry out with the venerable Franklin: "Here dwells Liberty! Here is my country!"

Who shall say that Edward Tiffin was not right?

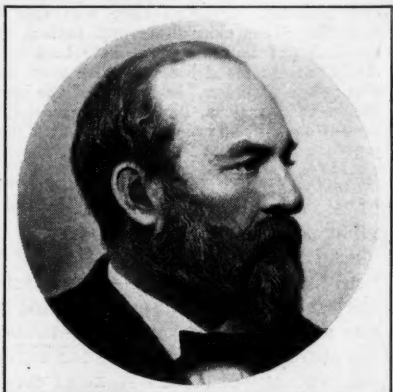
The movement to create a State roused



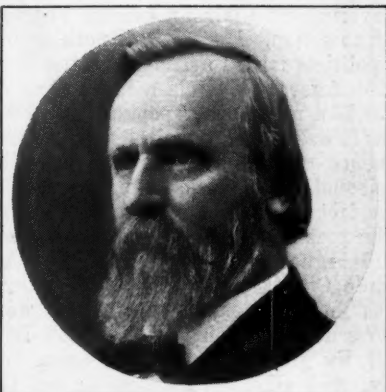
ULYSSES S. GRANT, EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENT,
BORN IN OHIO.



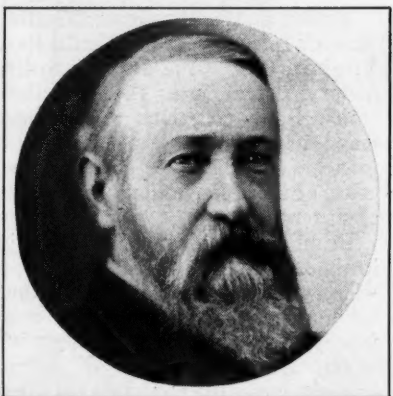
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, NINTH PRESIDENT,
ELECTED FROM OHIO.



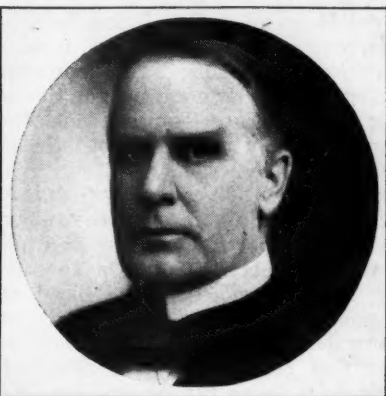
JAMES A. GARFIELD, TWENTIETH PRESIDENT,
BORN IN AND ELECTED FROM OHIO.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, NINETEENTH PRESIDENT,
BORN IN AND ELECTED FROM OHIO.

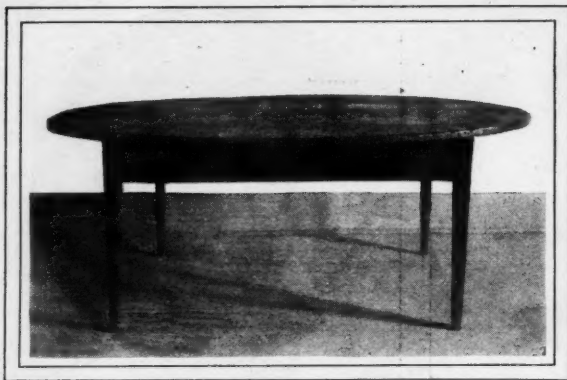


BENJAMIN HARRISON, TWENTY-THIRD PRESIDENT,
BORN IN OHIO.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, TWENTY-FIFTH PRESIDENT,
BORN IN AND ELECTED FROM OHIO.

OHIO'S SIX PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE TABLE ON WHICH THE CONSTITUTION OF OHIO WAS WRITTEN,
NOW IN THE CHILLICOTHE ARMOY.

Governor St. Clair, an avowed Federalist, to action. He saw in it nothing but a political trick to strengthen the hand of Jefferson. The clash thus provoked was like many other partizan contests; but it was momentous in its shaping influence on the State constitution, in the personalities it brought to view, and in the fact that it became a national issue. The question was taken before Congress, and argued with passionate zeal; and while Congress debated, the Territory was in a ferment. On one side were Governor St. Clair, Judge Jacob Burnet, the Marietta settlers, Solomon Sibley, and Charles Hammond; on the other, Thomas Worthington, Edward Tiffin, Michael Baldwin, Nathaniel Massie, William Creighton, Charles Willing Byrd, Return Jonathan Meigs, Jeremiah Morrow, and Samuel Finley. It was a battle of giants, for all were men of intellect, and nearly every man on the side for Statehood became prominent afterwards, not only in the affairs of the State, but also in the nation.

The convention called, by permission of Congress, to vote upon the subject, met in the old State House at Chillicothe, November 1, 1802. On November 29, having decided for Statehood and framed a constitution, it created the first pure democracy in history. Here, for the first time, three great democratic principles found full recognition. The Governor had no veto; the judges were elected, not for life, but for a term of years; and there was no property qualification for office. The people, whom

Louis the Magnificent stigmatized as "that animal," were supreme in Ohio from the foundation of the State.

A commemorative tablet marks the site of the building where this historic event occurred. Looking at it, the thoughtful may recall Senator Hoar's tribute to Ohio at Marietta, in 1888:

Here was the first human government where absolute civil and religious liberty always prevailed. Here no witch was ever hanged. Here no heretic was ever molested. Here no slave was ever born or dwelt. When older States and nations, where the chains of human bondage have been broken, shall utter the proud boast: "With great cost I obtained this freedom," each sister of the imperial group—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—may lift up her queenly head with the yet prouder answer, "But I was free-born!"

Woodrow Wilson says that the history of a nation is only the history of its villages written large. Here in this quaint old town of Chillicothe one may read the epic of a nation—suggestions of that march across the mountains that was almost Wagnerian in its *motifs*; of the sturdy settlers' demand for self-government, and of the founding of younger States beyond.

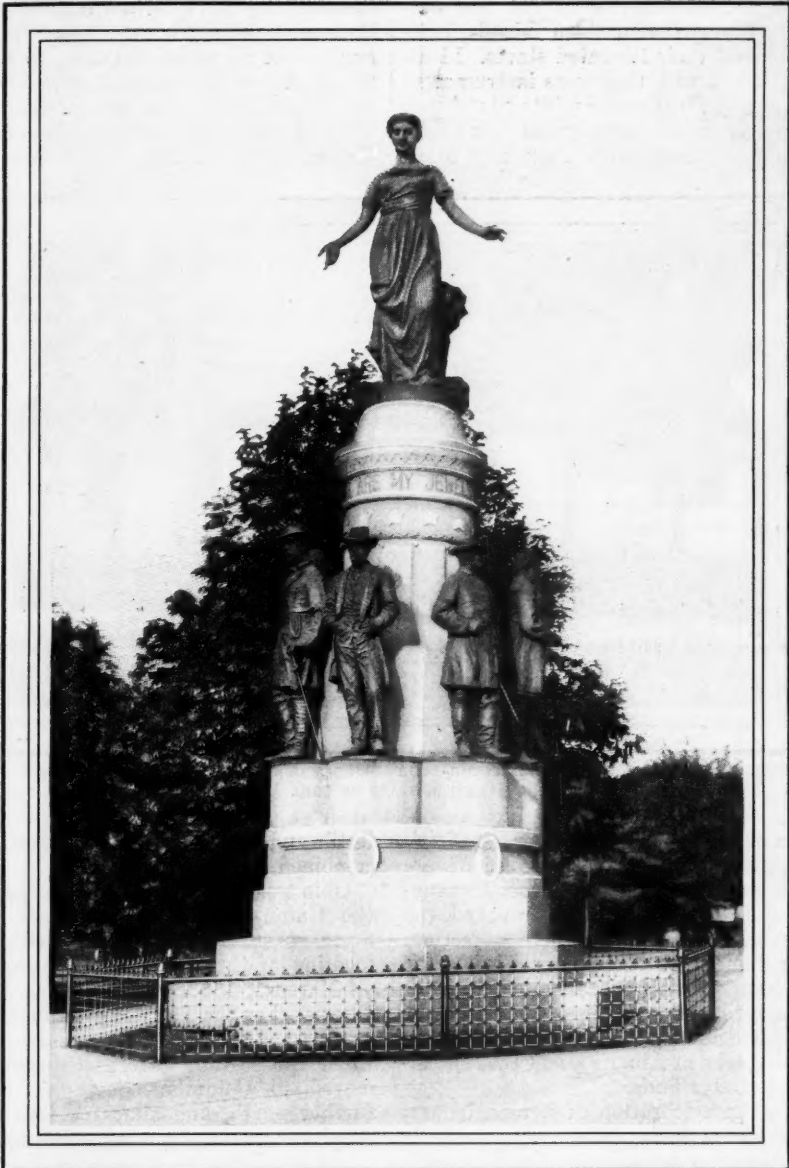
OHIO'S FIRST STATE CAPITAL.

Settled in 1796 by General Nathaniel Massie's pioneers from Kentucky and Virginia, Chillicothe deserves to live in history, not alone as the birthplace of Ohio's Statehood, but as a settlement made in defense of a principle. Its pioneers left the older communities because of their convictions on the subject of slavery.

Beautifully environed, set like a jewel in the hills that girdle the horizon; with wide, well-paved streets; with fine old colonial homes built when the century was young; with old gardens where bloom the descendants of the seeds brought across the mountains in the deep pockets of the pioneers; with the fine flavor of an old-time courtesy which bespeaks the gentle living of an intellectual existence rather than the strenuous life,

Chillicothe offers much to the student of the past.

and Delaware struggled with other warlike tribes for the right of way. In the



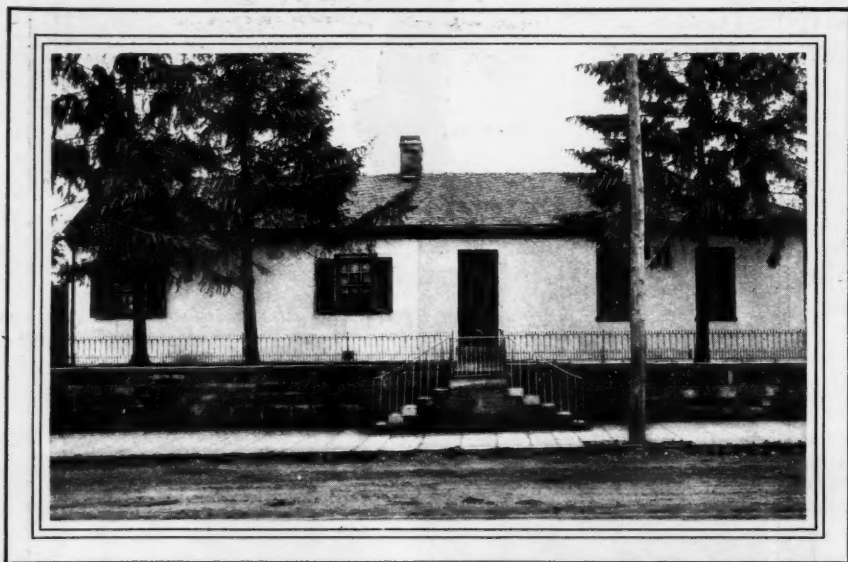
THE FAVORITE SONS MONUMENT IN THE GROUNDS OF THE OHIO STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBUS—THE INSCRIPTION IS "THESE ARE MY JEWELS," AND THE STATUES ARE THOSE OF SIX CIVIL WAR HEROES: GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, HAYES, GARFIELD, AND STANTON.

Centuries ago the mound builder erected here his altars and practised his rites of sepulture. Shawanoe, Mingo,

clustering shadows of the years are La Salle, George Rogers Clark, and Anthony Wayne, epoch-makers of the West.

In 1798 there came to the little hamlet Edward Tiffin and Thomas Worthington, of Virginia. These men, who were in sympathy with the first settlers, brought with them friends, relatives, and their liberated slaves. Idealists, if you will, they were instrumental in forcing the Territory into Statehood, and left a deeper impress upon the young commonwealth than any other

breezes. Great stretches of maize toss their green banners high in the quivering heat of the August sunshine. In October the torch of autumn sets the landscape ablaze with color and tempts one to echo the words of Daniel Webster, who stood on the heights above Chillicothe, and, looking across the wide valley and down the wooded aisles of the Scioto, said: "I have never seen the



THE OLD CREIGHTON HOUSE IN CHILLICOTHE, BUILT ABOUT A CENTURY AGO BY THE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

men of their time. Governor St. Clair's arbitrary rulings and free use of the veto seemed to them a menace to progress. In the contest thus provoked, the enthusiast became the man of action. Toughened by the struggle with the wilderness, hardened by contact with the savages, he showed himself the man for the time and place, the man that opportunity asks in America, and that she almost always finds.

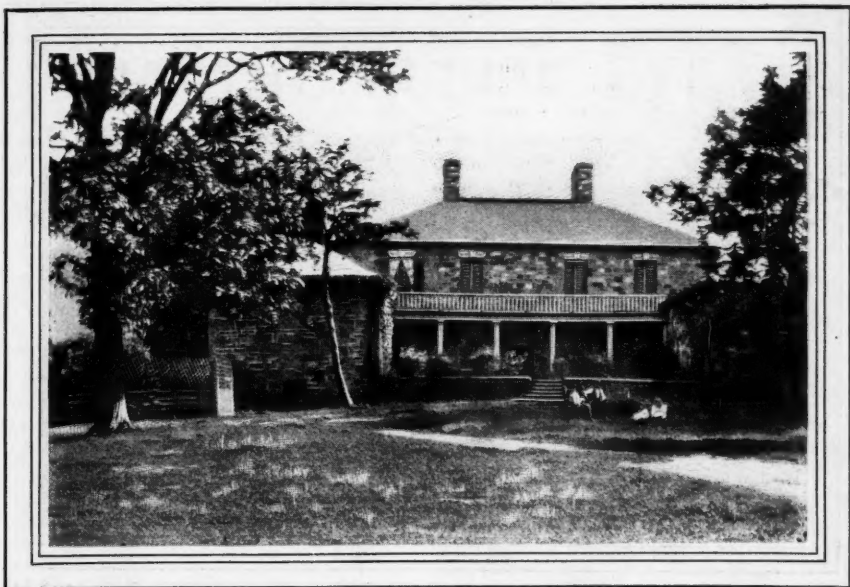
In the celebration of her centenary, Ohio shows to-day this prosperous little city looking toward the dim blue hills that enfold the horizon, where, broader and loftier than the rest, stands Mount Logan, as pictured in the great seal of the State, brooding over the river and the valley at its base. Here vast fields of yellowing grain sway in the June

fertile and the picturesque so beautifully combined."

Ohio was never formally admitted to the Union, but the organization of a State government took place with the meeting of the first General Assembly on March 1, 1803, at Chillicothe. The city was then the Territorial capital, and it remained the State capital until 1816, when the seat of government was removed to Columbus, forty-five miles further north, and almost at the geographical center of the commonwealth.

OHIO'S ROLL OF FAMOUS SONS.

The men who made Ohio laid its foundation with sure and steady hands, and directed its policies for more than a score of years. They made it the expression of all the impulses, thoughts,



A HISTORIC HOUSE IN CHILLICOTHE—ADENA, THE HOME OF THOMAS WORTHINGTON, GOVERNOR OF OHIO 1814-1816, AND ONE OF THE MAKERS OF THE STATE.

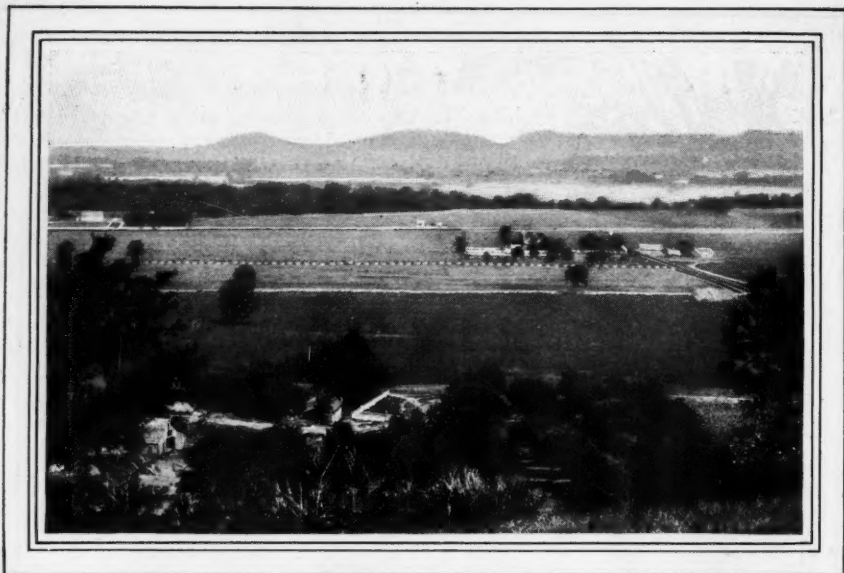
and hopes that were pressing the young nation forward. They made Ohio the embodiment of opportunity.

Fortunately situated, with waterways on the north, south, and east, at the gateway to a wider West, with splendid forests and rich mineral and agricultural resources at her command, Ohio speedily rose to power and prestige. In the list of famous sons that she has given to the nation she is unequalled. She has distanced her parent, Virginia, as the mother of Presidents, for of these she counts six, including both of the Harrisons as Ohioans. Benjamin Harrison was so by birth and education, and William Henry Harrison, though born in Virginia, had early cast in his lot with the Northwest Territory. He had been its representative in Congress, and, after a picturesque civil and military career, had made his home at North Bend, on the Ohio, near Cincinnati. It was as the "Buckeye" candidate of 1840, in one of the most exciting campaigns ever known, that he was elected to the Presidency, and Ohio first came to her place as a power among the States.

But it was at the time of the Civil War that the commonwealth showed

what heredity and destiny had done for her. She gave lavishly of men and means to help preserve the Union, and no other State can show a more splendid record. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Rosecrans, McPherson, the McCooks and McDowells as generals, and Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War, came forward then as her sons; and she put into the field one-ninth of the whole Federal force. After the close of the war she gave to the Presidency Grant, Hayes, and Garfield in unbroken succession, and later, Benjamin Harrison and William McKinley.

To the Supreme Bench, Ohio has contributed seven men—Chief Justices Salmon P. Chase and Morrison R. Waite; Associate Justices Noah H. Swayne, Edwin M. Stanton, Stanley Matthews, William B. Woods, and William R. Day. She has sent an important Cabinet officer to almost every administration since 1814, when Return Jonathan Meigs was made Postmaster-General; and has seldom failed to be represented among ministers and ambassadors to foreign courts. Her sons have won fame in the navy and army, and her Senators and Con-



THE SCIOTO VALLEY, NEAR CHILLICOTHE, ONE OF THE EARLIEST-SETTLED DISTRICTS IN OHIO—IN THE DISTANCE IS MOUNT LOGAN, WHICH APPEARS ON THE STATE SEAL OF OHIO.
(SEE THE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 385.)

gressmen have shaped the trend of national conditions.

Ohioans have done their full share in American literature, science, and art. In finance, the State has produced Salmon P. Chase and John Sherman, each Secretary of the Treasury at a critical period; Jay Cooke, whose services during the Civil War were of inestimable value, and the Rockefellers, who, while not born in Ohio, developed with Ohio associates, and at Cleveland, the Standard Oil Company, the most colossal industrial combination in the world. Many other men of unusual ability have helped to develop the resources of this fertile State, and to give her fourth place in the Union.

In this human, personal point of view,

then, must we consider the first Constitution of Ohio, which stood unchanged for fifty years, and under which the State took the place of commanding importance that she has since held. It stands in history as an expression of advanced thought, by the impulse that it gave to the development of a wider West and by the stimulus of its example to older communities. Individualism, in its broadest, fullest, most altruistic sense, is the freedom that has been won by a century of democracy and expansion in the West; individualism that has made men thinkers and leaders, and fitted them to see things in the large; that has given them the national vision and made the Westerner the type and master of our American life.



IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Miss Gould and Her Charities.

By an unfortunate error, due to a curious coincidence of names, two charitable institutions of which Miss Helen Gould has been a benefactress were confused in a paragraph recently published in this department. The building of which we printed an engraving in the March number is not the home for children at Woody Crest, near Tarrytown, but a larger institution of similar purpose, the Home for the Friendless, located on Woody Crest Avenue, in the Bronx Borough, New York. The money for its erection was not wholly or mainly furnished by Miss Gould, though

she contributed a substantial sum to the fund; but most of it was derived from the sale of the home's former quarters on East Thirtieth Street.

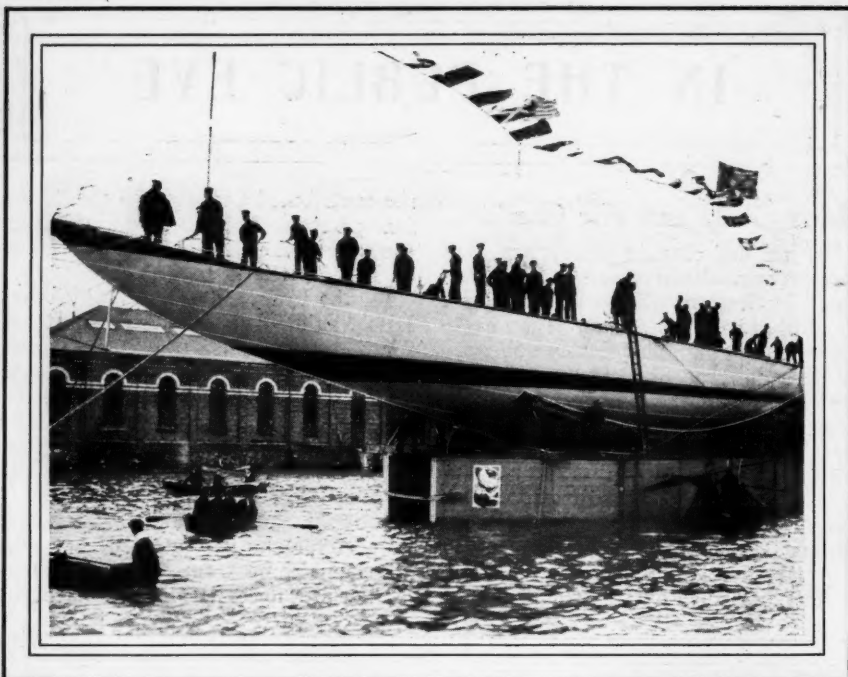
Of the Tarrytown house, which was Miss Gould's own idea, and which has for years been one of her favorite charities, a view appears on this page. It is quite a modest place, one of the old stone houses that dot the hills above the Hudson River; but it has given health and pleasure to many a child from the slums of the metropolis.

It is interesting to add that the first request for the correction of our misstatement came from Miss Gould herself, who "does not like to have the



THE HOME FOR CHILDREN AT WOODY CREST, NEAR TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, FOUNDED AND MAINTAINED BY MISS HELEN GOULD.

From a photograph by Underhill, New York.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S SHAMROCK III, BUILT TO RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER LAUNCHING AT DENNY'S YARD, DUMBARTON, ON MARCH 17.

From a photograph.

credit of doing things which she has not done." Our comment that she is one of the most charitable of American women needs no correction.

The America's Cup Racers.

Writing on the day of the Shamrock's serious accident—perhaps it would be wise to say her first serious accident, for the career of a modern cup racer is likely to be checkered with many mishaps—it is of course too soon to speak definitely of the prospects for the great contest which is set for next August.

The accompanying engravings illustrate the respective débuts of the two yachts that are expected to compete for the famous trophy. To the average landsman, one ninety-foot racing cutter looks very much like another, but the experts have discoursed learnedly, though of course inconclusively, as to the "points" of the new boats, and as to their probable performance in various conditions of wind and water. The

trend of expert opinion seems to be that each of them displays high skill on the part of its designer.

Sir Thomas Lipton is a gentleman who strives to give universal satisfaction, and it would appear that he outdid himself in selecting the emblematic decorations of the Shamrock at her launch. The pontoon that enclosed her under-body bore the rose of England on one side and the thistle of Scotland on the other. At the yacht's stern floated the British ensign, while the Stars and Stripes flew from a small staff fastened amidships, and between these two a verdant banner displayed the evergreen Irish shamrock.

The American boat was nearly a month behind her British rival in taking to the water, but this initial handicap is more than made up by the fact that the Shamrock has to cross the Atlantic. The launching of the Reliance, on the 11th of April, was attended by a great concourse of enthusiasts, the traditional ceremony of christening the



THE LAUNCHING OF THE RELIANCE, BUILT TO DEFEND THE AMERICA'S CUP AGAINST SHAMROCK III, AT THE HERRESHOFF YARDS, BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND, ON APRIL 11.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by F. A. Walter, Brooklyn.

yacht with a bottle of champagne being performed by Miss Nora Iselin, daughter of the well-known yachtsman who is the boat's managing owner.

Two nations will watch the subsequent career of challenger and defender with gradually increasing interest as the time for the contest draws near.

The New Chinese Minister.

Ten years of life in the United States, supplemented by travel and diplomatic service in South America and Europe, have given Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, the new Chinese minister to the United States, a broadly cosmopolitan equipment. Like his predecessor, the justly celebrated Wu Ting Fang, he is a thorough master of English. Indeed, except Chinese, he speaks no other tongue, holding that, as English is now used the world over, it is no longer necessary—even for a diplomat—to know French or any of the continental languages.

The new envoy is about forty-two years old. He came to this country as a student and was educated at Phillips Andover Academy and at Amherst College. He became an interpreter on the staff of Chang Yin Hoon, Chinese minister at Washington during the eighties, and was sent to Peru for a short period of service as secretary of legation at Lima. Resuming his post in this country, he was recalled to China with Mr. Chang, who had been appointed minister of foreign affairs at Peking. Sir Chentung was made the minister's secretary, and served in the same capacity under Prince Ching, a subsequent incumbent.

In 1895 he was secretary of the commission which concluded peace with Japan, and two years later he was chosen first secretary of the special embassy sent by China to Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee. While on this latter mission he was made a "K. C. M. G."—Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. On the

BRITAIN'S FUTURE KING
AND EMPEROR—

—PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES, WHO
CELEBRATES HIS NINTH BIRTH-
DAY IN JUNE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS FOUR ELDER CHILDREN.

Prince
Albert,
Born 1895.

Princess
Victoria,
Born 1897.

Prince
Edward,
Born 1894.

Prince
Henry,
Born 1900.



From photographs by Lafayette, London.

strength of this not very important decoration he claims the title of "sir." His right to the prefix while on duty at should not officially use titles conferred by any government but their own. But though his colleagues will probably ad-



SIR CHENTUNG LIANG CHENG, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED WU TING FANG AS CHINESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Clinedinst, Washington.

Washington is disputed by Count Cassini, dean of the diplomatic corps, who is understood to hold that ministers

dress him as "Mr.," the State Department has already gazetted him as Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, and the public-

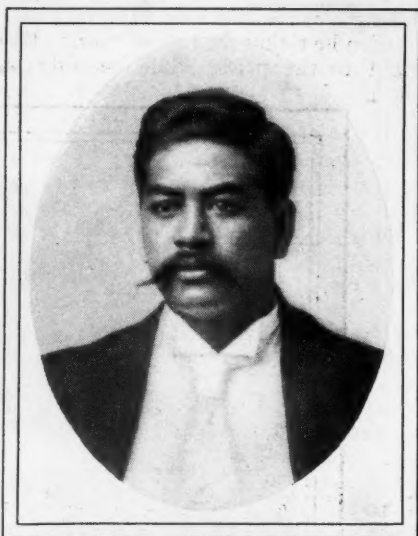


PRINCESS JONAH KUHIO, WIFE OF THE NEW HAWAIIAN DELEGATE, WHO WILL BE AN INTERESTING ADDITION TO WASHINGTON SOCIETY AT THE NEXT SESSION OF CONGRESS.

From a photograph by Williams, Honolulu.

is pretty sure to know him by the same name.

The new minister is a striking figure. He is more than six feet tall and of



PRINCE JONAH KUHIO, A MEMBER OF THE OLD ROYAL FAMILY OF HAWAII, ELECTED TERRITORIAL DELEGATE TO CONGRESS.

From a photograph by Williams, Honolulu.

stalwart and rugged frame. His manners and conversation are those of a cultivated American or European. He will probably find less delight in public speaking than did his predecessor. Oratory is not a Celestial accomplishment, and few indeed are the Chinamen who acquire it as Wu Ting Fang did.

Sir Chentung is a young man for so important a post, being in his fortieth year. He is a widower. He has a daughter fifteen years old, and two sons, one of eight and the other of seven. Rumor has whispered of the minister's possible second marriage to the daughter of the Chinese envoy to France.

A Hawaiian Prince in Congress.

The extension of American dominion over the isles of the sea will be typified in the coming Congress by the presence of a son of the old Hawaiian royal house as a duly elected Territorial delegate. Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalainahaole—commonly known in Hawaii, it seems, by the more convenient, but less imposing, title of Prince Cupid—is a nephew of the late Queen Kapiolani, and stood next to his brother, Prince David Kawan-

okoa, in line of succession to the throne from which Queen Liliuokalani was driven by the revolution of eleven years ago. In spite of his birth, however, he is fully reconciled to the new régime in his native islands, and is not one of the Hawaiians who cling to the vain hope that some day their old dynasty will be restored to its traditional rights.

Indeed, Prince Jonah is described as being quite modern and Americanized. He has traveled around the world, and as a boy he went to school in the United States. He is an athlete, and is said to be the champion football and baseball player of his race. He has the natural gift of oratory characteristic of the Hawaiian people, though it is doubtful if his talent will serve him at Washington, where he will of course be unable to use the poetic language of his Pacific birthplace.

His princess, who will accompany him to the States, is of the island royalty by birth as well as by marriage, being descended from the kings of Maui. Her union with Prince Jonah was brought about by Queen Kapiolani, in whose household she was educated. The prince and his brother David were seeking an alliance with the reigning family of Tahiti, but their aunt insisted that they should find wives among their own people, and the younger of the two chose the Princess Kahanu, as she was then called. She is a typical Hawaiian beauty, a full-blooded daughter of the tropical archipelago, one of the comparatively few whose lineage shows no alien admixture.

In Hawaii there has been something of a social war between the various claimants of royal honors. The Princess David Kawanakoa claims precedence as the wife of the elder brother, who would probably have succeeded to the throne had not Liliuokalani been deposed. The Princess Jonah asserts her right to rank as a "first lady" on the strength of her husband's office.

Whatever may be their precise position in the islands, the prince and princess will be an interesting addition to Washington society. It would be idle to deny that they will be likely to encounter a certain amount of prejudice, created by the capital city's previous

acquaintance with Hawaiian royalty. Whether they will succeed in overcoming it remains to be seen.

Marconi and His Predecessors.

It is becoming entirely clear that wireless telegraphy has a great future before it. It is also being discovered that it has an interesting past behind it.

When Marconi, the student of Bologna, was making his experiments with wires strung on poles set up in the fields, he was to a certain extent repeating the work of a young Scotsman, a self-taught weaver who had become a teacher in Dundee, and who dreamed strange dreams and did strange things two generations ago. In an address delivered at Dundee not long ago the Anglo-Italian did full justice to the memory of his Scottish predecessor, James Lindsay, as "the first man who thoroughly believed in the possibility and the utility of wireless telegraphy."

Between 1831 and 1835 Lindsay devised a telegraph system, produced an electric light, and predicted that electricity would supplant gas for the lighting of streets and dwellings, coal for the warming of houses, and steam as a motive power. In 1844 he sent messages for short distances through the water without wires; and in a paper read before the British Association he confidently asserted the possibility of flashing wireless signals across the Atlantic.

His methods differed materially from Marconi's in that he used the water, and not the air, as the medium for carrying the mysterious vibrations that pass from transmitter to receiver. His general principles, however, were the same. The extension of our practical knowledge of the science, and the improvement of electrical apparatus, have enabled Marconi to realize a project which was but a dream of the future with Lindsay; but the elder man's work certainly entitles him to a place of honor in the history of wireless telegraphy.

It has been suggested that if Lindsay was a forerunner of Marconi, he was himself anticipated as long ago as the days of Job, who inquired: "Canst thou send lightnings that may go and say unto thee, 'Here we are'?"

Minnie Pleasanton, Novelist.

A STORY OF LIFE WITHIN AND WITHOUT CONVENT WALLS.

BY MARY AND ROSALIE DAWSON.

I.

THE dull November rain which mist-
ed the windows of the study hall
seemed to blur the mental and moral at-
mosphere as well with its grayness. The
convent girls, seated at the desks which
swept the length of the room in two or-
derly rows, yawned and blinked in sleepy
ennui, or pored over open books with
aberrant eyes. One end of the long hall
terminated in the oratory, with its
statue of St. Agnes and the flickering
novena lamps. At the opposite end,
with a broad sweep of polished floor be-
tween, the mistress of studies occupied
her raised dais.

Although ostensibly engaged in cor-
recting the exercises of her morning
classes, the mistress was vigilantly alert.
Once or twice she had fancied that a tit-
tling too loud for the rain on the win-
dows had been wafted from a distant
corner, where Minnie Pleasanton, one of
the younger girls, was mastering the
science of geography. There was cer-
tainly giggling somewhere. It was prob-
ably Minnie. The mistress descended
from her dais and glided down the room,
silent, in her felt slippers, as a draft of
air. But the titting had ceased when
she reached the end of the room. Min-
nie was devouring a pink and green map
of all the Russias with pale, short-sight-
ed eyes.

The mistress remained unconvinced.
To disarm suspicion, she continued to
pace back and forth, searching out the
hidden things of the room as she went.
On her third round she detected an ab-
normal swelling in Minnie's geograph-
ical atlas—an unnatural bulge which
created a new system of mountain ranges
and valley slopes in the Russian map.

The tall shadow paused suddenly be-
hind Minnie's chair. A white, detain-
ing hand was laid upon the cover of the
geography, while another deftly turned

the pages and drew forth a book formed
of folded sheets of manila paper scrawled
throughout in green ink. The outside
sheet of the bulky manuscript was dec-
orated after the manner of a cover.
The decorative design—consisting of the
title surrounded by a floral wreath—was
also executed in ink.

"What is this, Minnie?" demanded
the mistress in her quiet tone.

Minnie was apparently too much over-
come to reply, but the naval officer's
daughter who occupied the next seat an-
swered for her.

"It's a novel she's writing, sister."

The mistress controlled her features
with an effort.

"As you know perfectly well, Min-
nie," she said, "it is against the rules to
write in study hour."

She slipped the manuscript into the
cavernous pocket of her black robe and
moved away. As she regained her dais,
she reflected that in her twenty-five
years of teaching experience she had
never encountered such a problem as
Minnie Pleasanton.

As the child was delicate, Dr. Pleas-
anton had requested for her as much lib-
erty as they could conveniently allow,
and many of the school regulations had
been relaxed in her favor. During her
first few weeks the sisters had regarded
her as a timid little creature, to be
treated with extreme gentleness and
consideration. A perpetually frightened
expression haunted her myopic eyes.
She listened to all reproof with silent,
staring meekness.

When Minnie persistently repeated
the misdemeanors for which she was re-
proved, the nuns said pityingly that the
poor child had not understood. Only
now, at the end of two months, was it
beginning to dawn upon them that she
was vastly less timorous than she ap-
peared; that she was quietly, meekly,
profoundly obstinate.

It had been predicted, and fondly hoped, that her passion for exploration would die a natural death when the novelty of convent life wore off. This prophecy was not to be fulfilled. The child could still be relied on to occur in some unexpected and prohibited part of the buildings at least once a day. Even the Cloister itself—the corridor from which the bare, white cells of the religious opened out—had failed to impress her. No pupil in the history of the school had ever before ventured into this region apart. It was natural, therefore, that Sister Mary of the Angels, who was eighty-odd and nervous, should be frightened into a fit of illness when she looked up one morning to find a pair of pale, begoggled eyes peering at her through the doorway of her cell.

Another afternoon, when a little group of nuns sat chatting and laughing under the elms, a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles had dropped from the foliage above almost into the lap of the mother superior. Investigation revealed the owner of them hidden in the green.

These facts—and others—excited in the mistress of studies an amused interest regarding Minnie's literary work. She laid away the corrected exercises, screened herself from the eyes of the girls by raising her desk-lid, and dipped into the manila paper manuscript.

Half an hour later the girls dispersed to their classes in various portions of the building. The mistress, having watched the procession wind its way to the head of the stairs, where another instructress stood waiting to assume charge, returned to the study hall.

As she reentered the room, her desk-lid slammed without apparent cause. Minnie was hovering in the neighborhood of the desk, looking frightened, as usual.

"What are you doing here, Minnie?" she asked, with an assumed severity in her voice.

Minnie sidled toward the door, making no reply.

"If you are looking for your manuscript," the mistress continued, suppressing the amusement that rippled within, "I have it in my pocket. I shall keep it for a week as a penance."

Sister Perpetua herself was of a lit-

erary turn. She was one of the convent poets who were called upon from time to time to supply verses for class recitation or holiday dramatics. She caught the *cacoethes scribendi* in Minnie's eye, and a fellow-feeling prompted her to add, in more element tones:

"I was very much interested in your story, Minnie. I should like to read some portions of it to Reverend Mother, if you don't mind."

Minnie's face lighted up.

"Why, yes, of course, if you want, sister. I don't mind," she said.

II.

THE mistress came to community recreation that evening with the manuscript still in her pocket. When the question of amusement for the relaxed hour came up she remembered the novel.

"Reverend Mother, if you don't mind, I'd like to read you some portions of a new work by a new author, whose name will not be unfamiliar to you—Minnie Pleasanton."

The author's name was received with a little burst of laughter. The superior, still shaking, bowed her permission.

"The child was writing it during study hour," explained the mistress, as she fumbled in her long pocket and produced the paper. "I took it from her as a penance. It is so rich! I know the portions which are studies of convent life will interest you. You'll understand when you hear them why Minnie climbed the tree the other afternoon. She was in search of local color for her stories. And then Minnie's views of the motives which induce women to take the vows are so frankly set forth. She calls it 'Viola Mortimer; Or, The Romance of a Nun.'"

"The title is suggestive of the character of the literature that Minnie has been indulging in," laughed the superior. "You know the poor child has no mother. Her father told me, with evident anxiety, that she had acquired the dime novel habit in its worst form."

"It is a pity that some of the time she spent in novel reading has not been given to her spelling-book," said the mistress. "Much of the fun of the story lies in the spelling. I hope that before she

leaves us Minnie will be able to reflect more credit on our English classes."

The mistress drew her chair into the lamp-light and entered upon the first chapter, pausing here and there to spell aloud a particular woful disaster in orthography.

CHAPTER I

Our heroin, the lovely and unfortunatè Viola Mortimer, was born of wealthy and influential parents in the State of Virginia. She was tenderly raised and carefully educated, and surrounded by her doting parentage by every luxury that money can purchase.

Butiful indeed was Viola when, at the age of 18, she returned from boarding school to dazle the home of her childhood with her grace and accomplishments.

Her fraile, silphlike figger was sermounted by a delicat, oval face framed in masses of sunny golden hare. Her eyes refleckted the blew of the heavens. Her compleckshun was as the pettles of pink and white roses. Her voice was heavenly musick. Her teeth gleemed like tiny perls of the sea.

Unconsciously, as she listened, the eyes of the superior wandered across to the bowed head of a little novice who sat in the shadow of the tall statue at the opposite end of the room. The white veil had changed her greatly, but the mother remembered her as she had been at her graduation, three years before—the prettiest girl in the school; just such a girl, allowing for Minnie's florid style, as *Viola Mortimer*. The reader continued:

Naturally so eksquizit a girl had multitoods of lovers, and many were the sooters who applied to old Judge Mortimer for permission to court his fare daughter.

Among the galants who came were 2 frends of her childhood on 1 of whom it was rumered she would bestow her hart and hand.

Geoffrey Merryweather, one of these 2 frends, was tall and dark with a commanding presents and flashing eyes. His rival Aubrey St John was less tall and blond, but he was whitty, wise, and the master of a larg fortun.

In her childhood Viola had always prefered Geoffrey. They had been alwaise in each other's company. Was it maden modesty which cawsed her when she returned from bording school to favor Aubrey the most?

The anser to this question our cequel will give.

Again the superior glanced toward the little novice. The pretty head was held low, but the unusual pink of the cheeks did not escape the mother's searching eye.

"I will skip now," said the mistress, "to the part which will interest you most. I'll tell you in a word or two what

happens in between. *Geoffrey*, seeing his rival thus preferred, decides in his agony to go West. Meanwhile, *Aubrey* puts his fate to the test and is refused. *Viola*, mourning her true love, *Geoffrey*, enters a convent, and *Aubrey* becomes engaged to another girl. *Geoffrey* learns by chance of the impending marriage of his rival. He hastens home, only to find that *Viola* is 'kloistered behind convent bars.' The author dwells at length on his agony on learning this deplorable fact from the young lady's mother.

"Ah, deth in life!" he cried, smiteing his breast. "Never for me shall the sun shine more"—and road away with a countenents full of angwish.

"Chapter Five brings us to the convent," the mistress resumed. "You will all appreciate this part. It affords us a glimpse of convent life from the inside."

CHAPTER-V.

It is a sunny afternoon in April. The religious, there clases for the day being at an end, are rekrating in the garden. Gayly, as girls released from the erksom labers of the schoolroom, they pase the convent walks, laffing, chatting, and bantering each other.

Litely they pass along the mapel boardered walks, in groups of two and three. Only the little novice walks apart. She alone dose not smile—

The reader broke off suddenly, as a shadow flickered out of the half darkness on the other side of the room and vanished through the doorway. The sisters exchanged questioning glances. The little novice's chair was empty.

Only the Reverend Mother betrayed no interest in the incident. Minnie and the little novice came from the same Virginia town, she remembered. Dr. Pleasanton had spoken of hearing of the convent from Nelly Allardyce and her people.

"Well, well," said the mother cheerfully, turning to the little group, "Minnie has the making of a George Eliot in her, hasn't she? I wonder if we shall be reading her published books ten years from now! Sister Veronica, what was that good story about the Irishman and the duck that I heard the chaplain telling you this morning?"

III.

WHILE the long recreation hall in the basement still resounded with the girls' ante-bedtime frolic, Minnie successfully

eluded the guardian of the door and began to worm a tortuous retreat toward regions above. In five minutes the great bell would clang through the corridors, calling to night prayers in the chapel.

The truant shuffled quickly up the stairway, partially concealed by the darkness which prevailed there. Suddenly she found herself confronted by a figure in the flowing garb that bespoke the sisterhood. The next moment she breathed a sigh of relief. The figure wore a white veil.

"Nelly!" she whispered.

"Yes. That's Minnie, isn't it? Sh-h! Don't talk in the halls, dear. Come in here with me."

Nelly drew the child into the deserted study hall and to a seat beside her on the dais.

"I haven't had much chance to talk to you, have I, Minnie?" she said. "Are you happy here?"

"Um—I like it better than I did at first. The nuns are pretty mean, I think. They're so fussy about their old rules. There's always some one spyin' after you."

"But they are really very good and kind. You'll like them better when you get to know them well; and then you have your novel to occupy your mind. Sister read us some of it this evening at recreation. We all thought it so clever!"

Minnie giggled ecstatically. "Oh, did you? I took *Viola Mortimer* from you, Nellie, and *Aubrey St. John* was Joe Willis."

"Somehow I fancied so, dear. I should have thought that *Geoffrey Merryweather* might be Ned Jackson, only he's in the West."

"Oh, but he came back. Didn't you know that? He got back before I left home. He'd heard of Joe Willis' engagement," whispered the little girl excitedly.

"I didn't know. I hadn't heard about that. But, Minnie, what made you think that Ned—that is, why did you make *Geoffrey* behave so when he heard that *Viola* had entered a convent?"

Minnie wriggled uncomfortably.

"You won't tell, will you, Nelly? Well, then, it's all true. I was out on your porch the day he came to your house. I was waiting for Grace, and

they didn't know I was there. I heard it all through the window. Say, you ought to have seen his face when your mother told him you were in the convent! Of course he didn't act just the way I wrote it in the novel. He didn't say much, but his face was perfectly awful."

"I suppose Ned went West again, didn't he, dear?"

"No, he's still at home. I told Grace to write all the time and let me know all about him, because I wanted to know how to end my novel. How would you end it, if you were me?"

The clamor of the silence bell interrupted them. Nelly barred her lips with a warning finger. The next moment the procession of girls veiled in black net wended its way along the corridor outside, en route for the chapel. When it had passed, the novice and Minnie vanished along opposite halls.

An hour later, when evening prayers were over and the white dormitories sinking gradually into their night-time quietude, the superior's door opened from within. The Reverend Mother made her way noiselessly through the Cloister, now dimly lighted by the hanging lamps, to the last cell in the row. A light was burning inside. She passed in without knocking.

She had expected something of the kind. It did not startle her to find the little novice gone, and Nelly Allardyce taking her place. The girl had removed the white veil with the cape and ceinture of her habit. The long robe ungirdled and surmounted by the charming head was rather artistic than conventual in its effect.

Nelly glanced up quickly, a look of appeal in her blue eyes, but the mother smiled with perfect understanding and opened her arms.

"My dear child!" she said.

"Minnie comes from our town. She is my little sister's particular friend. She must have heard about it in that way," murmured the novice, as the warm arms closed around her. "I was in love with him *once*," she continued, "but he went away and I thought it was all in the past. Then, when I heard Minnie's story, and that he cared for me, it seemed to come back. I don't know.

I'm not sure. I honestly thought I had a vocation, mother. Perhaps this is only a temptation."

"Perhaps, my child," the mother said comfortingly. "You must not decide too hastily. Remember, this decision is the most important one of your life. But if in the end you feel that you still love him, it will be your duty to leave the convent and fill the position in life for which you were intended. The vocation

of marriage is a high one also. Take plenty of time to think it over."

One morning, about a week later, when Minnie opened her desk in the study hall, she found a morsel of blue paper, folded in the shape of a note, reposing on the detested geography.

"Have it end happily, Minnie," the letter read. "She discovers that it was all a mistake and goes back to him."

It was signed "Viola."

The Quest of Beauty.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

THE TOILS THAT WOMEN ENDURE, THE PERILS THEY DARE, AND THE STRANGE NOSTRUMS IN WHICH THEY PUT THEIR TRUST, IN THEIR SEARCH FOR A PRIZE WHICH MANY OF THEM VALUE MORE THAN HEALTH, WEALTH, OR HAPPINESS.

IN the days when the women whose allowances now go to swell the revenues of facial masseuses and Swedish gymnasts were wearing pinafores and spring heels, a certain saw was frequently on the lips of their prudent elders.

"Handsome is that handsome does," said the great ones unctuously, and to add the weight of indisputable authority to their saying, they had it set at the head of copybook pages, to be laboriously and smearnly rewritten ten or a dozen times by fingers happily unfamiliar with the pen.

"Be a good girl, and it does not matter how you look," they were accustomed to remark when the pink ribbons or the brown curls of some child more blessed of the gods had made their deep and stirring appeal to you, who wore a rubber round comb and whose locks were tow colored strings.

Even then you knew the falsity of their words. Convention, and a certain silent scorn of their palpable folly, kept you from challenging their assertion openly; but were not the red rose leaves filched from your mother's bonnet that you might make your cheeks vie with little Miss Roseblossom's your wordless denial of the senseless allegation? Not matter how you looked, indeed! When all your

little heart was hot with the shameful knowledge of freckled hands and with the insufferable envy of Roseblossom's white fingers!

It is an instinct so fundamental, this feminine longing for personal beauty, that one believes Eve must have had it before the Fall; and one is sure that Mrs. Noah never consented to undertake that long voyage until she had provided herself with some flaxseed tonic to counteract the effect of so much dampness on the hair.

When one considers the depth and the universality of woman's craving for loveliness, even when it is checked by reason and subdued by the hypocrisy of maturity, the wonder is not that dermatologists and dentists flourish, that corset makers and gymnastic teachers wax proud, and that hair dressers grow disdainful, but that any man desiring riches ever considers it necessary to go into any other business than that of beautifier. Rewards wait upon each newcomer bearing a cream—he should call it *crème*—or a soap or a system. If the bunco men were the clever creatures so familiar in the humorous periodicals, they would long ago have left the innocent rustic to carry on the green goods business alone, while they engaged in the more profitable one of aid-

ing ladies whom nature never intended for beauties to outwit her.

VIRTUE AS A BEAUTIFIER.

The female seeker after beauty does not enter upon that aggressive warfare against ugliness which occupies her middle life as soon as she learns the vacuity of her parents' glib "No matter how you look if you are a good girl." Her means are generally too restricted at that period; moreover, her knowledge is slight. She does not guess that some day her gloom over what she now regards as a changeless injustice will be dissipated by Dr. Sapolio's announcement that he guarantees a perfect complexion to all users of his soap, or by Mme. Millefleurs' declaration that no woman need be plain who will eat her harmless arsenic wafers. At ten years old the arsenic wafer is undreamed of; a solace, not a cure, is all that the stricken heart imagines. Away, then, to the corner stores where molasses peppermints may help one to forgetfulness of Roseblossom's pink cheeks and one's own freckles!

At fifteen, it is probably one of those voices which have been most uplifted in praise of handsome action as the well spring of beauty that sounds a new note.

"Mollie," it says anxiously, "how sunburned you are! You had better bathe your face in buttermilk. And why on earth don't you wear a hat when you are playing?"

And you smile sardonically to yourself. So they have put the old saw, the worthless old saw which you have scorned in cautious silence these seven years past, out of commission, have they? And they are advising buttermilk instead of virtue as a beautifier? Your contempt is great as your skepticism is profound. You do not believe that there was even a modicum of truth in the old saw.

By and by you come to admit that if you were willing to forego beauty until the strenuous need of it had gone by, the virtue system would have answered admirably. You admit that at seventy it is the face of the kind, gentle, and loving woman, of the generous and forceful man, which is good to look upon. But you want your good looks something like half a century earlier in life; and you know that the most unselfish heart in Christendom is powerless to straighten a crooked nose, that a woman may be a monument to good causes without any improvement in her complexion, and that honor is as powerless to lengthen an eyelash as it was to set a limb in *Falstaff's* time. You do

not abandon the virtues and take up with the vices, to be sure. You admit that upright behavior has its uses, though you definitely deny that one of these is the increase of personal beauty.

THE BEGINNING OF SLAVERY.

With that first buttermilk face bath, you enter the list of the beauty seekers; and then may the Lord have mercy on your soul, for the days of your bondage are begun and the term of it no man may foretell!

In its cruder forms, the quest of beauty is synonymous with the quest for gaudy raiment; and, indeed, so long as you are in any sense a professional beauty seeker the subject of dress will engross much of your thought. In the indiscriminating stage it is so easy to confound the charm of Lucy's golden braids with the effect of her tortoiseshell comb, or to confuse Marie's lily throat with the laces clouding it, that many fall into the pit; and milliners and modistes reap the harvest which later will be gathered in by the horde of deserving manicures, masseuses, and compounders of miraculous tonics.

When the early confusion has passed and you, as beauty's pilgrim, have come to see that neither shimmering silk nor shining jewel nor foaming lace necessarily envelops the veritable treasure, you become a desultory victim to the oracle of the "Woman's Page."

"Are you a working girl?" says that authority in ringing tones. "That is no reason why you should not be as fair and dainty and fresh as the wealthiest woman in the world. Your hair should be shining, your skin soft and fine, your teeth pearly, your finger nails rosy and faintly polished, with a white half moon at the base. To attain these points only a few minutes' daily care is required—and the 'Woman's Page' to tell you how."

The casual seeker after beauty is inspired with hope. Surely if a hard-working girl may gain the priceless gift by the expenditure of so little time and effort, you, with more time and with energy to spare, may make Troy's Helen commonplace and Mme. Récamier an old frump! You set gaily out to the drug store with ragged clippings from the "Woman's Page." Forcing yourself to defiance of the clerk, you demand to have certain mixtures compounded. He eyes your prescriptions suspiciously.

"Sure these are all right?" he asks. You are coldly sure of it.

"Here's one recipe calls for two ounces of benzine," he announces, pointing to a

recipe for a cream which is declared to be invaluable for sunburn.

You feel a fierce indignation with the printer and the proofreader who have confused benzine with benzoin, but your faith in the infallibility of the "Woman's Page" is shaken. They may have played other tricks with the type. You buy a few standard creams and lotions instead, and are pained to discover how much they cost, even in small quantities.

MUCH LABOR, LITTLE REWARD.

Your new supply of aids to loveliness necessitates a rearrangement of your dressing table. You do not mind that. When the treasure is so nearly yours, why bother about the trifling annoyances? But you soon discover that your occupations must be rearranged also. If you are to brush your hair for fifteen minutes every night and morning, give five minutes to the care of those shell-like nails, ten to massaging your face and throat, and fifteen to taking those exercises on which grace absolutely depends, it is plain to even an unmathematical feminine mind that you must rise three quarters of an hour earlier and start for bed three quarters of an hour earlier than has been your custom—unless, perhaps, you calculate anxiously, you could sleep an hour and a half less.

But here a storm arises among all the authorities. Less sleep? Beauty forbid! Beauty demands clear eyes, untroubled brow, unlined cheeks; and these things demand sleep. That extra hour and a half must be curtailed elsewhere.

In one's exercises, perhaps? But again the authorities clamor. Beauty demands litheness, grace, spring, free coursing blood, firm muscles; and these things demand exercise—exercise in the open air. The hour and a half must be filched from some other part of the day—the working part. This is where some beauty seekers meet their Waterloo, retiring to the ranks of those who have abjured all hope of Cleopatra conquests.

If you can take the extra hour and a half in a day, you may enter upon the arduous life with determination to succeed. You may even be the thousandth woman who is not turned aside from her purpose. New recipes may not appeal to your errant fancy before you have fairly tried the old. Sleep may not appear to you in fairer guise than ever beauty wore when the hour of the sacred rites is at hand.

After two or three months of such conscientious effort as, otherwise applied, would enroll you among the savants, you look at yourself with some approval. You

are a wholesome looking person. Your skin is not peachy, but it is presentable. Your hair is not of Titian gold; it is not very long and it is not very thick, but it is glossy and healthy looking. Your waist is half an inch smaller, and your throat a quarter of an inch fuller. You are not willowy, but you have a decent carriage. Your hands are not the sort that a poet would choose to indite a sonnet to—though a man in love might—but they are well kept, prosperous looking hands.

Truly your labor has not been in vain. You have eaten what you did not like, and you have foregone what you desired. You have slept when you fain would have talked, and you have exercised when you fain would have dozed. And you have your reward.

Then you go down town, conscious of a pleasant glow as you think of your well set, trim figure, your clear skin, your smooth hair; and there, beneath a bundle of clothes she is carrying to some tenement to sew, you see beauty incarnate; beauty of a swelling cheek, beauty of blood that beats against a soft, dark skin, beauty of eyes of fire and witcher. She moves like a poem. She never heard of Del-sarte, and she probably never had a full bath in her life. She has had no fresh air, no proper food, no decent sleep, no regular exercise; but she possesses what forever eludes the most strenuous of the mere beauty-seekers.

HEROIC COURSES OF TREATMENT.

This experience is likely to send you scurrying purposelessly among the systems. The shock leaves you rudderless. You drift about, the sport of every chance paragraph, of every new name in the world of the beauty makers. The *Woman's Own* declares that loveliness is a matter of diet, and that a stern adherence to baked bananas for two months will work wonders with even the plainest. You try baked bananas, though sorely against your inclination, for two weeks. Then the advertising sheet issued in the guise of a magazine by manufacturers of certain prepared foods falls into your unlucky hands. Here you read that coffee and tea are the insidious foes that have made you less fair than Hebe. With a sigh you abandon these comforts and sustainers, and take to drinking gruels masquerading as coffee, and to eating packages of fodder in place of the dangerous unprepared fruits of the earth on which your ancestors lived to old age—and to a fairly good looking old age, as you recall, remembering their portraits.

You try electric treatment for the wrinkles which brooding on your hobby has developed. You take it in shocks, in baths, in massage. Your allowance of pocket-money flows between your fingers like running water—and you remain merely a good-looking, wholesome specimen of your kind.

There are lengths to which you will probably not be driven, though women have gone to them. You will probably escape the beauty retreat where skinning is practised literally as well as in a financially figurative sense; but some women have done this, and have even told of their experiences. They have told of blistering lotions applied to their foolish countenances until the skin was loosened from its foundations and was ready to drop off. They have told of the exquisite suffering of the days or weeks that followed. Probably only the convalescent from a fire, lying swathed in oil bandages, knows all their agonies. Soft poultices were applied after the skin had been removed, and slowly the fresh skin appeared—soft as a baby's, pink and white and unlined for the time being—unless, of course, the powerful chemicals used to remove the original coating proved to have poisoned the blood.

For the sake of the characterless prettiness of an unmarked forehead, an unlimned cheek, some women have endured the danger of permanent disfigurement, the chances of blindness, the intense and unavoidable pain, the weeks of darkness and isolation—for the process is a lengthy one; but these are not the average beauty seekers. For in addition to its demands upon the heroism of the candidates for good looks, the system makes heavy demands upon one's bank account. One may not have the complexion of a "Duchess" heroine for nothing.

If skinning seems unduly hard to you, but if you must have a complexion at any cost, you may go to Paris and be neatly covered with glazing and baked. The permanent enamel process is said to be popular, though it is not really permanent. You will have to go twice a year, at least, or you will begin to show flaws and cracks like your grandmother's Sèvres.

If the color of your hair does not suit you, you may, of course, be merely vulgar and use peroxide of hydrogen at home. But the chances are that you will want something more distinguished than the commonplace "greenery gallery" locks which this simple wash shortly produces. You will prefer a neat blending of flame color and mahogany—the sort of thing

which, when raised to a degree of isinglass luster by brushings, will cause all necks at the theater to be craned in your direction. No mere home made wash will do for this. You must go abroad—to Rome, preferably, where they do this reddening very artistically; and Heaven help you if you are delayed in your annual pilgrimage of folly to the Eternal City, for the piebald effect of your tresses will move the very street urchins to mockery!

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW SCIENCE.

But these things are not for the average woman. For her are the Turkish baths, the manicure establishments—almost as thick upon the city street as the saloons; the massage places, the electro therapeutics, the "don't worry" clubs, whose chief recommendation to the feminine mind is that they help to keep off wrinkles; the Christian Science which denies ugliness along with pain, and puts plainness into the realm of the non-existent along with all other evil; the newspaper space as great as that devoted to the labor and church news together; the special publications; the dermatological institutes; the half of every drug store; the gymnasiums, the fencing clubs, the ceaseless talk of the beautifying influence of the open air.

Slowly, however, something of system is being evolved from the hodgepodge; a science is growing up out of the charlatanry which was once all that offered to help the beauty-seeker. It is realized that though actual beauty is as rare as genius and as capriciously bestowed, yet good looks may be as frequent as a good education in those lands where the free school system flourishes. The new science of beauty does not advertise panaceas. It studies cases. It joins hands with medicine. It insists upon a strict observance of all the laws of health, mental as well as physical, as the foundation of the changes it undertakes to work. It denies the beauty seeker the once cherished privilege of "nerves" and sulks as emphatically as it bids her walk in all weathers and eschew pastry at all times. And the capacity for obedience which women develop when a pleasing curve or color is promised them as reward is something marvelous. The "fear of hell and hope of paradise" are slight and impotent things by comparison.

So that the time may come when the philosopher, in summing up the causes for a widespread feminine perfection in temper and temperament, may head the list with the insatiable vanity which makes all women beauty-seekers.

The Song of the Bird.

AN IDYL OF RIVERSIDE LIFE ON THE WILLAMETTE.

BY ALMA A. ROGERS.

I.

THE news had been celebrated in Scowtown with all the ceremonial befitting its importance. Lights had burned late in the long, gray-painted house-boat of the Flinnegans. The noise of the revels, dipping across the watery door-yards, had checkered the slumbers of that portion of the community not included in the rejoicings.

When Turilla Dale stood before her ironing-board at the usual hour, two or three solitary twists of smoke were rising sleepily from as many chimneys.

"Guess they must 'a' spread themselves last night," said Turilla as she put her finger to her lips and tested the sizzling iron by its moist surface. "I s'pose Crypty Mullet'll be makin' her weddin' clothes in a hurry, an' as for Nora Flinnegan, Scowtown won't be big enough to hold her. The piazzy and the lace curtains 'most turned her head before Tim went away, an' now I s'pose she'll be out in her sealskin. Well, I don't want to be repinin' at Providence, but it do seem's if you can't see any reason for them as has luck an' them as has none!"

Turilla pushed her iron in swift silence. Soon her feelings stirred beyond repression.

"Now, there's 'Liphalet Harkins," she burst forth. "Didn't he work like a slave at the fishin', an' scrimp hisself so's he sca'cely had enough to eat, tryin' to git money to buy him a outfit? An' when he'd lugged it all the way what does he do but loss it in them White Horse Rapids, an' the rest of the crowd never losses as much as a tin pail. An' there's Tim Flinnegan ownin' the biggest house in the place, an' they do say with money snug in the bank, an' along comes a man an' offers to grubstake him for half an' pay all expenses, an' no resk to him! An' the first lick he strikes it rich, but 'Liphalet comes back poorer an' older by ten years than when he started."

As Turilla turned to change irons she almost jumped at the face which looked back at her from the tiny mirror on the wall.

"Why," she said apologetically, "I guess I must be cross this mornin'. I ain't envyin' any of 'em, but I jest can't understand how 'tis sometimes. Now, if I had a mite o' Tim's luck I'd git them gold teeth I've wanted so many year." She laughed plaintively at the reflection of three spaces in her upper jaw.

The fog wreaths lying low above the river misted out before the winking rays of the sun. A group of women, slatternly as to hair and gown, gathered on the sandy shore which rimmed the water limit. Fringes of tousled children wavered upon its edge, briskly shying pebbles at the white-winged gulls, or performing feats of skill on the narrow planks which connected the floating houses with the solid earth. Occasionally a child, more prying than the rest, would hang open-mouthed at its mother's skirts while Nora Flinnegan recounted the story of her husband's luck in the Klondike.

Laden with her basket of fresh-smelling linen, Turilla Dale approached the shore. The quick eyes of Mrs. Flinnegan sighted her.

"An' why wasn't ye over last night, I'd like to know, Mis' Dale?" hailed Nora. "Sure 'twas a joyful wake we made of it!"

"Indeed, Mis' Flinnegan, I was that beat out at the tubs that I couldn't do no more than roll into bed an' lay there. But I'm glad your man got through safe an' come back with a fortin." With which excuse Turilla carefully picked her way among the stones and pieces of driftwood which covered the bank.

The Mullet scow might properly be termed suburban in the proportions of this watery settlement. It was painted a vivid yellow with marvelous blue trimmings, a combination so vigorously suggestive of sun and sky that it made the eyes ache. Through the open window as she passed Turilla could see Crypty at work at the sewing machine. Closely opposite, leaning an arm on the leaf, sat young Ned Guscom, watching the white breadths under the whizzing needle take the shape of the wedding gown.

Ned had been Flinnegan's partner.

Though grubstaked on less favorable terms, he had returned with enough to set up housekeeping in good style. At the moment, he was telling Crypty of a certain fish-wheel which he had his eye on, and in which he meant to invest the bulk of his capital.

"I declare, Crypty, I used to see that fish-wheel in my dreams when I lay swathed up in my sleeping-bag on the Pelly River, and the cold so bad that my breath froze in big icicles on the fur. It was turning faster than you'll ever see on the Columbia, and, by ginger, if every one of them troughs wasn't full of Chinooks—none of your steelheads or silversides, like I'd seen sometimes, but sixty and seventy pounders!"

"Did that bring you luck?" Crypty was basting now.

"No; I ain't one to believe in dreams, and I'd hankered after that thing so long no wonder I'd got wheels in my head. It was more than three months after that when the diggings on Kalootsch Creek was struck, and you bet we didn't let no grass grow under our feet getting there. I put by the first nugget I found for a ring and ear-bobs for you." The young man took from his vest pocket an irregular yellow mass and laid it in the girl's hand.

"Say, Crypty," he continued, "I don't believe I ever rightly knew your full name, and I must be looking after the license soon."

Crypty was in the act of biting off her thread, but she stopped and laughed.

"Ma, Ned wants to know about my name," she called through the open doorway.

A stout woman with a lump of dough in her hands came to the threshold.

"Why," she began, molding the loaf as she spoke, "I never was any hand for old-fashioned names. My name's Jemima Ann, an' I always hated it like p'ison. So when my baby come along I made up my mind they wasn't goin' to fasten any old wore-out tags on her. One day I was passin' a second-hand book-store, an' I stopped to look in. I ain't any hand for readin' books, but I do love to see the covers of 'em; so I picked up one with queer marks all over it, gemmetric figgers, the man called 'em, an' it spelt out C-r-y-p-t-o-g-r-a-m. Somehow them figgers just minded me of Crypty, for she was the squarest baby I ever see, though she's spun out considerable since. Now, thinks I, here's a name that none o' the neighbors or relations can ever dream of matchin', an' so I just up an' named her on the spot."

Mrs. Mullet joined good-naturedly in the young man's laughter, while Crypty's dimples chased her blushes in a way as difficult to match as her name.

Meanwhile Turilla had delivered her parcel. On her way back she took a cross-path which cut the numerous vacant blocks in the suburb of Irvington. Wild ferns brushed her knees, the Oregon grape thrust up stiff clusters of its glossy spikes, the sallal and brake and huckleberry made a dense carpet for the fertile earth. At intervals the coral sprays of the wild currant glowed like a June sunrise.

Clouds soft as thistledown floated tranquilly in the deep blue zenith. Beaded grasses nodded to waxen trillium and flaunting dandelion. Tiny blooms of white and pink and yellow starred Turilla's feet on either side. As if to add the full perfection of scent and color, great clumps of sweetbrier spiced the air with the aroma of leaf and flower.

The path led near a small church, where the sweetbrier grew in profusion to the very doors. Turilla threw herself down in the shade of the largest clump. She was little and sallow and wizened, and the toil that had seamed her face and streaked her hair had not tended to keep her heart-beats in rhythm with nature. But even a clod would have wakened on such a morning, and Turilla was no clod.

A liquid note rose blithely into the clear heavens. Again it bubbled forth, pure, fresh, and sparkling as sun-lit dew, a sound so riotous with the mere joy of existence that it fell like a benediction on Turilla's tired soul. She turned eagerly to the sound; the lines of care loosened and her face took on the peaceful look of a satisfied child.

The bird stood upon the topmost bough of a young fir tree. His color was a speckled brown, and his shape was not beautiful. His beak was long, and he was lacking in tail. But the song! He sang it over and over again, not one whit afraid that he should fail in his vocalizing. Always he seemed to say: "Oh, hear me! Life is joy—life is joy!"

Tears were trickling down Turilla's sallow cheeks; not sad tears, but cleansing, washing clear the disappointment and pains of her hard life, and softening her soul to the subtle touch of hope.

II.

TURILLA took great sprays of sweetbrier from her basket, and disposed them about her tiny house. As she stepped to the back porch to renew her supply of water

from the cask, she saw Eliphalet Harkins sitting at his door, looking aimlessly over the river. The sleeves of his worn flannel shirt were rolled up to the elbows of his muscular arms. The buttons were missing from the neck-band, exposing a brawny chest. His trousers were hitched up by a broken suspender knotted together, and a nail took the place of a button. He looked inexpressibly forlorn and desolate.

Turilla's heart was still thrilling with the song of the bird. She grasped a bunch of sweetbrier and held it out to him over the rail of the porch.

"Seems to me I never smelt wild roses so sweet as this. I thought you might like to have some, Mr. Harkins; you seem kind o' lonely like," she said as he waded across the intervening space in his high fisherman's boots.

"That's mighty purty, Miss Dale, an' I'm much obleeged," he responded.

"I s'pose you come near bein' homesick up in that freezin' country sometimes," said Turilla, by way of conversation.

"Wall, neow, ye're about right, Miss Dale. I reckon I ben't jest over it yit. I s'pose you've heerd as how I didn't hev no luck, an' it makes a feller feel kind o' down in the mouth to set an' think on't."

The first exchange of courtesies over, it was easier for Eliphalet to forego his fear of womankind. Often in the warm twilights he and his neighbor talked across the waterway, but he never ventured to approach nearer.

A week after the return of the argonauts, Ned Guscom and Crypty Mullet were married. Ned fitted up a brand new house-boat, which he anchored beneath a beetling cliff of the mighty Columbia; and here, beside the fish-wheel, the young couple set up their family altar.

The Flinnegans shook the drippings of Scowtown from their feet, as it were, and became domiciled in a pretentious two-story house with an attic, which, as Mrs. Flinnegan said, was "fine for dryin' clothes in the rainy season."

Eliphalet Harkins turned back to his old trade, and for some months his scow was vacant. At the beginning of the close season he brought his fishing-gear into winter quarters, and employed himself cruising in his stout rowboat for drift-logs, which supplied the winter fuel of Scowtown.

"Seems like ye're lookin' peart as a gal, Turilly," he said one Sunday shortly after his return, as the two started out for a stroll. "I didn't sense it at fust, for I never see sech a change."

It was quite true. Turilla's faded brown eyes shone with a look of peace. Her wiry little body seemed to have rounded out its angles. Somehow, since that morning under the sweetbrier, it had all been different.

"La, 'Liphalet, I guess it's because I've got my new teeth!"

Turilla laughed happily. The little mirror on her wall reflected many beaming glances cast upon those three beautiful gold teeth. A dentist had broken the law of his cult, and began to advertise for customers. She had heard of it, and had taken advantage of a special offer at almost nominal rates.

Turilla guided Eliphalet's steps to the path of happy memory. Many times her feet had trodden it alone, even stopping for service in the little church, where the young minister had given her cordial greeting. The rose petals had long since fallen, and in their places were great clusters of scarlet hips. The ferns and grasses were brown and dusty, and on its green stem the goldenrod was preparing a requiem to summer. The larks, too, were busy with their broods and no note was heard. But in Turilla's heart the bird sang on as ever.

III.

ELIPHALET and Turilla sat hand in hand on the stoop of the little scow.

It was all settled now. They had decided that it was not too late.

"Ye see, Turilly," he was saying, "I done fust-rate with the fishin' this season, though I was late gittin' started. An' now Ned Guscom's gone an' offered me a job steady helpin' him with his fish-wheel. I'll jest build a new boat this winter, an' next spring we'll move her up to the fishin' grounds. An' I vum, Turilly," he added, suddenly bringing his free hand down upon his knee, "sence you're so set on them birds, we'll name her the Lark's Nest, an' I'll paint it on in big letters." He rubbed his shaggy head in gleeful astonishment at the brilliance of his idea. "There's no end o' medder larks an' all kinds o' birds an' bresh up thar, an' I guess ye kin take it easy fer a spell, little woman!"

Turilla's toil-marked fingers rested in Eliphalet's horny palm for a long time. Then she broke the silence.

"It's a real Thanksgivin' Day for us, 'Liphalet."

The period with which Eliphalet closed this sentence could be heard over the quiet waters to the fourth scow.

Do Americans Love to be Humbugged?

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE THEORY POPULARLY ATTRIBUTED TO THE LATE P. T. BARNUM, THOUGH HE DID NOT ACT ON IT HIMSELF, HAS CAUSED ENDLESS LOSS AND DISAPPOINTMENT TO THE KEEN AND CRAFTY FOREIGNER WHO CROSSES THE ATLANTIC IN SEARCH OF EASILY-WON DOLLARS.

IT is doubtful if any American saying ever made a deeper impression on foreigners, or cost them more money, than Barnum's famous utterance about the public "loving to be humbugged." At this very day thousands of keen and crafty Frenchmen and Italians are planning new assaults on transatlantic pocket-books, and chuckling as they whisper—the wily finger on the shrewd nose the while—that a people which really enjoys being humbugged must offer a splendid field for the exercise of the Latin genius. It is this saying, oft repeated on both sides of the ocean, which has bred the tradition that New York's fashionable society is composed exclusively of millionaires whose chief delight is to pay large sums of money for goods of inferior quality. Many is the fool who has sacrificed the hoardings of a lifetime to his faith in this absurd theory.

New York has recently witnessed the failure of several enterprises which were founded on this very delusion. Although some sprang from native wits, there was a foreign flavor in nearly all.

There was, for example, a certain fakir from the far east who, having been employed in a celebrated Fifth Avenue restaurant, persuaded himself that Americans would pay absurdly high prices for anything that was offered to them under the halo of a fashionable location. On the strength of this belief he opened a rice and curry shop not far from the establishment which had been the scene of his former labors. For many weeks he and his dusky suite sat within the doors of their pagoda, patiently waiting for the great tide of fashionable custom that never came. Relying entirely upon the knowledge of American life and character which he had gained through his experience in preparing oriental food for the occidental palate, too wise to seek the counsel of Americans familiar with

the business of conducting restaurants, and too cunning to associate himself with any person of ability and experience, he wasted the savings of his life in an attempt to sell New Yorkers what they did not want for a great deal more than it was worth. It would be interesting to learn if he still nurses the belief that New Yorkers love to be humbugged.

"MRS. PLAYBORN'S JOSS-HOUSE."

Another recent attempt on the same lines was the establishment of a theater for the exclusive use of that mysterious and nebulous body known as New York's "four hundred." In this case it was a little company of American speculators who proved the worthlessness of the popular theory by the loss of their money and the increase of their knowledge. The theater was planned and managed by "society people," which was of course a great recommendation in the eyes of playgoers. Its entertainment was to begin at nine o'clock in the evening, in order that the other "society people" might have time to dine at their leisure and still not miss even the opening strains of the orchestra. It was believed, moreover, that this fashionable hour, together with the extra price demanded for tickets, would keep out the undesirable element, which, not being fashionable, goes to the theater to see the play, and not for purposes of conversation and self-advertisement.

To the believers in the Barnum superstition, the scheme seemed an admirable one, and the press rendered valuable aid with innumerable columns of free advertising. Some of this advertising, indeed, which was printed the day after the opening of the house and described the worthless entertainment which had been offered to the "society people" for two dollars and a half a seat, was not of the kind that theatrical managers generally regard as valuable. Possibly the general tenor of

these criticisms kept the millionaires away from the box office, for throughout the entire term of its existence the "four hundred" were represented by a forlorn band of dudes who were suspected of having some pecuniary interest in the venture.

But for some curious reason, although the millionaires kept away from the "society playhouse" as persistently as if it had been infected with yellow fever, everybody who could not afford two dollars and a half for a seat conceived a violent longing for the free tickets which were given out in blocks. Night after night the house was filled with men and women in rented evening clothes, dressmakers' and milliners' apprentices, and typewriters and telephone girls with their "steadies." For once the ancient theatrical maxim that it is impossible to give away seats for a bad show was upset, and the house did a fine free business so long as it remained open. Moreover, it brought one clever entertainer into the white light of popular fame, so that its projectors cannot be said to have labored wholly in vain.

A GREAT ACTRESS' MISTAKE.

Signora Duse, one of the really great dramatic artists of the world, and one who has an enormous following in the United States, went back to Italy not very long ago after a season that yielded her very little money, but a great deal of valuable knowledge. She, too, thought that Americans were so eager to be humbugged that they would rise like so many trout at the worthless D'Annunzio plays which constituted her repertory. When she produced one of the most offensive of these plays in Sicily the citizens expressed their opinion of it by hurling the box cushions at the great actress whom they had previously adored, but that did not teach Signora Duse anything; for had not the great Barnum said that the American people loved to be humbugged? Therefore "La Città Morta" was an admirable play for her American tour. Her admirers here persistently stayed away from the D'Annunzio plays, but when at last, yielding to the advice of her managers, she gave a performance of that great play "Magda," the Metropolitan Opera House contained one of the largest, most appre-

ciative, and most enthusiastic audiences that has ever gathered within its walls.

NOT A NATION OF FOOLS.

Any foreigner who may have in contemplation some scheme for placing on the American market inferior goods at a high price should consider certain facts. To begin with, nearly every one of our millionaires owes his wealth to the fact that he has gone through life making good bargains, and good bargains only, and fighting shy of those who desired to charge a double price for inferior goods. It is true that rich men patronize places of fashionable resort where the prices charged savor rather of brigandage than commerce, but there is not one of these places that does not give something extremely good for the money. This is notably true of grand opera and of certain New York restaurants; in the one the best of music is to be heard, and in the other there is the finest food, cooked to perfection and beautifully served in luxurious surroundings. These last named establishments make money, but no history of the town would be complete that did not contain a record of the dozens of restaurants which have sprung up as competitors of the successful ones, and which have gone down in hopeless wreck on that awful shoal of ignorance where lies hidden the delusion that Americans love to be swindled.

There is another circumstance which has a direct bearing on this matter, because it relates to the late P. T. Barnum himself, the author of the saying that has emptied so many pocketbooks. Barnum himself never really humbugged the public. On the contrary, he gave them more entertainment for the money than any other showman that ever lived, and made his success by doing so. This is true even of his confessed fakes, like the woolly horse and the cherry-colored cat. His patrons found these harmless frauds infinitely more diverting than many of the serious-minded animals brought at great cost from far distant climes.

In fact, even when he admittedly humbugged the American public, P. T. Barnum gave them full measure of genuine entertainment.

ENVOY.

THE play was over, and the Fool
In sorrow did repine;
While he who masked as Tragedy
Kept tryst with Columbine!

Charlotte Becker.

A Special Treatment.

HOW INCOMPETENCE BROUGHT SUCCESS WHERE SCIENCE AND COMPETENCE FAILED.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

"RANKEN, my lad, 'twas done finely—finely!" said Dr. MacDonald.

The great Scottish surgeon selected one of his ill-smelling cheroots from a pigeon-hole in his desk and puffed luxuriously. Young Ranken did not take pains to conceal his pride. He had performed, unaided, his first MacDonald operation; in all New York there were no more than half a dozen surgeons who would attempt the hazardous ordeal; and praise from the Chief seemed to Ranken the very pinnacle of his success.

"I will speak to the superintendent," went on MacDonald. "You shall have the best nurse in my hospital. What's your patient's name—Mrs. Plidgett?"

"Yes," said Dr. Ranken; "but the superintendent has already assigned a nurse. I am to have"—here he scowled at his own hesitation—"we're to have Miss Vining."

"You shall have the Winterroth girl," replied the other emphatically, and pressed an electric bell. "We want none of your lady altruists on guard after the MacDonald operation. Give me the nurse who must earn her living, and, for choice, the girl with a big wrist and a bony face. We will have Winterroth." Then, to an attendant at the door: "Ask Miss Tillotson if she will be so good."

"Miss Tillotson assigned Miss Vining at my suggestion," said the young surgeon, rising. "You see I thought—"

"Take no risks," interrupted the chief, good-natured, but obstinate. "Your patient must rally quickly or not at all. She must be made to determine to get well, and to do it. Miss Vining's not good at the sweaty, hour to hour nursing work." The Scotsman grinned somewhat unpleasantly through a cloud of smoke. "Your suggestion, eh? She's a handsome young lady, Ranken! Perhaps—"

Ranken laughed, and passed into the corridor. Opposite the private office was the reception room, and wavering behind the green portières was the figure of Gaius Plidgett. The patient's husband

was a stooping, slight man with an uncertain mouth and sparse flaxen hair plastered over his head.

"Dear friend," said he to Ranken, "may I see the sufferer? My poor companion! My heroic Arabella!"

"The outlook is splendid," answered Ranken kindly, "if Mrs. Plidgett will only help herself. There is no objection to your seeing her. Come this way, Mr. Plidgett."

Gaius, creaking on tiptoes, followed the doctor up the narrow stair. At the head of the first flight they met a nurse outside the door of a patient's room—Number Eighteen. The surgeon nodded significantly at the door. Mr. Plidgett steadied himself against the banisters and tried to recollect the poetry which he had chosen as appropriate for his wife's comfort. But Ranken was in no hurry. He turned to the nurse.

"I'm disappointed about this," said he. "The Chief has made a change. He—he thinks that Miss Winterroth is specially adapted to the case."

Miss Vining straightened her shoulders and caught her breath for the fraction of a second.

"I'm disappointed, too," she responded bravely. "It's for the best, I dare say. But at least I may congratulate you—and wish you luck?"

"Thank you," said the doctor, meeting her eyes. "Now, Mr. Plidgett."

II.

NOTWITHSTANDING her cheerful smile, disappointment seemed a serious thing to Rosamond Vining as she descended to the nurses' dining-room in the basement of Dr. MacDonald's private hospital. Disappointment, unlike wine, does not mellow with age; Miss Vining had drunk deep of it since she abandoned Fifth Avenue cotillions and Newport and Palm Beach in favor of the profession of trained nurse.

The dining-room was empty. Rosamond leaned her elbows on a sideboard and stared at her proud, fair face in the mirror.

"Young fool!" said she. "Your father prophesied that you'd lose your ambition—and you haven't. Your mother prophesied that you'd lose your health—and you haven't. Your brother prophesied that you'd fall in love—well, what did you prophesy, young fool? You prophesied that you'd succeed—and you haven't."

She sighed wearily, and sat down at the deserted table. Somehow the dining-room reminded her of that hateful luncheon at the Van Schencks' nearly a year ago. It had happened about a fortnight after she entered the hospital. Julia Van Schenck insisted upon her coming, although, when she left the training-school, Rosamond meant to banish herself from luncheons and all that sort of thing. Next to her at the Van Schencks' table sat Dr. Ranken, who only that morning had been obliged to condemn Miss Vining's awkwardness with an antiseptic spray. To make matters worse, Julia detailed odious reminiscences of Miss Vining's previous career of coquetry, when she was known as Rosamond the Heart-Breaker. Apparently Dr. Ranken was merely amused and surprised to find her there, but what must this square-jawed young surgeon really think of an inefficient nurse who would waste her time with such frivolous people as the Van Schenck set? Ranken was to her the personification of all that is masterful, earnest, and manly.

Hugh Ranken's real opinion of Miss Vining need not be set down here. It was quite unprofessional.

Thereafter they met only in the hospital. He handled the situation with praiseworthy tact; he forced no interviews; he treated her with no less and no more consideration than the other nurses. Once, however, when he happened to speak to her of his prospect of operating in the Plidgett case, there was in his voice a personal appeal for interest which she could not resist.

"I am delighted at your success," Rosamond acknowledged; "for of course you will succeed."

"It will mean a great deal to me if I do," he said. "The case has attracted so much attention already. Perhaps"—hesitating—"you'd like the experience, Miss Vining? If so, I'll have you assigned."

She could only thank him and hurry away, for fear of betraying herself. Her soul was filled with happiness at his confidence in her. And now!

"Rosamond the Heart-Breaker!" she groaned in the basement dining-room.

"Rosamond the Incompetent, rather! Was ever a name so mean and despicable?"

A servant knocked on the door. Miss Vining went up-stairs and was appointed to the care of a convalescent and dreadfully uninteresting stock-broker in Room Nineteen.

III.

MRS. PLIDGETT lay on her back, intoxicated with the comfort of her sick-room. Seldom in her life had she been so comfortable, never so important. The spotless linen, the constant care, the delicate food, were unprecedented luxuries, and, to top all, she was waited on by a woman trained to pursue her every wish. Mrs. Plidgett's wildest dreams had never included a lady's maid.

"The appointed time is nearly up, my beloved," said her husband, sitting at her bedside. "A week after the operation, according to the physician, should mark your recovery."

"I guess not," said Mrs. Plidgett languidly. She had no intention of recovering so soon. There would be no alcohol baths in Morton Center, and no breakfasts in bed. "Give me my palm-leaf fan, Miss Winterroth," she commanded. "Ain't there no chicken sanwidges this morning?"

"But you must make an effort, Arabella. The doctor said this lethargy—"

"Oh, it's no use talking, Gaius," expostulated the invalid fretfully. "I ain't goin' to get well yet. I can't hoist a finger—you got no notion how I feel."

Her husband sighed, and retreated so hastily that just outside the door he almost ran into somebody. He sidled away with a gasp of apology, and Arabella lifted her head from the pillow. On the threshold was a beautiful young lady, gloved and hatted for the street, blushing a little in her confusion, and altogether unlike anybody in Morton Center. In her belt she wore a cluster of red carnations.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Plidgett," she said, unconsciously bestowing one of the glances that had perturbed better men than Gaius.

"It was my fault, ma'am," he returned, pink in his embarrassment.

"Perhaps the fault of both of us," she said, smiled politely, and resumed her way along the corridor.

"That's that Miss Vining!" said Mrs. Plidgett sharply. "What's she doin' round here, I wonder? She don't look

like no nurse, anyhow—and where are you goin', Gaius?"

Her husband had vanished. Mrs. Plidgett raised herself energetically on an elbow and peered into the shadowy passage.

IV.

HER amorous stock-broker had forced the carnations upon Miss Vining after she excused herself from accompanying him on his afternoon drive. Exasperated by his idiocy, Rosamond planned a long tramp through the park. While she was standing on the steps of the hospital, the door rattled and Dr. Ranken appeared. She moved to the rail, but he halted.

"You are walking?" said he.

"No," said Miss Vining promptly. "I'm just going around the corner to the nurses' boarding-house."

"You look out of sorts. Try a dozen blocks on the avenue. I'll go with you—as your medical adviser, if Miss Tillotson raises the point. Your superintendent is mighty on the proprieties."

Miss Vining relented, they set out, and "How is the case?" she inquired.

"We've done our best, Miss Winterroth and I, but——"

The surgeon's lips tightened expressively. Rosamond the Incompetent perceived that here was a man whom failure insulted, like a slap in the face.

"You don't mean there is danger?" said she.

"Serious danger. The poor woman doesn't try to get better. Perhaps it's a question of temperament, but how can you stir a dull, emotionless creature like that? You see, she won't do her share."

"Oh, if I could only do *my* share!" interposed Rosamond, and could have bitten her tongue out. "I don't wonder you're surprised," she proceeded, with a nervous laugh. "Shall we turn here?"

"I shall be heart-broken to lose the case," said Ranken slowly, half to himself. "It means everything to me—everything. I wish Mrs. Plidgett could get her mind outside the four walls of her room. Miss Winterroth is a very expert nurse, but somehow—well, there's no sense in worrying."

Rosamond stopped at the nurses' lodging-house. Her own abiding-place was a rear alcove, cut off by a screen from the narrow parlor. She entered noiselessly, so as not to disturb the night nurses sleeping in the neighboring beds. From beyond the screen drifted the sound of a conversation, hushed but excited.

"'I won't have her flirting with my husband'—those were her very words to Miss Tillotson," said one of the pair of nurses in the parlor; "and Mrs. Plidgett talked so loud I couldn't help hearing. My, she was mad, and her voice was just as strong!"

"What a crazy fancy! As if Miss Vining would——"

"Oh, I ain't sure," sniffed the other. Rosamond knew her—a disagreeable girl with a clattering tongue. "You can't tell about these swell ones. But won't old Tillie drag her over the coals, though? Do you remember Victorine Smith and that drummer?"

Rosamond's cheeks were on fire. She slipped out and hastened to the hospital, and had her hand on the knob of the superintendent's door before her indignation granted her a breathing-space. Then she realized that her pride would never allow her to discuss this ridiculous scandal with anybody. Even if officially arraigned before Miss Tillotson, could she, Rosamond Vining, condescend to defend herself against such an insinuation? Most decidedly no! Let people think what they chose. She smiled grimly, and saw Miss Winterroth emerging from the telephone closet at the end of the hall.

"How is your patient?" she asked.

No one must guess her knowledge of Mrs. Plidgett's spiteful nonsense.

"I have been telephoning Dr. Ranken," said the nurse. "There is an unaccountable improvement, more activity, more pulse—oh, yes, we may pull through."

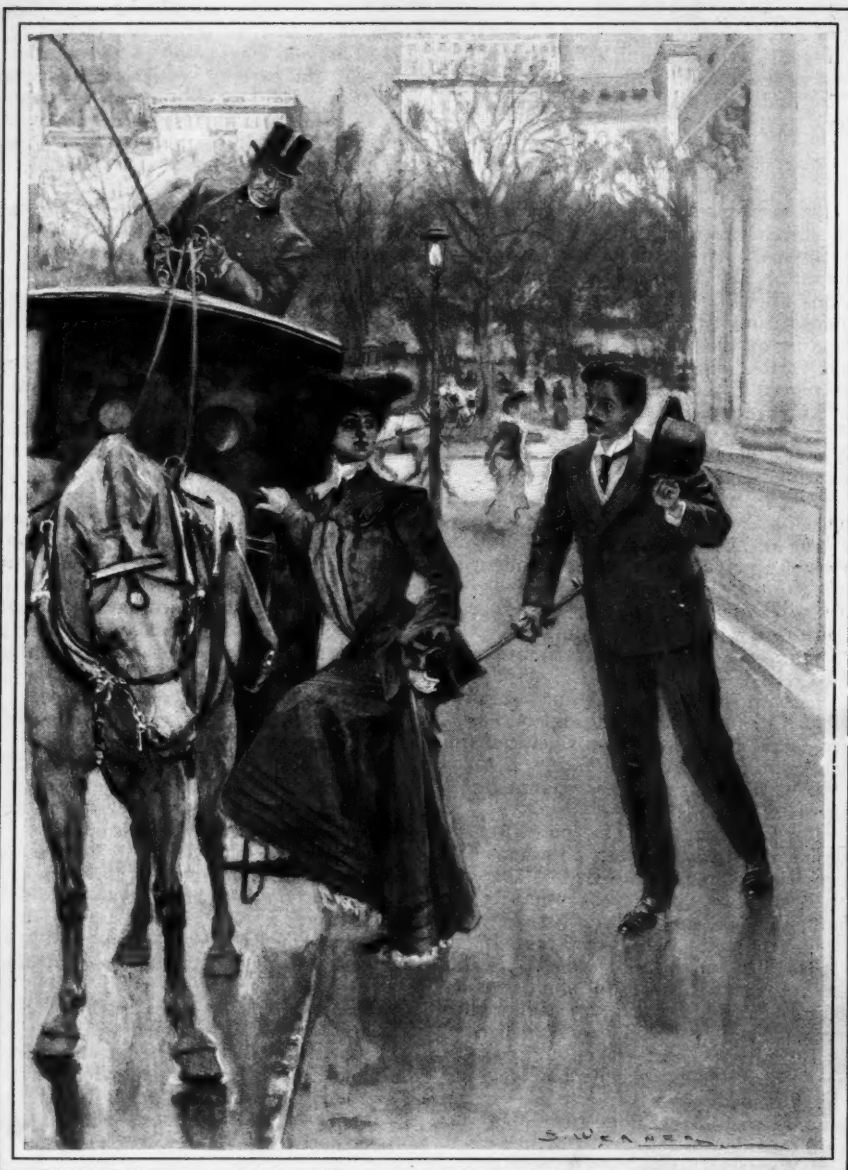
Improvement—activity! Rosamond tried to consider reasonably, but in spite of her efforts a fantastic notion engulfed her, as might a wave. She was struggling against it when a perverse fate sent Mr. Plidgett into view at the foot of the stairs.

"Are you looking for something, Mr. Plidgett?" said Rosamond sweetly.

A few minutes later the unsuspecting husband visited his wife's apartment with a red carnation blazing in his lapel like a danger signal. Mrs. Plidgett was propped on a bed-rest. Her eyes were extraordinarily penetrating; a novel light in them made Gaius quail before he fairly knew what it signified.

V.

"I KNOW well what you've come to my office for," asserted Dr. MacDonald heartily. "The Plidgett woman is reported up and about. You've come to be congratulated. Accordingly, I do it."



"I'M OFF TO THE VAN SCHENCKS'. PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE GLORIOUS END OF MY CAREER?"

"She took a quick turn," said Ranken. "Often when they make up their minds to it, bang comes the vitality." The Chief paused and rolled his cigar in his teeth. "But what helped out your surgery? I'll wager, Ranken, 'twas just a wee nudge of the green-eyed monster."

"Eh?"

"Jealousy, my boy. The husband philanders with the nurse too much for the good wife's peace."

"Plidgett and Miss Winterroth!" exclaimed Ranken. "By George, we must call in an oculist for the little man!"

Dr. MacDonald wrinkled his forehead into a sudden frown.

"No, not Winterroth," he said. "Miss Vining—your fine lady, if you please."

"But she couldn't—it's too insane to suppose——" stammered Ranken.

"Miss Tillotson warned her twice, I'm told," said the other idly. "The pretty fool laughed in her face and persisted. Well, Tillie sent her packing, so there's one less incompetent in the nursing business. Have you read that man Bennet's new treatise on the cerebellum?"

Ranken was not disposed to talk about the cerebellum. His own brain was outraged by the absurdity of Miss Vining's plight. What in the world could it mean? He made his way to the street, and found Rosamond in the very act of mounting into a hansom. She shook hands with him over the apron of the cab.

"Good-by!" she said gaily enough, although her voice fluttered now and then. "I'm off to the Van Schencks'. Perhaps you've—you've heard about the glorious end of my career?"

"Why, yes," Ranken admitted. "I needn't say how shamefully false I——"

"Oh, it's quite true! At keeping a clinical chart I'm a failure, but as a flirt I'm a consistent success. All my friends will tell you so. Ask dear Mr. Plidgett. Now, driver!"

Her defiant flippancy hurt Ranken even more than he knew. But Rosamond knew, furtively watching the set of his mouth; and thereupon she weakened, which was a process much against her will.

"Dr. Ranken," she added, "was Mrs. Plidgett's mind pushed outside the four walls of her room? Did she stir up an emotion? Did she—what are you doing?" For Ranken had wrenched open the apron of the hansom and was swinging on the step.

"Look here," he began hotly, "if you got into this silly mess just to help my doctoring, you must tell me why your pride wouldn't let you explain, and why you—oh, drive on!" he yelled through the roof. "And drive slow!"

VI.

On the day of the announcement, Julia Van Schenck boasted that she saw it all that forenoon when Rosamond and Ranken drove up in the cab together. But Ranken maintained that he had not dared to propose until Gaius Plidgett had left the field and departed with his wife—who was now fully restored to health—to Morton Center.

A BALLADE OF OUR DREAMS.

GRAY the cope of the sky may gloom;
Sullen the winds in the pines may roar;
Loud the billows may break and boom
Down the reach of the reefy shore;
In the aisles that were glad of yore
Mournful tunes may the Pan-pipes play—
Distance echo them o'er and o'er—
In our dreams it is always May!

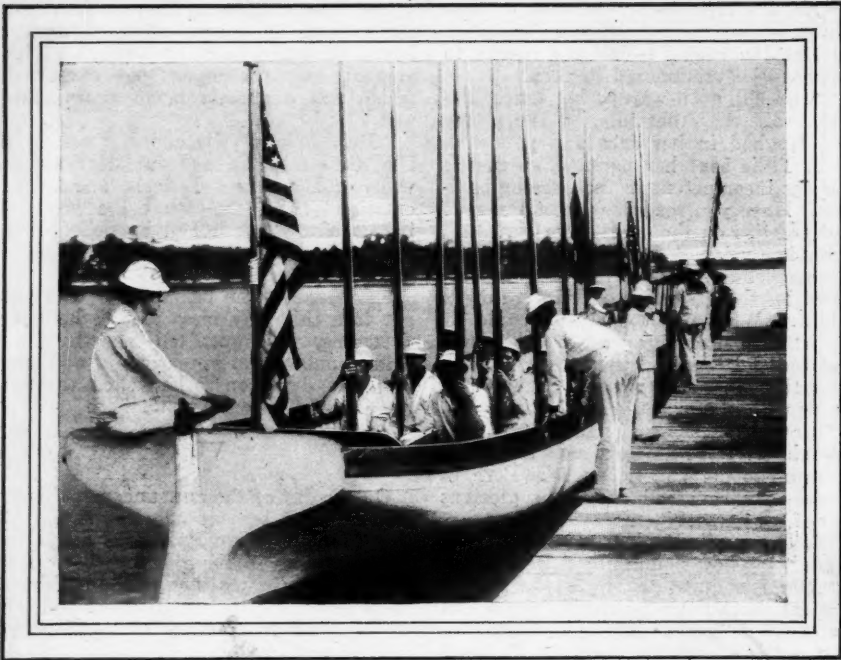
Not a wafture of soft perfume
That the breeze of the springtime bore,
Not a shred from the vernal loom—
Web that earth at her bridal wore—
May be left for our treasure store;
Birds may cease from their lyric lay;
Yet, while deeply our hearts deplore,
In our dreams it is always May!

Love, who fashioned a world of bloom,
May grow wizened and bent and hoar;
Joy may lie in the lonely tomb,
And grief may brood by the shattered door;
Hope that beckoned so bright before
May have lost every rainbow ray;
Yet, in spite of all sorrow sore,
In our dreams it is always May!

ENVOY.

Prince, we learn from life's varied lore
Youth is a fair but a fleeting day;
Yet, though it pass to be known no more,
In our dreams it is always May?

Clinton Scollard.



BOAT DRILL ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE, INDIANA.

An Inland Naval School.

BY L. ROBINSON GIGNILLIAT.

HOW YOUNG LANDLUBBERS OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES LEARN SEAMANSHIP ON AN INDIANA LAKE—A TRAINING THAT TEACHES DISCIPLINE AND GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH, EVEN IF ITS GRADUATES NEVER GO TO SEA.

AT first thought, a prairie fire at sea seems scarcely less incongruous than a nautical school in the center of a middle Western State. And yet, just as a man can drown in a bath-tub, if he wants to, so can navigation be taught, theoretically at least, in a desert; and it requires no very large expanse of water on which to learn to handle a boat. At least, so they think at Culver, on Lake Maxinkuckee, Indiana, and it would seem that Uncle Sam agrees with them, for he has sent them some of his expensive man-of-war cutters for use on their little inland training-ground.

If you should happen to see these Hoosier lads at drill, you would not only be attracted by the unexpectedness of

this sort of thing on a Western lake, but equally would you note the business-like and seamanly air with which they discharge such unaccustomed duties as that of manning oars and halyards. They are taught how to box the compass and shoot the sun, and whatever else a navigator should know in order that he may take his vessel with certainty to any port.

THE VALUE OF NAVAL TRAINING.

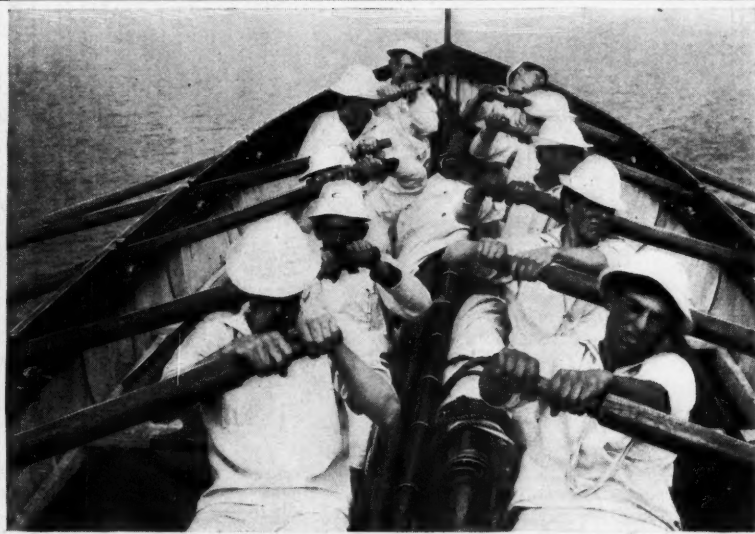
What is the use of all this? It is good work in many ways. Even if they never take to sea for a livelihood—and most of them probably will not—they will make good officers for the naval militia; they will diffuse interest and information on maritime subjects in districts where



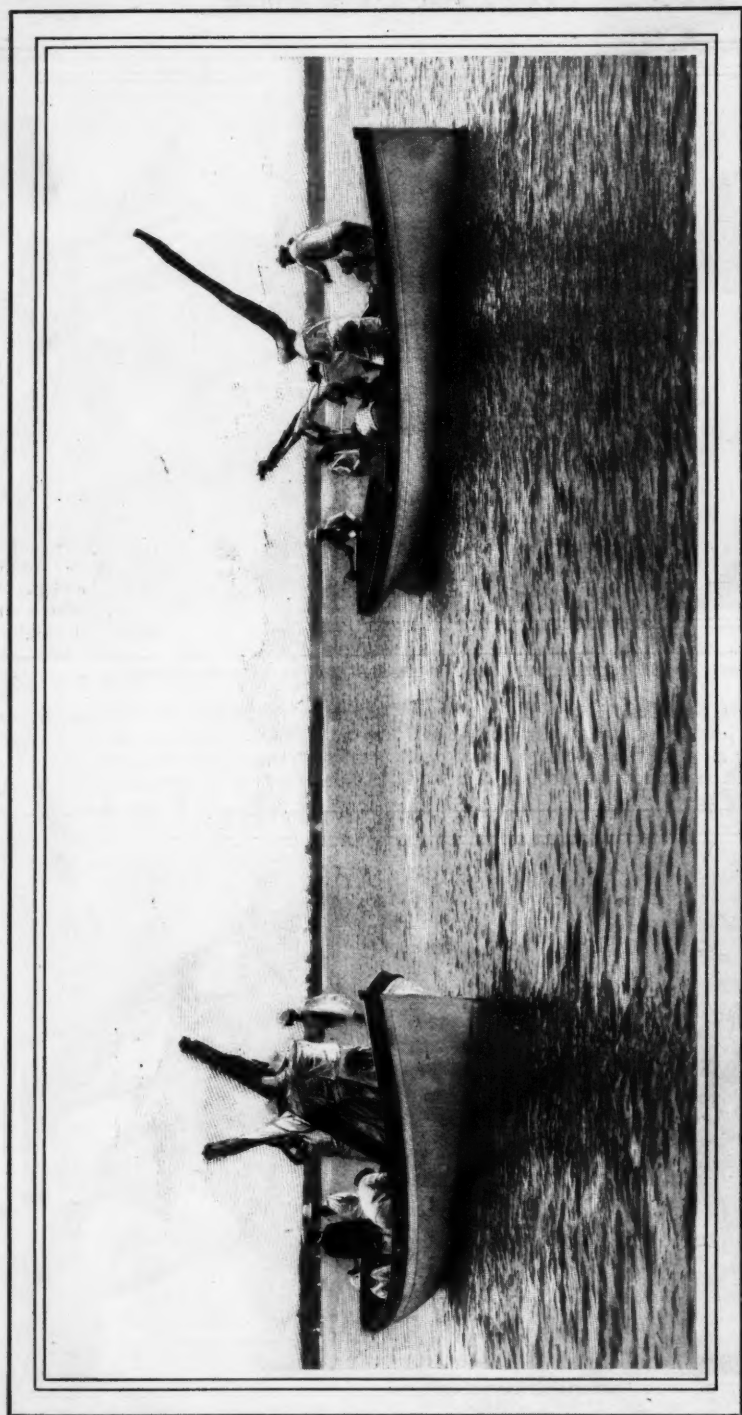
ONE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY CUTTERS IN USE ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE.

this is most needed; they will know how to swim, how to handle an oar, how to sail a boat. Best of all, perhaps, they will take with them from school health and

strength that no desultory exercise could give. There would not be so many advertisements of physical culturists if the American people were not waking up to



EVERY BOY BENDS TO HIS OAR AS IF HIS LIFE DEPENDED UPON HIS CUTTER BEING FIRST.



"UP MASTS!"—THE NAVAL CUTTERS ARE FITTED WITH TWO MASTS, WHICH ARE SHIPPED AND UNSHIPPED AT COMMAND.

the fact that the body, as well as the mind, should be strong. Ten minutes a day, some of the health experts will tell you, is all that's needed. That amount will do you good, no doubt, but neither ten nor any other number of minutes can

give you such a constitution as may be acquired in boyhood by a thorough and scientific course of outdoor training. And the training is as interesting as it is beneficial. What could be more entirely to a normal boy's taste than the drill under sail, when the breeze keeps taut the shrouds and sends the crew up on windward, while the cool spray showers them over the gunwale?

On the four mile stretch of the lake at Culver the young landlubbers of the prairie learn to handle their boats with no small skill. When the day is squally, and catboats and sloops venture forth close-reefed or not at all, their broad-beamed cutters, shipping never a thimbleful of water, plough contemptuously through the angry whitecaps. At cutter drill, the lads don't belay their sheets. Hold one for a while when the breeze is tugging to get it away, and you'll get exercise that no pulley machines or newly discovered systems of physical culture can give you.

On the other hand, handling an oar is good exercise, it may be urged, but it soon gets tiresome, and where is your interest then? Steady rowing has its reward in muscle, and its interest and incentive in the race to the boat-house with which the drill concludes. It is a race that loses

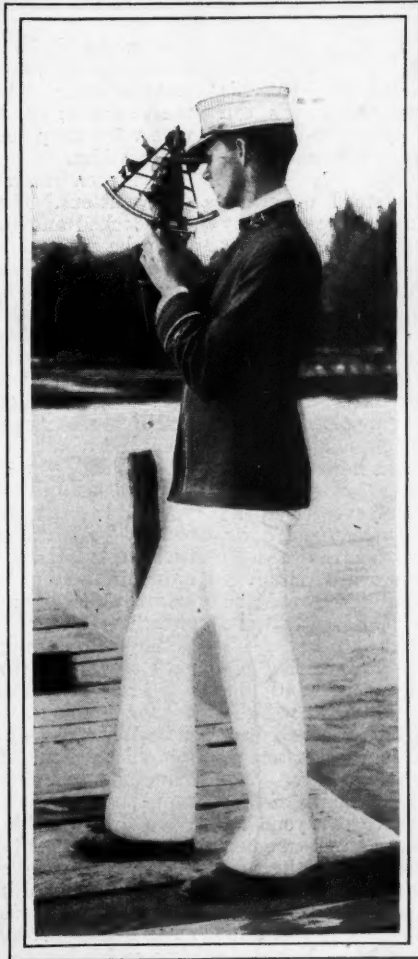
none of its zest by daily repetition. Each time every boy bends to his oar as if his life depended upon his cutter being first. At every stroke the boats jump through the water like things alive.

"Way enough!" commands the coxswain, and the eight or ten oars spring skyward as one, and are noiselessly laid inboard on the thwarts. The winning cutter glides into the boat-house perhaps but a length ahead of the other, is checked and speedily made ready to hoist, lest the closely following crew be first in this and after all win the race. Impelled by fast-moving arms, the chains hum through the cogs of the differential pulleys, the big boat rises quickly and steadily from the water, and the crew spring out exuberant over their victory.

The spirit of contest has turned hard work into play, and interest as well as exercise has done its part in converting energy into the strength and health that the body must have if the brain is to do its best.

If the inland naval school did nothing else, it would justify its existence by this alone. But it serves

other good ends as well. It undoubtedly contributes to awaken interest in the navy—the navy which, as President Roosevelt has recently pointed out, must be a strong and efficient institution, supported by the patriotic enthusiasm of the entire nation, if it is to be ready at all times to play its part in the defense of the interests of the United States as a world power.



"SHOOTING THE SUN"—A CADET MEASURING THE SUN'S HEIGHT ABOVE THE HORIZON.

STORIETTES

The King's Son.

NONE bowed his head or bent his knee, although it was the king's son who walked there, his eyes proudly high, with men-at-arms before him and men-at-arms behind him.

Whatever those who stood on either hand might feel within their hearts, they dared not show smile or frown, dared not press forward, dared not draw backward. Like dumb and driven brutes they stood, looking with silence upon the passing of the king's son.

He walked before them, men-at-arms before him, men-at-arms behind him, and his glance never fell or faltered. At his side the lady walked, supported by his arm; her cloak swept close about her. Her lips were white, and her eyes were black with a horrible fear, but the king's son knew no fear—no, not even when the horse of the third bridge clanged down behind them; not even when the men-at-arms fell back in the courtyard; not even when the man with the torch and the jailer with the keys appeared at the postern door.

The man with the torch went first because the passage was dark, and the water trickling on the walls had wet the floor in places. The king's son half carried the lady, who was faint with terror. The jailer came last with the keys.

So they all measured the length of that passage and of the staircase beyond it, and of the second passage that stretched at the foot of the staircase. At the further end of the way they halted where a heavy door hung on its stone-set hinges. The jailer pressed by them in the narrow blackness, and found a huge key with much jangling of others that swung from the same ring. Then the door opened and they all four walked within.

It was a long, low chamber, with barrel vaulting of great hewn blocks above. Four small barred windows were set so high that none might ever attain them, and besides the door of entrance there was another door, equally small and low and heavy.

The place had been made ready for their coming; clean straw was heaped in the corner, and fresh bread and water

were set beside it. The king's son looked carelessly on the straw and the bread and the water. Then he looked coldly on the two men; but his eyes became otherwise when they fell on the lady leaning against him.

The torch-bearer and the jailer turned and went out. The door was closed, and they locked and barred its further side. Then he whose blood ruled on a throne sat down upon the straw, took the one he loved close to his bosom, and kissed some color into her lips and some fright out of her eyes. She raised herself somewhat, bound her arms around his neck, and drew a long and sobbing breath.

"For yet a little while we are together," she moaned. "Ah, the worst, the worst of all, is yet to come!"

The king's son laughed softly while he caressed her lips and hair.

"So little courage," he murmured fondly, "so little strength to bear a few hard weeks! Canst forget the mark of the crown in our hands so easily? How can prison walls endure for us? Take hope, sweetheart!"

But she only trembled and hid her face yet closer to his throat.

"Smile thou must," he continued; "if not for thine own self, smile thou must for me. While we bide here thou must take the place for me of hawk and hound, of helm and harrying; needs must thou smile then."

He drew a little back and held her a little off, so that her wet eyes and sweet, quivering mouth were discovered to his gaze. She looked at him and smiled so faintly that it rippled her face like a passing shadow; and then he folded her close on his heart again.

Night came to the dungeon an hour before it came to the world, and dawn came an hour later. With the coming of the second dawn, the jailer entered and drew a line on the earth floor from side to side of the place. Afterwards men came with stones and began to lay them along the line.

The king's son sat on the straw and watched the laying of the stones; the lady, lying within his arm, watched, too. Her eyes were again black with a wild and terrible fear.



THE MAN WITH THE TORCH AND THE JAILER WITH THE KEYS APPEARED AT THE POSTERN DOOR.

"Tell me what ye build there," asked the king's son.

But they answered not.

"It is a wall to lie between your heart

and mine," the lady wailed. "As they lay each stone I feel its weight upon my soul!"

The king's son kissed her mouth still.

"On the hillside below," he said to the men, "there stands a tree hung thick. Ye know whereof I speak. When I walk free your bones shall hang there with the rest, an ye tell me not what you build."

The men worked on, but remained silent.

The lady wept afresh and most bitterly.

"Listen," said the king's son. "He who has the power to punish has other power, too. Each shall be a knight in my service and lord it in lands of his own, an ye answer me."

Then the men opened their mouths and showed him that they were mutilated—tongueless.

That night the lady was wild in her fear. She slept not.

The next day the wall rose higher; the next day it rose higher yet. It was one meter in width and without a door. The two on the straw watched its building in silence, but at night they talked until sleep overpowered their words.

The fourth night the wall stretched its cold strength between them, and the king's son, standing with his face pressed hard against it, knew that she whom he loved sobbed comfortless beyond his reach.

It was the autumn then, and the winter was long and cold and dark. The straw on the floor grew thin as the damp on the walls grew thick. He who slept on the straw had little to cheer him and much to bow his bravery. Beyond the wall he might not know, and the thought was agony. Each piercing night, each dark and gloomy day, his heart was freshly riven with anguish. Sometimes he could hear sounds in the world without, but they were as naught to his ears. He craved one whisper from the silence that lay so close to him.

The spring came on apace, and made his hours of light into days. In the still night he could divine the sound of birds in the world beyond.

Then summer was abroad in the land, and its morning had a sunbeam which for a few minutes of each day came in and rested by the king's son. He watched its glory, and prayed that another even brighter was entering beyond the dividing wall.

Then there was a noise—an exceeding noise—in the hall, and the locks on his door were rattled and jarred with impatience. The door swung on its stone-set hinges, and a tumult of men pressed into the room, dropped on their knees, and hailed him by his father's title.

He stood there, and neither his worn

raiment nor his unshaven beard made him look any less than royal. Only his eyes passed over them all and sought his jailer, who trembled in the background of the strange scene.

"The lady lives?" the new-made king asked him.

"Yes, sire."

"It is to her that we must go," and they rose, and stood back for him to pass before them.

The jailer unbolted and unbarred that second door, and it opened to their eyes.

The king went first, his heart quite still and choked. She sat on her stool, her face uplifted toward the light, and the sunbeam was reflected in her eyes, which bore no shadow of fears or tears, as in the earlier time.

He who loved her held out his arms and looked to see her spring toward him; but she only smiled, and, opening her long blue cloak, looked down upon what she covered there.

Then, as if the stone prison was an altar and the lady an enthroned Madonna, they all sank down and bowed their heads.

And they bowed their heads and bent their knees because he whom she held in her arms was the king's son.

Tryntje Du Bois.

At the Dolls' Hospital.

BEHIND the counter on one side of the little shop, Mademoiselle sat and made paper candle-shades with such swiftness that only the expert could have guessed that she was making them all wrong. Behind the counter on the other side, Monsieur stood on a step-ladder, and, with an air of great industry, removed plates and cups from a high shelf. Monsieur did not look across the shop. His absorption enabled Mademoiselle to drop, unnoticed, a large tear upon a pink tissue rose.

It was a tear of rage, of anxiety, of misunderstanding, not a tear of sorrow, Mademoiselle assured herself. Let the man move his goods and chattels, since he wished to do so! Doubtless she could find another tenant to share her little shop with her. Of course she had been foolish to sign the lease of it alone; but who could have foreseen that Miss Morton, the milliner, would so soon have failed in business and withdrawn her hats from the window and her rental from her landlady's purse? And how lucky she had been, she, Mademoiselle, known before the days of the young French cabinet-maker and china-mender merely as Miss

Maguire—how lucky she had been that he desired to take Miss Morton's place!

Now he was going to leave, after seven months. His reasons were doubtless excellent. It seemed a little unjust that his manner should imply blame and reproach to her. Why should he have announced with such bitter emphasis that he was going to take a shop either alone or with a man? It was nothing to her; she only hoped he would be satisfied! But no man would be so kind to him, she was willing to wager. No man would help him to display his wares so generously, or would advertise him with such warmth and guilelessness among customers.

Another tear fell, and peared a white rose. M. Dumond took the occasion to drop a Bunker Hill plate confided to him for repair, and to break it beyond hope.

"Ah!" cried Miss Maguire in quick, forgetful sympathy. But an elevated train roared by, and Monsieur did not hear.

Before the crowded window of the little shop a child stood. The gorgeous paper things had drawn her eyes; now she was laboriously spelling the legends neatly set in white porcelain letters on one side and the other of the pane.

"A. Dumond, Art Treasures Repaired, Interior Decoration and Cabinet-Making, Dolls' Hospital," read one corner. "M. Maguire, Lamp-Shades, Favors, Dinner Cards, Etcetera," read the other.

Dolls' hospital! The eyes of the child, too hollow and too wise for her years, brightened. She spelled it through carefully once again, that there might be no mistake. Then she stooped, gave a tug at an untidy stocking, and sped westward.

"Mademoiselle," said M. Dumond, suddenly turning as the little girl left the window, "I do not wish you to misunderstand me that I leave so abruptly. I——"

"You were at liberty to leave when you pleased," said Miss Maguire proudly. "There was no contract."

"Contract!" M. Dumond's eyes showed scorn. "Does one then have to have a contract to keep one from putting a lady to trouble, from inconveniencing a woman?" There was much Gallic fire in his manner. "No, Mademoiselle, not in my land! I leave you—your shop—I disarrange your plans. I must, I will, pay rent until you have replaced me with a new tenant."

Miss Maguire had a Gallic fire of her own. It flamed over her face now.

"You must be crazy," she said briefly. "You signed no lease when I sublet half of the shop to you. You have given me

two weeks' notice. If I had needed the space, or had found a—a more advantageous tenant"—she held her head very erect and spoke in a very clear, high voice—"I should have asked you to move, and should not have paid your rent anywhere else. Our arrangement, M. Dumond, is purely a business one. Don't try to introduce charity into it."

"Purely a business one," acquiesced M. Dumond heavily.

"Purely a business one." The words dinned themselves into Miss Maguire's ears. She paid no further attention to the vague and rambling statements of her tenant as to his intentions. She glued a dragon-bedecked lamp-shade inside out in her abstraction. Truly men were a strange race! There was Bernard, now, whom she had known for so many years, who was in fact a sort of a cousin. How fond poor Bernard was of her, in spite of her indifference to him! How his voice had broken and his shoulders shaken the other night when she had told him that she did not, could not, would not, love him. Yes, would not! For the other night she had been glad to think that all her love was waiting for another's asking.

She had been touched by poor Bernard's pathos as they had stood in the narrow, dimly-lighted hallway of the barracks apartment house where the Maguires lived. She had put her kind hands on his shoulders, and had looked at him with eyes swimming with tears, and had begged him to forget her. And he had stooped and kissed her forehead—oh, it was all very sad and very romantic, like the play they had been seeing at the Harlem Opera House! And the very next morning M. Dumond, looking pale, had announced his intention to retire from the joint occupancy of the little shop.

Miss Maguire wished to bow her pretty, carefully coiffed head among the paper roses at the table at which she worked, and to weep. Wherefore she began to hum. It was a selection which the hand organs had familiarized to her; she thought it very beautiful and sad and passionate—the worn intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." And M. Dumond had taken her to hear that opera one never to be forgotten night!

The trains and cars were still for the moment. M. Dumond heard the refrain across the room. He seized his hat.

"I go, Mademoiselle," he said. "I go to my luncheon."

It was half past ten o'clock in the morning, but Miss Maguire made no comment upon that fact. She listened until



"I DON'T WANT A NEW DOLL. THIS IS MY OWN DOLL, AND I LOVE HER."

the door closed upon him. She waited until he should have reached the corner. Then she destroyed several dollars' worth of crape paper, and the labor of many days, as she wept unrestrainedly.

The bell in the door tinkled ineffectively. A child advanced a step or two with halting tread. Miss Maguire, peering from behind her screen, saw an untidy little figure and a wistful little face with

unkempt locks about it. She dried her eyes and advanced to her counter.

"Well?" she said, not too cordially.

"Please, ma'am, is this the dolls' hospital?" From beneath a tattered shawl of dingy black, which enveloped her shoulders, the child produced a doll. "Is this the dolls' hospital?" she asked again, holding the patient towards Miss Maguire.

Miss Maguire looked at it. One leg was gone, one kid hand reduced to fingerless pulp; the nose was rubbed to nothingness, the pink and white glory of color was gone, and dirt was gritted into the wax cheeks. Out of the wreck only the blue eyes shone with undiminished luster.

Miss Maguire had a kind heart bound up with her sentimentalities. For the moment she forgot how it ached, as she looked at the wretched toy held out in the dirty hand, red and raw from the cold.

"It is," she said, "but the doctor isn't in just now." Alas! And soon the mender of art treasures would be gone forever! "I think it would cost you less to buy a new one than to have that one mended."

"Cost? Ain't this a free hospital?"

The dismay in the old-young eyes was unmistakable. Miss Maguire's emotional nature responded swiftly.

"No, dearie," she said. "What made you think it was?"

"It was a free hospital where they took my mother."

"Oh!" The maker of candle-shades opened the door in the counter that railed her in.

"Come inside," she said, "and maybe, if you tell me something about yourself, I can get you a new doll."

"I don't want a new doll," said the child. "This is my own doll, and I love her."

The little girl held the insensate remnant of past glory close to her breast. The sentiment somehow found echo in Miss Maguire's soul.

"Your mother?" she said. "Did the doctors at the hospital make her well again?"

The child shook her head.

"That is why I wear mourning," she announced, touching the dingy black of her shawl. "And that is why I live with my aunt. She's trying to get me a place. She has too many children of her own."

"How old are you?"

"Eleven. Oh, I forgot! I must say I am fourteen, so as to be let work."

"If you will leave your doll," said Miss Maguire with determination, "it shall be mended for nothing—beautifully mended. Tell me your name and address. Lizzie Brown? All right. Come back to-morrow at the same time, Lizzie. Wait a minute. Don't you want an apple?"

Lizzie nodded hungrily. And that is how it happened that M. Dumond, returning from his hypothetical luncheon, found his fellow artist sitting in a rocker near the register, holding a dirty

little girl upon her lap, while in the little girl's arms a battered doll was clasped.

The sight was too much for the emotional little man.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you are all goodness, all kindness, all angel, all Madonna!" he burst forth. "No, no!" This as Miss Maguire struggled to put Lizzie upon the floor. "No, no! Let me ever think of you thus—kind, benignant! Ah, I meant to go away saying nothing; but my heart, it will burst if I do not speak! I leave this shop, this paradise, Mademoiselle, because I cannot live in sight of your beauty and goodness and not love it. No, no, I will not hush! I must speak. I loved, I hoped—so kind your way to me, I hoped, I, the presumptuous one, not knowing how you are kind to all! And then I see you are another's. What is there left for me but to leave your presence, to——"

"Another's?"

"Yes. Ah, Mademoiselle, many a night have I walked before your dwelling! And one night—the hall light, Mademoiselle, the glass door, they showed me——"

Miss Maguire burst into tearful laughter.

"Oh, Adolphe!" she cried joyfully. "It was poor Bernard, my cousin! Is that all?"

Lizzie Brown was unfamiliar with romance either in books or upon the stage. It will be some time before she fully comprehends why she lives in the Maguire flat, why she goes to school in the forenoons and spends her afternoons learning the intricacies of the crape paper manufacture and the subtleties of interior decoration in the shop of M. and Mme. Dumond.

At present her clearest conception of the situation is that her doll is restored to her in all its early splendor.

Katherine Hoffman.

The Call of the Quail.

THE quavering call of the quail reverberated through the darkening forest and across the clearing around the rude cabin where the reluctant corn, coaxed by the smiles of summer, cast glints of green athwart the sandy soil.

The little girl looked up from the treasure of wild flowers that she had gathered, clapped her hands in glee, and laughed merrily.

"Listen, papa! They're singin' their babies to sleep."

The man, tall, gaunt, long-bearded, paused with his hoe poised in air, turned

a seamed and kindly face to smile upon the child, and resumed his task.

"Singin' their babies to sleep!" he chuckled, shaking his head. "What a notion!"

A horse and rider, sweaty and mud-spattered, emerged from the forest and halted at the edge of the clearing. The rider was sturdy of form and grim of visage. From the cartridge belt about his waist two holsters swung heavily, their buckled flaps protecting the hidden weapons from mud and moisture.

"Evenin', pardner," he called out. "How far to Mound City?"

The tall man struck the handle of the hoe deep into the damp soil, and approached the horseman with long and leisurely strides.

"'Bout ten mile, straightaway," he answered slowly. "Nearer fifteen as ye'll have to go. Ye're mighty nigh five mile off the road."

"Tried fer a short cut and got lost," explained the other, wiping the mud from his face. "Follered the call of the quail fer luck and heered the little gal laugh, else I wouldn't have found ye in this out-of-the-way place."

"Better light off and take pot luck with us," said the tall man cordially. "Supper's 'most ready. The moon'll be above the trees in a couple of hours, and I'll show ye the way back to the road. It's a bad trail in the dark."

The horseman slipped from the saddle and leaned wearily against the stump of a fallen tree.

"Don't care if I do," he said. "I've come 'bout fifty mile through the mud sence mornin', and the hoss needs rest and a bite of fodder. I've got the money to pay."

"Keep yer money, stranger. Glad to have ye. Mighty seldom we see anybody out here."

"Tain't very public," observed the traveler, smiling. "Ben here long?"

"Seven year this spring."

"Own the place?"

"Only owe a hunderd now," replied the settler proudly, seating himself upon the fallen tree. "But it's took a power of hard work and scrimpin'."

The little girl shyly approached the stranger and gazed up into his face with the curiosity of childhood. The grim visage softened.

"Only one ye got?" he asked.

"Only one now—there was a little feller."

The child turned her face upward toward the twilight stars.

"He's up yonder now," she murmured, the little mouth quivering.

The eyes of the two men met. The stranger put his arm about the child and drew her closer.

"I've got one up there, too," he said softly. "The only one we had—a little gal."

There was a moment's silence; then the tall man asked: "Have to make Mound City to-night?"

"Yes. Want to git back to Montana soon as I kin."

"Montana! Ye didn't come from that direction!"

"No, had a little bizness in Pierre fust—with the Guvner."

The tall man slipped forward on the tree and drew his long limbs under him, like a panther about to spring.

"Montana, eh? What county?"

"Teton."

"Teton!" muttered the other, dropping his head. Then he looked up and remarked: "Ye go purty well heeled, even for a man from Montana."

"Yes. Have to in my bizness."

There was a long silence; then the tall man said quietly:

"Lottie, run in and tell mamma we'll have company fer supper—a man from Montana—Teton County. He's goin' on to Mound City to-night."

"Quainted in Mound City?" asked the man from Montana.

"Some. Don't go often."

"Know a feller named Hungerford—Bill Hungerford?"

The questioner was still gazing after the little girl, and did not see the glare, like that of an enraged rattlesnake, that flashed from the tall man's steel-gray eyes.

"Hungerford? Yes, I reckon I know him."

"Friend of yours?"

"Wust enemy!"

The man from Montana regarded the tall man long and earnestly. Then he asked carelessly:

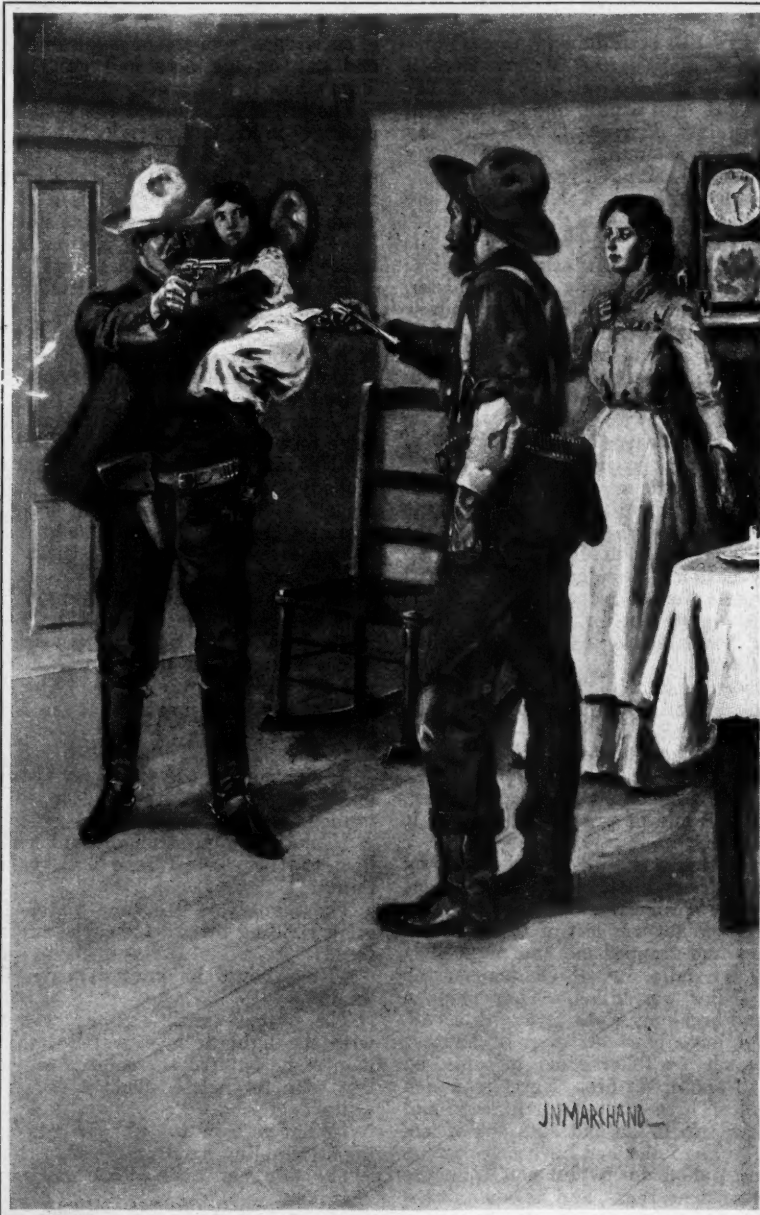
"Like to git even and make that hunderd dollars?"

"How?"

The man from Montana glanced around cautiously and leaned forward, his hands on the tall man's knees.

"Looky here, pardner, I believe ye're all right. I'm the deputy sheriff of Teton County, and there's a warrant and requisition for Bill Hungerford in my pocket—only his name's Frayne, Phil Frayne. What's the matter?"

"Nothin'. Thought I heered a rattler. Go on."



"GIVE ME THAT GUN—BUTT FOREMOST!"

"Well, he's been hidin' out in Mound City for eight year, goin' by the name of Hungerford, and I've jest located him. I

never seen him, and I need a little help. If I call on the sheriff at Mound City I'll have to split the reward. You come along

and lend a hand, and ye git that hunderd dollars."

"What's Bill been doin'?"

"Shot a man named Miller. Reckon he had to, to save his own hide; but Miller was a sport with a pull, and the gang 'll swear against Frayne. That ain't my lookout—I'm after that reward. It's easy money fer you. What d'ye say?"

"Stranger, it's resky. He's a desperate man, and as quick with a gun as—I am."

"And how quick air you?" asked the man from Montana banteringly.

Reaching to his guest's nearest holster, the tall man unbuckled the flap and drew forth a revolver, gold-mounted, with curiously carved and modeled stock. He sprang from his seat with an exclamation of surprise. The man from Montana grinned proudly.

"Ain't she a beauty? Try her."

A screaming blue-jay flew swiftly overhead. There was a quick movement of the long arm, a flash, and a report, and the shattered body of the bird whirled to the earth. The man from Montana smothered an ejaculation of wonder. The little girl called from the cabin door:

"What you shoot for, papa?"

"To skeer a hawk," the tall man called back to her.

"A beauty, sure," he concurred, caressing the weapon with his left hand. "Is t'other one like it?"

"No. I give the mate away."

"What fer?"

The man from Montana reached down, plucked a blade of grass, and chewed it meditatively.

"'Twas this way. I'd busted up a gang of train robbers, killed some, and some got away—that's why the company give me the guns. What was left of the gang got together and trapped me one night in a shanty ten mile out of Choteau—same night Miller was killed. They made a rush and broke my right arm with a ball. 'Twould have been all over in another minute, when a feller comes gallopin' up the trail and opens fire. Never seen sich shootin'. Three went down to stay, and the other two broke and run, one of 'em limpin'. The feller had his coat collar up and cap pulled down. I'd run from the shanty to some rocks, and he couldn't see me.

"Stay right where ye air," he yells. 'I don't know ye, and don't want to. No thanks comin'. I'm allers fer the under dog,' says he. 'All I ask's another gun and some cartridges,' he says.

"I'd dropped one gun when my arm was hit. The feller got off his hoss and picked

it up. I didn't kick—he could have had both fer the askin'. Then he took a belt of cartridges from one of my dead friends, and got on his hoss and galloped off. That's how it was."

The tall man balanced the weapon admiringly in his tanned right hand.

"Now, supposin'—jest supposin'," he said slowly, "that ye had a warrant fer that man fer—well, say fer murder, and there was a reward—say a thousand dollars—and ye was the only man as knowed where he was, would ye take him?"

The man from Montana shifted around the stump uneasily.

"That's a hard one, pardner. It would be a dirty trick, wouldn't it? But a thousand dollars don't grow on every bush, and I need 'em bad."

"And, in course, Miller's friends know ye've found Bill?" ventured the tall man.

"Not muchee! I'm too smooth fer that. Nobody knows but me. Worked this up myself. The rest give it up long ago. Even the Guvner's signed without readin'. It's an every-day thing with them."

The man from Montana was smiling shrewdly, and watching the hungry horse crop the grass. The muzzle of the weapon in the hand of the tall man was swinging slowly toward him; the tanned forefinger was tightening on the trigger. The slight form of a woman appeared at the door of the cabin.

"Supper's ready," she called.

At sight of her the steel-gray eyes softened, the deadly muzzle dropped, the tanned forefinger relaxed.

"Take yer gun, stranger, and lead the hoss to the shed. I'll be with ye in a minute."

The man from Montana watched the other striding toward the cabin and muttered:

"Now, how'd he know 'twas a thousand?"

The woman, with anxious eyes filled with the light of love, watched the tall man as he entered the cabin and took a belt with its holster from a peg in the wall.

"What ye goin' to do?" she asked, laying a trembling hand on his arm.

The tall man buckled the belt around his waist.

"That depends. Ef he ever gits to the sheriff the jig's up; but the trail's mighty slippery 'round the clay bluff, and the river's high."

"Oh, Phil, don't! It's bad enough now, and——"

The man from Montana stood in the door. The child ran laughing to him,

holding out her hands. The stranger came into the room, stooped down, raised her on his left arm, and whispered something in her ear.

"Why, my name's Lottie—Lottie Hungerford," she laughed.

The revolver leaped from the tall man's holster, but the woman caught his arm, and he looked down the muzzle of the weapon in the hand of the Montana man.

"Hands up," the deputy growled, "and give me that gun—butt foremost—keep yer fingers outside the guard! Ye played me purty smooth, but it's—" His eyes fell upon the extended weapon, carved and gold-mounted, and he started back.

"You're the man I gave my other gun to!" he cried.

The tall man nodded. The woman held out her hands appealingly. The child threw her arms round the stranger's neck.

"Please don't hurt my papa!" she sobbed.

The threatening weapon trembled, drooped, and dropped into its holster. The man from Montana held out his hand.

"The gal wins," he said huskily; "the gal and the gun. But it's lucky for you that I follered the call of the quail."

Frank Neilson.

The Diplomacy of Silas.

THE gate clicked sharply. Silas Bolton looked up. His wife, with a couple of bundles, was hastening down the road. He stared, then broke out:

"I swan, Joanner's going for her bill! Well, let 'er, and much good may it do 'er! The calf-pen's going to be right here just the same, and my impl'ments and tools in the back-yard, or anywhere else I please to put 'em!"

He enjoyed this thought until it occurred to him that there would be no one now to care what he did.

"Queer, mighty queer," he soliloquized. "Been a pulling and a yanking to have my own way, and now there's nobody to interfere I don't care shucks about it!"

He wandered around, feeling like a stranger. He and Joanna had lived on the farm for more than thirty-five years; their three children had been born and married in the old-fashioned house. He had missed the children, but there was always Joanna. Now—well, he supposed he would get used to it.

He picked up an armful of boards and carried them behind the barn. That was the place for the calf-pen! He dragged a plow out of the yard, and collected some tools in a pile to be hauled to the shed.

8 M

Then, taking note of his movements, he desisted with a feeling of self-scorn and went into the house.

"Yes, sir, gone for good! Got her duds all packed to be sent for!"

The deserted rooms echoed drearily to his footsteps; loneliness cried to him from all the corners. In the kitchen the table was filled with fresh baking.

"Last she's going to do here." He swallowed hard. "Left a lot, to do me till I can make arrangements."

At the cellar door a loose board tripped him. "There's that consarned old step I wouldn't fix 'cause I hardly ever used it; and that rickety door no woman ought to 'a' tussled with like she has; but Joanner never shirked. She made the best of what she had. She's been sharp and cutting with her tongue sometimes, but I reckon I have, too—and I've hogged things! The whole farm's been mine, and I begrudged 'er the door-yard! I've druv her checked so high she couldn't see her feet. I've penned her up till she couldn't turn round—now she's broke loose and jumped the fence!"

He straightened the plants on which he had trampled, and repaired as much as he could of the damage he had done to her flower-bed, which he had included in the new calf-pen. He kept up his muttering.

"I swan, I never thought she'd do it! I reckoned it was just contrariness, her threatening to get a bill. A man ought to boss the place, but he needn't be a hog—he don't want *all* the trough! I wonder if she'll—I swan!" he broke off suddenly. "What 'm I thinking of, letting her walk to town?"

In a few minutes he was speeding after Joanna in considerable excitement. It was almost as if she was going to ride back with him as usual. At any rate, he would see her, and perhaps have a chance to tell her that he could see that he hadn't always done the fair thing.

She was in her second mile before he overtook her. He swallowed again at sight of the shaker bonnet he had got her so long ago.

"Hadn't you better ride, Joanner? It's considerable warm," he said, halting beside her.

The shaker bonnet turned neither to the right nor left, and he sat and watched it gradually vanish down the hill, reappear on the opposite hill, and again vanish around a curve.

He could not go back with this heavy sense of defeat, and he would not! She should speak to him, if in anger only.

He soon overtook her. She had hur-

ried more than was wise, and showed signs of weariness.

"If you want to kill yourself, Joanner, I reckon you might find easier ways," he remarked. No answer. "You can sit in the hind seat," he suggested, pulling up.

She marched on, apparently unconscious of his existence. After a few uncertain moments he trotted alongside.

"I dunno but you'd ought to have put away the things you want. I can't answer for their safe keeping. You know Mely ain't very careful."

She wavered distinctly, but thought better of it and went on, he keeping pace with her.

"I reckon Mely 'll take the best bedroom for her'n; and Johnny 'll be with her. It's a pity about your things; he's a mean young un to ransack."

"I cooked a lot. You don't need Mely for a few days," she snapped, without turning her head.

"But if you're going to wait for your bill to divide, it'll be quite a spell."

She did not answer. They progressed awhile in silence, then he said:

"I want to tell you that I ain't going to fight your bill; and I reckon that you'll need some more money—I'll git you a hundred down to the bank."

Continued silence, and he fell back, discouraged. Presently, brightening with a fresh thought, he trotted up.

"Mely ain't no hand with chickens; like as not she'll let them expensive white Rocks all die fast as they come out."

"Mely's shiftless and lazy!" Joanna shot out.

"I don't deny it, if she is my sister and a widder"—he winked at the bobbing shaker tail, and added reflectively: "She hates the parlor paper, an' 'll likely tear it off. I s'pose you want the old bureau we got when we was married—I'll try to make her let it alone, but she said it was only fit for kindling."

She turned abruptly aside, threw her bundles over the fence, followed them, and Easteed off across lots. To strike the river bridge she was obliged to keep near the road, and so could not avoid him entirely.

"You ain't rid of the old man yet!" he chuckled, as he dashed around the corner to intercept her.

When she appeared at the gate in the hedge, he had it open, waiting for her. Not a glance rewarded him.

Again he trailed along beside her, the weary droop of her shoulders pulling at his heart. He considered, and with an introductory cough announced:

"I don't care what the bill gives you, Joanner. I'm going to divide the hull thing—'tain't no more than fair. And I reckon old man Watkins 'd take good care of your share for you. Mebbe you'll make a match with him. I ain't expecting you'll live alone the rest of your life."

With an exclamation she quickened her pace, but was soon obliged to drop back to a slow walk.

"Better put your things in behind there," he suggested.

She scorned the intimation, and they plodded along for some time silently. He was glad it was a lonely road, with no one to observe them. He regarded her stubborn figure with admiration.

"My little old woman's got a heap of grit. She's some obstinate, too," he mused. By and by he began again: "I wish you'd be as quick as you can about your bill, Joanner; I can't stand Mely and the young un a great while." He hesitated, then added: "I callate you don't look for me to travel single harness after pulling double so long. When the law's got you clear of our running gear, I reckon I'll see if I can't hitch up with Widder Casey."

"Widder Casey!"

She stopped and looked up at him for an instant. He saw that her face was flushed with the heat and her eyes rimmed with red rings; but she pulled her shaker lower and moved on.

"I kind o' think she won't object," he smirked, "and she's a worker."

"Yes, she's a worker," came unexpected assent from the depths of the bonnet. The voice was a little tremulous.

"In about two minutes I'm a going to pick her up, whether or no," he told himself. Then aloud: "Unless you're going to lay out in a fence corner to-night, Joanner, you'll climb in and let me take you the rest of the way."

"I am some tired," she admitted, putting her bundles in behind. But instead of taking the back seat, she settled in her usual place beside him.

"Widder Casey's some younger than I be," she murmured presently.

"And she's a considerable some younger than I be, but I dunno as that's an objection," he returned.

"No, 'tain't just to say an objection; but she'll be older before you get her."

"Not much, I reckon," he drawled, "less it takes you years to get your bill."

"I ain't a going to get no bill! I'm going back home and look after my white Rocks, and you needn't think I'll have that shifless Mely a tearin' up and ran-

sackin' my things! Nor the Widder Casey a stepping into my shoes!"

Her eyes flashed indignant fire at him. He caught her in his arms.

"You're making me mighty happy, Joanner—and I want to tell 't I see how I've been taking all the road and crowding you into the ditch. We'll strike out a new furrow, and you can pull as you please!"

He kissed her till, scandalized, she exclaimed:

"Silas Bolton, ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Louise J. Strong.

The Soul of a Machine.

He was the most ancient piece of human furniture in the building. The oldest occupants could not remember the time when Elevator No. 1 had been propelled by any one but Old Ben. The operators of the other elevators were constantly changing, and most of them were flippant young men. No. 1 was distinctly different. Without defining the difference, one had a vague consciousness that the occupation had quite swallowed up the man; that in order to furnish the Stiles Building with a perfect piece of mechanism the old man's personality had been sacrificed.

Other elevator men made mistakes; Old Ben never did. His very perfection, which never betrayed the human frailty of forgetfulness, tended to conceal the man more completely, and emphasized the feeling of his passengers that he was devoid of human passion, and was, in fact, nothing more than an extremely convenient appendage to the iron cable which he pulled.

They were discussing the old man in Bixby's office one afternoon—Bixby, Barker, Hazleton, and Dalton—their feet elevated to the top of the desks, and their comments given between puffs of cigars.

"I really wonder just how long the ossifying process has been going on, anyway," queried Bixby, as he jauntily disengaged the ashes from his cigar.

"He was manufactured, not grown," responded Barker. "Imagine the old curmudgeon as a tender, smiling infant, or a sentimental youth proposing to a girl! Don't you believe it. A post-mortem would disclose a lot of springs and wheels and screws in the place where his heart should be."

"I'm not so sure, Charlie," interrupted Hazleton. "I've noticed a look in the old fellow's eyes occasionally that makes me think he may have a heart."

"Nonsense!" responded Barker, who

prided himself on his ability to read character. "His emotional nature is as dead as a coffin nail, and I'm willing to stake my reputation on any test you'll propose to prove it."

"Nobody wants your reputation, Charlie," drawled Hazleton. "Make it a cold cash proposition, and I might consider it."

"Well, then, call it a ten," responded Barker, with spirit.

"It strikes me as rather a heartless piece of business, this probing for a man's heart while he's alive," said Hazleton slowly, "but in the interests of psychology I'll accept the wager, if the test is satisfactory. Make it a vigorous one, though. I'm not saying the old fossil isn't a tough customer."

"How would a testimonial from all the folks in the building do?—a letter of appreciation, you know, for his long and valued services—you know the style—and then, as a slight token, and so forth, let Dalton here put in some of his fine work on a fictitious deed to a house and lot."

"Good enough, good enough, Charlie!" exclaimed Dalton. "That ought to loosen up the old man's screws, if anything will."

"If he should happen to believe it and take it at its face value?" queried Hazleton soberly.

"Don't you lose any sleep on that score, Hazie," laughed Barker. "Any exhibition of emotion would be a healthy thing for the old bird. 'Twould be worth the money to cure that infernal dumbness of his. He hasn't spoken half a dozen words since Christmas."

Dalton was selected to draw up the deed and the accompanying letter, and was cautioned to make the latter as touchingly appreciative as his vocabulary permitted. It was mailed on Tuesday morning, and after luncheon four curious faces might be seen hovering about the elevator upon the tenth floor, awaiting the afternoon deliveries.

Old Ben had never known a more dismal day. The tiresome refrain had not ceased for a minute to ring in his ears. "Up—down—up—down," as he went on that ceaseless journey which, although it covered many miles, ended nowhere. "Up—down—up—down," moving with the speed of the wind and yet never reaching new regions. "Up—down—up—down," until it seemed that the old man's brain would go wild under the strain of the perpetual monotony.

As the mail carrier, with his well-filled bag, entered the car, Old Ben found himself vaguely wondering how it would seem

to see his name upon one of those white envelopes. He looked up in surprise at the sound of the postman's voice.

"You're Ben Anderson, ain't you? A letter for you."

Old Ben's hand trembled as he took the long legal envelope, plainly and unmistakably addressed to Benjamin Anderson, Esq., Elevator No. 1, Stiles Building. He hurriedly secreted it inside his coat, musing as to its contents.

He was descending from the tenth floor with a full elevator when he noted something that made him start from his reverie. In the air was the scent of smoke. Hurrying to the bottom, he whispered his fears to the starter. Up again he flew with an empty car. As he passed the third floor he noted a little tendril of smoke creeping from under the door of a vacant room. With skilled hand he quickly reversed his elevator, and hastily gave the warning on the ground floor.

Upon his next ascent the smoke was pouring up the stairway in suffocating volumes, growing each moment more dense, illuminated here and there by angry tongues of flame which licked the woodwork upon the stairway. To the top floor darted Ben, shouting with all the repressed force of his silent, speechless years: "Fire, fire, fire!"

Lawyers stopped in the middle of briefs, stenographers dropped pencils from nerveless fingers, bookkeepers left columns of figures unadded, cashiers hurriedly thrust cash-boxes into vaults and swung tight the fire doors, and all rushed to the corridors. They turned instinctively to the elevators, but these were enveloped in a dense, impenetrable smoke. Despairingly they moved toward the stairway. It seemed a bottomless pit, peering into which frightened eyes saw an awful monster of flame climbing up to seek new victims. Grown desperate and well nigh insane with fright, they turned to the windows, when through the murky, stifling air rang a voice which to their dying day not one of all that frightened group will forget.

"Right this way—here I am!" it called. "Ben will take you down. I'm here, if you can't see me! Get all the wet towels you can and hold 'em to your faces, and then crowd in, and don't be afraid. Old Ben will take you down!"

Men and women ceased to follow their insane desire to jump to certain death into the street below, and with child-like confidence obeyed the old man. They flocked to Elevator No. 1—the other elevators had stopped running at the first alarm—and into his car Old Ben crowded

as many as he could carry, keeping up a running comment of comfort to the hysterical crowd.

The survivors of the frightful experience tell how through fifteen age-long minutes Old Ben endured the tortures of hell, his blistered hands pulling at an almost red hot cable, as he whirled load after load of passengers through scorching blaze and smothering smoke. Above the thumping and the puffing of the engines, the hissing of the steam and the shrieks of terror, his cry was heard:

"Keep up your courage! Old Ben will carry you down! Keep the towels wet. I'll be there in a minute!"

And although the brave old voice grew husky and faint and weak as throat and lungs filled with the cruel, choking smoke, there was in it to the last the jubilant note of the conquering hero.

On the following Sunday, Barker, with a subdued, humble mien, strangely at variance with his customary self-sufficiency, walked down the corridor of St. Augustine's Hospital, and stopped at the men's ward. On the sixth cot from the door lay old Ben, scarred and maimed almost beyond recognition. By the old man's side, holding his hand, sat Hazleton.

Old Ben's stolid, unresponsive face had relaxed at last, and peace and contentment were written upon every feature. Hazleton's eyes flashed a warning to Barker, and then Barker saw that in one blistered, bandaged hand the old man held a long white envelope. A disagreeable, unfamiliar lump rose in Barker's throat as he tried to return Old Ben's cordial smile of greeting. The old fellow feebly patted the envelope, as he gasped painfully:

"'Twas mighty good of—you fellows—to do it! I can't last—the doctors say—but 'twill go to the lit—little woman sure—won't it?" and he looked wistfully, and yet confidently, up into Barker's face.

"Yes, Ben, yes, it shall; you may depend upon it," Barker's husky voice replied, as he carefully avoided Hazleton's eyes.

The old man turned his head wearily and closed his eyes; the watchful nurse motioned them away. As they looked back from the corridor, they saw the attendants were pulling about Old Ben's cot the ominous screen.

"Remember we are to meet to-morrow morning early in my rooms to fix this thing up. Be sure and tell the other boys," said Barker in a constrained voice, as the two men parted.

Hazleton nodded understandingly.

Julia F. Deane.

The True Love of Aaron Burr.*

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE.

X.

FOR an instant Burr and Greene stood so, eying each other. The former found his tongue first.

"For the love of Heaven, Captain Greene," he cried, "what are you doing here? Faith, never did the mere opening of a door disclose so thrilling a tableau! Are you a rescue or a storming party? You are quite fearful to look at."

"We are not here to bandy words, Colonel Burr," said Greene, with an ugly look upon his face. "We are here to take you prisoner to General Washington."

Burr was stroking Theo's hair softly. She seemed quite content to allow it, even in the face of the gaping soldiers and all her huddling servants. He took her hand gently in his own, always looking straight over her head to the men beyond, pressed into it the crumpled ball of the letter, and closed her hand tight upon it. To any one watching, the move had seemed a simple action, lover-like enough.

"You surprise me, Captain Greene," said Burr calmly. "May I inquire the reason for your plan?"

"Merely to unmask a traitor," answered that gentleman. "The general himself may wish to know what you are doing in this part of the country, secretly visiting a woman who also entertains a British officer—and killing the officer, if I mistake not," he added, with a glance at the major, still prone upon the floor.

"Killing the officer! You think him a dead man? Never was a livelier corpse. He is but taking a siesta after violent exercise. I say, major!"

Theo disengaged herself slowly from his arms, and all turned toward Bellwood, to whose inanimate form signs of life were returning. Presently he sat up and glared about him.

"You see!" said Burr, in triumph.

"It matters not," answered Greene, but in a disappointed voice. It would have pleased him well to prove Burr a villain upon many counts. "You will come with me."

He moved forward in Burr's direction.

"I advise you calmly not to approach

with any design of laying a finger upon me, sir!" flashed Burr suddenly. "Where is your authority?"

"You are to come with me, willy-nilly," persisted Greene in a dogged tone. "I have my authority in this paper, signed by the commander-in-chief."

"Open the paper and hold it up for me to see," ordered Burr, and Greene, after a moment's hesitation, did so.

"You were ever a fool, Francis Greene," spoke up a new voice cuttingly. Every one, even the major sitting dejectedly upon the floor, turned at the sound of it.

"She would come in," cried Cis, "though I denied her admittance. She said 'twas upon business. She has no manners at all."

"Certainly, 'tis upon business," said Mistress Wendell. "This is a little affair in which I am interested."

"Are you in this also?" said Burr bitterly.

"I did not set out with that idea," said Alicia, smiling wickedly. "I rode over from idle curiosity. 'Twas vastly increased to behold outside the house a party of men seeking admittance. I approached at my leisure, glanced between the shutters of a window, and beheld Colonel Burr steal a letter from the Englishman's coat. 'Tis most amusing!"

"A letter?" cried Greene. "What letter? I saw none."

"Nor anything else unless you had it pointed out," snapped Alicia.

"Who is the woman?" said Theo very low, moving close to Burr's side.

His hand went out to her, and he drew her toward him involuntarily.

"'Tis an old enemy of my own, sweet."

The other woman saw the move with a stab of pain, and guessed the whispered word. It was the turning of the knife in her wound, and it maddened her.

"Search him for the letter—the thief!" she cried.

"I will kill any one who attempts it," said Burr, thrusting Theo behind him. "In the name of God, explain the meaning of this witless talking!"

"There is nothing that needs explanation," said Greene crustily. "I have fol-

* This story began in the March number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

lowed you for days, and have caught you at last. That is the whole of it."

"You infernal villain!" said Burr, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, and then turned his back upon him.

"By Heaven, I'll not stand it!" fumed Greene, but Alicia's hand upon his arm stopped him.

"We shall get nothing out of him. I know the man, and so should you. There is no good in standing here, doing nothing. Let us go to General Washington at once," she counseled. "Is he anywhere in the neighborhood?"

"He lies for the night at the Dragon Inn, a matter of five miles from here," reported Greene, as to a superior. "He is on a tour of inspection. I had the news to-day, though 'tis not made public."

"Very well. We will ride at once," she nodded.

"We?" he put in. "Surely you will not—"

"Surely I will as I please," she said mockingly.

"But the letter?" he objected. "We have not got it."

"And never will, save by force. It does not matter. The evidence is clean against him without it. The thing is to start at once," she said, impatient at the delay.

"Very well." He turned toward Burr. "You are my prisoner, sir," he said with dignity. "If you do not submit, we will take you by force."

"This lady goes free and unmolested," said Burr, glancing at Theo. "Her household is not to be harmed in any way. It is my one condition."

"I accept your terms," answered the other.

"Please to come at once."

"You will have work to keep up with me."

Burr turned to his lady, with shining eyes.

"You have it safe, my darling?" he whispered. "When you are alone, burn it at once. I can scarcely yet realize my joy. I am like a man drunk with wine. To think that you care—so much! And the letter! I have kept my promise?"

"Most nobly," she answered faintly.

The excitement had left her weak and cold. She suffered him to kiss her hand, looking down at him curiously, meanwhile, like a child. She suffered him to pass from the room, with never a cry or a movement, standing still like a thing of stone. Only when her eyes met the fierceness of the other woman's did she start and shiver as with cold.

Mistress Wendell walked up to her, and

stood looking her over deliberately for a moment. Then she snapped her fingers lightly, and she too turned and went. There were times in which the manners of this lady were not everything to be desired.

The major was still sitting with dull apathy upon the floor. One of the soldiers came and pulled him up roughly. He suffered it in silence. His spirit seemed clean broken by his sore defeat. Only when, in the custody of the soldier, he passed by Cis, standing in the hall, did he show any feeling. She put out her tongue at him rudely as he marched by, and the major glared back with all his old animosity; but it was the one trace of spirit that he showed.

In a few moments the house had settled back into its old-time calm. Save for the scattered furniture, the tracks of the soldiers' snowy feet, and the crumpled letter, still held tight in Theo's hand, the evening might have been nothing beyond the ordinary.

Cis came up to her sister lovingly and put her arms about her.

"Do not stand so, sweet!" she said tenderly. "He will not be harmed, I know;" but still Theo answered nothing, only looked before her with stony eyes.

Cis became alarmed.

"Do not look so, Theo," she cried. "Come, let me play maid for once and put you to bed. You are completely exhausted."

"Hush! Do not talk of bed," answered Theo. Then she turned silent as before.

"But," objected the girl, "you act strangely. What is it, dear?"

Mistress Prevost passed her hand over her eyes. "I must go," she said. "'Tis the only way."

"Go where, Theo?"

"Where?" cried her sister, with sudden passion. "Where but to their high Washington, also? Do you wish to see him go with no single voice to speak in his favor? Not even one among so many? Do you wish to see him imprisoned, disgraced, ill-treated, and all because he gave himself to help our miserable little trouble? Shame on you, girl, to be so ungrateful! You would put me to bed, and coddle me, and fuss over me, for the strain on my nerves, forsooth, while the man I love goes to be judged for aiding me!"

"But I did not think you cared—like this—about it," cried Cis, bewildered.

"You do not know how much I care," Theo replied, with an angry sob. "'Tis a thing I do not talk about. But why do

you stand there gaping, child?" she cried suddenly. "Why waste time in talking? Run up-stairs for my cloak and hood, and have them ready at the door. I will give the orders myself."

Surely this could not be sweet-tempered Theo, thought Cis, in a maze, as she hurried above for the wraps—Theo, whose low voice was always unheard, unhurried; whose calm was never disturbed, who was adored by her household for her even dignity and pretty graciousness. Cis scarce knew her sister in this April creature, who had rated her so roundly, and then had rushed away to set the sleepy servants jumping.

But a few minutes were lost in getting the horses out and in bringing the coach about to the door, with its mistress already inside. Cis ran down at once.

"I'm coming," she said, as she flung open the door.

"You need not," said Theo quickly. "Do not on my account;" but Cis was already in, cloaked and ready.

"The King of Spain could not keep me back," she answered, unabashed. "'Tis anything for excitement with me. But you misjudged me, Theo," she remembered to add in a hurt voice. "I am fully as devoted to Colonel Burr as yourself."

"Ah, forgive me my ill-temper, Cis," whispered Theo contritely. "I am not responsible just now. The thought of his being hurt in any way—I did not mean to speak harshly—" But Cicely's warm heart could stand no more, and so was the quarrel made up with kisses and loving words.

"Do they know the place?" asked Cis anxiously. "'Twould be fearful to go wrong at this stage."

Miss de Visme spoke importantly, as one with the cares of America upon her shoulders.

"The Dragon Inn! I heard the order! 'Tis through Fairfield, and out upon the Middleton road," said Mistress Prevost. "Geoffrey knows the place well, he tells me. But, dear Heaven, what slow things horses be!"

XI.

MEANWHILE the party of horsemen were making rapid time in their short journey. Burr rode abreast of Francis Greene, with Alicia Wendell close behind him, while the Englishman and the troopers brought up the rear.

Never a word did the foremost three speak. Burr, as haughty and unapproachable as if he were not a prisoner forced

upon an ignominious errand, kept silence because he chose. Captain Greene did so because he was sulking over the lady's manner to himself; the lady, because there was before her eyes an indelible picture of Burr's look to another woman.

A gloomy cavalcade, indeed, from the sullen captain to the funereal major! In spite of his extremity, Burr smiled in amusement at the low spirits of the party. It might have been a New England family bound for church.

They were finally halted by a sentry, who passed them without question when Greene rode forward with the countersign. Soon they came to the Dragon Inn, standing well back from the road in a clump of evergreens, to find it, save for the lights in one or two windows, with every appearance of being closed for the night.

After some lusty knocking and halloing, they succeeded in rousing a sleepy pot-boy, who, after some parley, came down and admitted them. Greene demanded audience with General Washington.

"Ye can't see him to-night," growled the lad.

"You don't know what you are talking about," answered Greene roughly, tingling at the amused look in Burr's eyes. "Go at once and ask one of his aides to come to me."

"I'll not go a step, you mullet-head!" cried the boy, who resented commands that lay outside of his proper office.

"What's the row, Sampson?" called a voice down the stairway.

Sampson and Captain Greene both began to speak at once, then stopped and glared at each other. Mistress Wendell stepped forward and called up sweetly:

"Is it possible to see his excellency to-night? We have a prisoner of importance."

"I will speak with him at once," called the officer respectfully. "Show the lady and the gentleman into the parlor, Sampson, and let me hear no more wrangling."

Sampson led the way grudgingly enough, lit three candles, and withdrew with dignity, though the impression he left behind was slightly marred by the clatter he made in the hall.

The chill of the room was forbidding and the general gloom deepened. Burr placed a chair for Mistress Alicia, and then threw himself into another, frowning heavily. Captain Greene fidgeted about from place to place. The major, still in the care of his trooper, leaned against the wall. The others had remained outside with the horses.

The aide came once to the door, and announced that General Washington would come down immediately; after which he went away again, and the waiting continued.

"Are you comfortable, madam?" asked Francis Greene of the lady.

She shrugged her shoulders, without replying.

After what seemed an interminable delay, there came a quiet step upon the stair, and the general entered the room, unruffled and complete in every detail of his dress and bearing. He might have been about either to attend a reception or to commence a battle. The salutes of the men and the deep reverence of the lady he returned in kind; then he took up his position against the cold fireplace and surveyed the company leisurely. His eyes gleamed brightly under his heavy brows as he took stock of the visitors.

"Well?" he said at length, in a mild voice. "Who is the spokesman, pray?"

Francis Greene stepped forward.

"Your excellency," he said in a choking voice, for his nerves were not in good order—"your excellency, you appointed me some time since to a special mission. It is because of my discoveries in the case that I bring Colonel Aaron Burr to you to-night as a prisoner."

General Washington glanced at Burr impassively, and then back to the speaker.

"Ah! And the Englishman?" he said.

"He was merely taken because he was in the affair. He is not important."

"Any British officer is important as a prisoner. I should have regretted it much if you had let him slip. I congratulate you, Captain Greene."

Greene swelled with pride and importance.

"Sir, I have discovered this Burr to be a traitor," he went on. "One night before this he left his command and took a boat across the Hudson, I knew not where. I had followed him thus far, and then was blocked. I determined it should not happen again. From a soldier in his first party I learned of his plan to repeat the move. I followed him across the river to-night, tracked him to the house of an Englishwoman, broke in, and took him just in time to prevent the murder of yonder British officer."

"Ah! An opportune arrival! And the lady—did she accompany you?" queried the general.

"Sir, it was my good fortune to be passing the house at the time, with no thought or knowledge of this adventure; but I came on to you with the rest, to see

this man disgraced with my own eyes. When it is finished, I shall feel that my duty is done in the matter."

Mistress Wendell drew herself up and looked the heroic to perfection. The general said nothing at all. He turned to Major Bellwood.

"Have you anything to say, sir?" he demanded.

The major pulled himself together, and left off his curious stare at the commander-in-chief.

"He's a damned traitor," he said shortly.

"That point is one upon which you all seem heartily agreed," said his excellency. "It is curious that you fail to mention in what thing Colonel Aaron Burr has shown himself a traitor. Now, sir, your version," he said to Bellwood. Burr he regarded not at all.

"Well, if you wish an unvarnished tale—" began the major.

"The shorter the better, sir."

"I went to call in a friendly way upon Mistress Prevost of the Hermitage," Bellwood flung out, still in a bad temper. "In the midst of a conversation Colonel Burr appeared and picked a quarrel with me. I fought him, and he was nearly spent when a pounding upon the door attracted my attention, and I—" he hesitated.

"In short, he disarmed you?"

"Yes, and then stole from my coat an important document."

"What sort of document?" demanded Washington.

"A letter."

"What sort of letter? Did it contain anything valuable to Colonel Burr himself?"

"Mighty valuable," sneered Bellwood. "Twas a paper he had furnished me, containing information of American plans. No wonder he wanted it back when we fell out—"

The general moved no muscle. He stood with eyes intent upon Bellwood's face.

"Where is the paper?" he asked, and the major's face fell.

"I do not know," he answered.

Washington turned to Greene.

"Know you aught of this paper?" he demanded.

"I do, your excellency!" cried Alicia Wendell eagerly. "I saw Burr steal a paper from the Englishman's coat."

"Ah! You did see something, it appears. What was the appearance of the paper, if you could see so much?"

"Twas white, sir, and folded, fastened with an oval green seal. That much I can be sure of."

"Where did you perceive this, madam?"

"Through the shutters, after the duel the Englishman spoke of. I had no idea of its contents, sir, or we would never have left without it."

A disgusted look showed upon the general's face. "And that is what you have done?"

Silence answered him, until the woman said hopefully:

"He may have it about him."

"That is very likely, madam, after a ride through darkness, when he might easily have destroyed it ten times over and thrown it to the winds!"

Then he turned upon Burr, who all this time had been standing silently beside his chair, making no movement.

"So, sir!" cried Washington. "What have you to say for yourself? You are accused of high treason. You are certainly discovered away from your post, under suspicious circumstances. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing that your excellency would believe," answered Burr.

"Are you innocent or guilty?"

"Guilty of neglecting my duty, perhaps, sir, but for a reason which, to my mind, was entirely sufficient for my conduct. Guilty, also, of a duel with Major Bellwood, there, and of taking from him a paper—not stealing it, as it was for possession of the paper that we fought. Of all traitorous designs or dealings, innocent, sir, before God!"

"What was the paper?"

"A letter, your excellency."

"Ah! Every point agrees. What were the contents of the letter?"

"That I cannot tell you, sir. The letter does not belong to me. I have never read its contents."

"A pretty tale!" cried Washington. "A believable tale! You are not clever with your story, Colonel Burr. To whom does it belong?"

"To Mistress Prevost."

"Who probably has it at this moment?"

"You are entirely right, sir, unless she has burned it some time since, as I advised her."

"Where lives this Mistress Prevost?" asked Washington impatiently.

"At the Hermitage, near Paramus," answered Greene.

"Why did you not bring her also?" said the general fretfully. "You have no head, sir. You might have guessed her important. What is the noise without?" He motioned to the trooper at the door. "Go, you, and stop the racket," and the

man went at once. "Blockheads! Blockheads!" fumed the general, stepping back and forth before the fireplace. "To go half way, and then to stop——"

But just here the trooper returned with a bewildered face.

"'Tis the lady herself, sir," he burst out.

"What lady?" demanded Washington.

"Mistress Prevost, desirous of seeing General Washington."

The cloud upon the general's brow cleared.

"Is it so?" he said pleasantly. "Bid her enter!"

Burr had sprung forward, his soul in his eyes, but Washington motioned him back.

"You are not to speak a word, sir," he informed him, "nor any of you. I will question the lady myself."

And so it was amid dead silence that Mistress Prevost entered the room. She came rapidly, with Cis behind her. She had thrown back her hood, and it formed a dark setting to the beauty of her face and hair. She looked straight to the general, and to him only.

"Sir, you do not look unkindly," she said. "I beg that you will hear my side, also, of this affair."

"We were wishing for your presence a moment since," was the answer. "May I put a few questions, madam?"

"Oh, if you would——"

"I wish plain speech, madam. First, why was Colonel Burr at your house this evening?"

Her face went red and white on the instant.

"May I commence at the beginning, sir?" she asked.

"Assuredly 'tis the place to commence."

"Some months back, your excellency, Colonel Burr rescued my sister and myself from a band of English ruffians. 'Twas the beginning of our acquaintance. We were, at the time, almost at our wits' end, because of the rascally Englishman there against the wall."

At the general's glance Bellwood shifted uneasily.

"He was possessed of a letter of the utmost importance to me, and was trying to blackmail me into a marriage with him by means of it. This we told Colonel Burr on the night of our meeting—why, I know not, save that he was so kind to us—so very kind!"

For the first time she looked toward Burr, and her lashes fell.

"He volunteered the rescue of the letter. The next we heard was that he was

transferred across the Hudson. One night, two weeks back, he rode to see me, at great peril to his life and military reputation. I told him then that Major Bellwood was coming to-night for my answer, and he promised to be there also. It was all my fault, sir, for allowing it. I should have prevented him, but did not. Mine is all the blame." She spoke simply and with no attempt at effect, but it crossed Washington's mind, as he looked at her, that never were eyes so honest; never was a face lighted by more earnest entreaty.

"She could not have prevented me!" cried Burr, but Washington interrupted. "You are ordered to silence, sir!" he said sharply. "What happened to-night, madam?"

"Both men came, and a duel was fought for the letter. Colonel Burr disarmed the major, and these people"—with a scornful wave of her hand to the group—"entered upon their own responsibility and took Colonel Burr prisoner. Of their reasons, I know nothing. They broke into my house rudely. The woman pushed herself in. I am convinced they are enemies of his. I thank you for your patience, sir," she concluded.

"You are a surprising woman, madam, to tell a story unadorned. Ladies commonly run to embroideries. But about the letter? What became of it?"

Mistress Prevost held out her hand. Upon it lay the crumpled ball of paper.

"It is here, sir," she said. "Will you take it from me?"

Washington advanced to her and received the thing gravely.

"Do you mean me to read it, madam?" he asked. "I must tell you that it may be of damage to the prisoner."

"Read it," she answered, very low.

He smoothed out the paper slowly, and then held it up to the light.

"Is this the paper you saw?" he asked of Alicia Wendell.

"I cannot be sure, sir," she faltered, suspecting a trap.

"Woman," he thundered, "do not perjure your soul with more falsehoods! Answer me! Is this the paper?"

"It looks the same," she admitted.

He smoothed the paper once more, moved a candle nearer, and slowly read its contents. Without a change of expression, he read it once again. Then he folded it carefully, and stood with it in his hand.

"The letter is other than I expected," he said at last. He turned upon the Englishman. "You were lying?" he said quietly.

Bellwood's head hung low. "'Tis not the same paper," he muttered.

"I am not such a fool, sir," cried Washington, moved finally to anger, "not to know a craven face when I see one! Neither do I often mistake honest eyes when I look into them. Once I was partly deceived—by you, Mistress Wendell. I admit that you almost persuaded me once before—you remember the occasion, I doubt not. To-night I know better. I believe that you all—each and every one of you, save for this lady of the letter—are in a scheme to ruin this man by any method available. Madam, you may go. I have no further use for you or your patriotism. It is a cloak to hide your private revenges. Allow me to warn you: in the future stay at home and meddle in no man's business, save your husband's. Him I pity mightily!"

With a sullen face and head held high, the woman moved past Burr, past Theo and Cis, with Francis Greene like a dog at her heels. At the door she turned as if to speak, and then, thinking better of it, dropped a defiant courtesy and was gone.

The general's voice stopped Greene in the act of following.

"Captain Greene, you have not been dismissed. A word with you. In the future pray remember it is not well to exceed your duty. For what you have done, you will be suitably rewarded. Let me advise you to think less of the lady just gone. Attempt a nobler part than that of a mere hanger-on of a light woman. If you want help in your upward endeavor, come to me. You may now withdraw, sir."

The man went out in dull astonishment at the turn of affairs. Theo sighed happily as the door closed upon him. It seemed to her that the air was cleared and the room brighter with their going.

"You, Major Bellwood, I shall find it convenient to keep," the general went on. He was a man who wasted no time upon rhetoric. "A little hardship may be good for one of your temper. I will warrant that you blackmail no more ladies. Remove him, and await my orders."

Bellwood and his guard disappeared in silence. The major was beginning to think himself beaten.

"Here is your letter, Mistress Prevost," said the general in a kindlier voice.

"I do not want it," she said with a shiver.

"Perhaps Colonel Burr—" began the general.

She looked up quickly at Burr. Then

she advanced, took the letter, and, with a flush on her cheek, held it out to him.

"Will you read it, Colonel Burr?" she faltered.

He took it slowly, his eyes on her face, and hesitated a moment. Then he walked to the mantel-shelf, and took up one of the dim candles.

"I have your permission, sir?" he said to Washington; and that gentleman shrugged his shoulders. Whereupon Aaron Burr burned the letter in the candle flame until no trace remained.

"And my punishment, sir?" he said then, very humbly.

"Ah, yes," answered Washington. "Colonel Burr, you have been most culpably to blame. You run matters to so fine a point that it becomes hard to say just where they stop. I wish no more of such dealings. You will so conduct yourself in the future that no misconstruction can be put upon your movements. There are to be no more night rides in secret. Soldiers attend strictly to business. I will admit"—with a courtly bow to Theo—"that the sight of this lady is a great point in your excuse; yet I cannot but blame you severely."

"And my punishment, sir?" said Burr again, humbly.

"That I may leave in the hands of Mistress Prevost, since she has a steadier head than yourself, sir. You must deal with him harshly, madam," said the general, a slow smile showing in his eyes at the look upon their faces. "You will return to your regiment and await orders from the lady."

"Sir, 'tis my ardent wish to take orders from her for the rest of my life," cried Burr.

"Indeed, is it so? You surprise me, Colonel Burr. I did not dream of it," said Washington dryly. "May I suggest that you return with the lady to her coach, so that you may be the more easily at her command? I hesitate to suggest the thought before such bright eyes, but, in short, I am sleepy."

There was more than the hint of a smile upon his face now. He bowed low, cutting short their grateful words. Burr opened the door, and the ladies swept deep courtesies. Cis passed out, and Theo, cheeks burning and eyes alight, turned to follow, but changed her mind. She flew back across the room to the general by the fireplace, sank down quickly, and, before he could prevent her, laid a warm kiss upon his hand. Then she was gone in a flash.

Without a word, Washington held out his hand to the young man.

"You will not grudge me that, sir," he said kindly. "Allow me to wish you every happiness!"

Without a word, because of the lump that had gathered in his throat, Burr wrung the great commander's hand hard, and passed out quickly.

Cis, who had spoken no word through the interview, recovered speech in the darkness of the carriage.

"Is not General Washington a wonderful gentleman?" she began politely, and bridled with indignation when no attention was given her.

THE END.

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

ALL that is human—deed or thought or song—
Perishes;
Even earth holds nothing that austere time long
Cherishes;

The fountains of the deep some day will die
Wearily;
Some day the sun will darken in the sky
Drearly.

Her skeins of stars must night unweave at last,
All of them,
While newer worlds usurp the intense and vast
Thrall of them.

Life of my life, despair's most ruinous powers
Banishing,
How can we dream of such great love as ours
Vanishing?

Edgar Fawcett.

LITERARY CHAT

THE MODERN IDOL.

Not in the page of old romance,
Of knightly joust and tournament,
Where cavaliers with couchèd lance
For ladye fair their life-blood spent,
I seek my idol; nay, for me
The visored champion fails of charm;
I much prefer modernity,
Where heroes flower free from harm.

I've read the legends o'er and o'er
Of *Ivanhoe* and all his kin;
I've wallowed in red seas of gore
Which gallants shed, a smile to win;
But never thrilled my yearning breast
Amid the hazards of the fray
As when my hero stood confessed
The idol of the matinée!

Close fast the book! The ancient tale
Hath served the purpose of its hour;
Today the boldest knightlings pale
Beside the footlight passion-flower.
Untrained to arms, with subtler skill
Who wields so sure a spell to slay?
A smile, a glance, a flirt of frill—
My idol of the matinée!

A very Belvedere in hose,
With grease paint blushes ready made,
He vies in beauty with the rose,
And hastes to conquer unafraid.
Ah, well he knows his reign is sure,
As pivot of the moving play;
No rival can from fame obscure
The idol of the matinée!

L'ENVOI.

O Fairy Prince of pantomime,
You're in eclipse; let those who may
Crave your devoirs. I crown with thyme
The idol of the matinée!

CRIME IN FICTION—The taste for stories of the under world, and its wealth of unused material.

America, often an apt pupil in literary and other fashions when England leads, has taken so kindly to the modern crop of books dealing with London's poverty and crime that we may confidently expect a speedy growth in this country of a similar

class of stories. "Sherlock Holmes" undoubtedly stimulated the public interest in high-class crime and its detection, and this taste for the dark side of life has since been fed by a score of books, among which "No. 5 John Street" and "The Hole in the Wall" are notable examples. Dickens' classic novel, "Oliver Twist," is constantly in demand at book-stores and libraries, while its dramatic versions are constantly produced by the different stock companies throughout the country.

The time seems ripe for a crop of novels dealing with the crime and misery of our great cities. And certainly there is a wealth of material awaiting the pen of the coming "American Dickens"—which, by the way, is a difficult name for a young writer to try to stagger under. One need only spend a Sunday morning in a New York police court to realize that *Bill Sykes* has not passed from off the surface of the earth, nor has *Nancy* ceased to love and suffer at his hands. As for *Professor Moriarty*, that supposedly impossible creation of Conan Doyle's, who engineered the greatest criminal jobs in London and was nevertheless absolutely unknown to the police, his counterpart existed here a quarter of a century ago in the person of Jimmie Hope. Hope was an expert cracksman who for years covered his tracks so skilfully, and carried on his work with so much stealth, that at the time of his greatest *coup*, the Manhattan Bank robbery, he was not even known by sight to the members of the detective force.

Dickens was severely criticized for drawing the character of *Fagin*, but that professor of crime was only the prototype of men who are conducting academies like his own at this very day. There is, moreover, an element of humor in certain American branches of crime that seems to be entirely wanting in the operations of British cracksmen. For example, the ingenuity displayed by the gentlemen who invented the "green goods" business, and by those who have accumulated fortunes by selling bricks of baser metal thinly plated with gold to credulous farmers, commends itself to every one who has mastered the art of writing in an interesting fashion.

Not far from New York a colony of old-time crooks, most of whom are broken in health and fortune, has existed for a dozen years and more. Many a criminal of talent and renown has been one of this little band of sinners, and it is a fact worthy of note that the unfortunate and impecunious ones are always cared for to the end and buried in consecrated ground by their prosperous and active associates. Not long ago an aged pickpocket, who was one of the oldest members of the colony, died after nearly five years of sickness and incapacity. In his day he had been known to show kindness to many a sick and broken-down member of the criminal guild, and it was in recognition of his good deeds that the old-time sports and crooks of the neighborhood, aided by a few in New York, kept him in comfort during his long illness and finally gave him decent burial.

One of these days some novelist who knows how to charge the facts of real life with the effervescent sparkle of a rich imagination will use some of this material and give to the world a story that will prove a genuine sensation. After him will come others, and in due course of time the whole subject of crime will become as thoroughly exploited as Napoleon or the Civil War; but meanwhile we shall have a wholesome and pleasing variety in our literary diet.

MONTESQUIOU'S MESSAGE—Has any one in America discovered what it was?

It would be interesting to know what impression, if any, was left upon his hearers by the lectures of Comte Robert de Montesquieu, who was one of the more or less amusing features of the spring season in New York. For seven Thursday afternoons this apostle of Gallic culture held forth before an audience which apparently followed him without difficulty. His hearers were sufficiently versed in French to know when the count was reciting poetry and to applaud accordingly.

At the stated hour on the appointed day there would step on to the platform a slightly-built, narrow-shouldered, sad-looking man who would begin "*Mesdames et messieurs*," and then, in a clear voice with slow, distinct utterance, would hold forth for about an hour on almost any of the subjects that such a lecturer is likely to touch upon. Art, travel, religion—of a somewhat vague nature—life, death, flowers, gems, all had their turn, while much poetry, principally original,

was quoted. The connection of the lecture with its nominal subject was not always clear, nor does there appear to be in America a crying need for the count's "message"—a term which seems to be the latest way of alluding to any uninteresting discourse; but most of his auditors remained through his lectures, and the room was generally well filled.

Two women were coming down in the elevator after the last lecture, and one of them said to the other:

"Now, honestly, what did you think of the man and what he had to say?"

The other replied:

"Well, that sort of thing doesn't convey any idea to my mind when it's said in English, and I don't know that it gains in clearness by being said in French."

And they disappeared in the direction of the tea-room.

A WOMAN'S HERO—Miss Kenton's Thayer has the earmarks of many of the masculine creations of women novelists.

The amazing power of women to portray cads under the delusion that they are drawing interesting men is no new discovery in literature. Neither is the confusion totally unknown in actual human experience, as the critics of many a marriage will agree. From Charlotte Brontë's *Rochester* down to Mrs. Ward's *Manisty*, the feminine novelist has rejoiced in sacrificing to what may be tersely and inelegantly described as the bounder.

Edna Kenton, in making her début as a novelist, with "What Manner of Man," follows the time-honored custom of her sex in this respect. *Kirk Thayer* is an artist who paints "naked souls," in a way rather disconcerting to his sitters, and who desires to paint also a certain type of body in "the altogether." Failing to find a model in the ordinary agencies, he goes to a sea-swept island ruled by *The Rohan*. He makes love to the beautiful daughter of the local potentate, marries her after half a day's wooing, and bears her off to London at the end of twenty-four hours. She learns a good deal about the artistic temperament in a fortnight, and is driven to death—not to murder, as the reader hopes—by the acquaintance.

Of course the author of such a tale has not yet come into any inheritance of humor; yet there are gleams of it in the ridiculous pages she has written. And this, together with her real power of natural description, makes one hope that she

will soon outgrow her taste for the cheaply lurid in masculine character.

MISS CORELLI'S CRUSADE—She opposes the erection of a Carnegie library at Stratford.

One of the brightest jewels in Marie Corelli's crown used to be the popular belief that her writings were the favorite reading of Queen Victoria. Sidney Lee, as biographer of the late queen, cruelly snatches this renown from the gifted press agent and novelist. He states that her majesty's favorite author was Marion Crawford.

Many looked to see Miss Corelli wither and droop under this crushing blow. Others expected to see her arise and denounce the statement as false. But she has done something better. She has said: "Go to! A greater glory shall be mine. My name shall be linked with Shakespeare's. Generations yet unborn shall bless me as the preserver of Stratford from the desecrating American invader!"

So saying, she began to protest vigorously against the erection of a Carnegie library at Stratford-on-Avon, an undertaking which, it appears, would destroy some old houses of Shakespeare's time.

There seems to be a wide-spread feeling, even among Mr. Carnegie's fellow citizens, that Stratford will do very well as it is, and that a sixteenth century house, under certain circumstances, is better than a twentieth century library. But it is really a little ungrateful of Miss Corelli to undertake to frustrate the great ironmaster's generous plans. If it weren't for free libraries and free schools and cheap papers and all those agencies which the erudite and the precious mourn as the foundation of bad taste in literature, where would Miss Corelli's sales be?

CHAMPION OF PURE ENGLISH—Remarkable substitutions in college slang decreed by a college president.

The philologic labors of a college president who spends part of his time in revising college "yells" are scarcely to be taken seriously. Yet one cannot refrain from a little speculation as to the point of view of the eminent American educator who recently banned "dickens"—the expletive, not the author—"bet," and other words of similarly frivolous usage.

At his institution, according to the newspapers, no class may any longer harshly inquire: "What in the dickens

is the matter with us?" It must now say mincingly: "What in the world is the matter with us?"

This seems a puerile enough change, but it is sane and lofty compared to another upon which the professor is said to insist. He bans the phrase "holy smoke" as approaching blasphemy, but permits "oley smoke." If there is any blasphemy in the foolish exclamation, it is quite as shocking in the latter as the former. And the revised version has the added horror of being a deliberate perversion of English spelling and pronunciation. To the unpedagogic mind it does not seem a logical road out of profanity—admitting that an expression is profane—merely to change its spelling and to mispronounce it.

A CHANGE OF VIEW—Andrew Lang on the "piracy" of George Haven Putnam.

George Haven Putnam must feel that the favor of litterateurs is about as uncertain a thing as the favor of princes is said to be. Not many years ago, while visiting in England, he was the recipient of a glowing testimonial in recognition of the value of his work for an international copyright law. After reviewing the subject, the authors who signed the document wound up with this tribute: "They wish therefore to convey to George Haven Putnam their warm appreciation of the active part which, with the most honorable motives, he has persistently taken in this successful movement." Then followed a distinguished list of signatures, conspicuous among them that of Andrew Lang.

Now that Mr. Putnam has been victorious in a suit brought against him by Rudyard Kipling—a suit which many English writers regarded as unjust and absurd—Mr. Lang pays him some compliments of an entirely different character in an article entitled: "The Shameless Piracy of American Publishers."

After all, an impresario's lot is not much more difficult than a publisher's, and a soprano requires little more coddling than an author.

NEW CARLYLE LETTERS—They are announced with the customary slur upon Froude's work.

Probably no one interested in literary biography will learn without pleasure that there is a new volume of memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. The charm of her writing is potent for those who already know her letters, and the pathetic but

spirited fascination of her personality is strong for those who merely know her story as the wife of the great dyspeptic.

A new volume of her letters and memorials needs no apology, and no belittling of the old ones to give it value; but the new volume states in its introduction that the letters are now presented so as to dispel "the cloud of disparagement which Froude succeeded in gathering around her husband's memory."

Froude succeeded in gathering no cloud of disparagement about Carlyle except in the judgment of idealists who hold that philosophers should be arch-angelic, and that those who win renown in any path of achievement must possess all the virtues of all the temperaments, and none of the vices. Carlyle left himself absolutely in his biographer's hands, quite undisturbed about possible disparagement. Indeed, all his own annotations on Mrs. Carlyle's letters and diaries show how poignantly he realized, after the death of his wife and the revelation afforded him by those intimate documents, the intellectual loneliness to which his work and his disposition had at times condemned her. It would have been a clever editor, indeed, who could have edited away the Scotsman's bitter grief, not only at his loss, but at his failure to understand his wife.

It was Froude's memorials, showing the gifted woman and the great man in the daily drama of small misunderstandings but wide sympathy, of little annoyances but large and enduring love, that gave the Carlyles' domestic life sufficient interest to warrant new volumes concerning it. And it is ungrateful, as well as absurd, to pretend that his bad judgment makes a new work necessary.

THE PASSING OF THE SUMMER NOVEL—A type of fiction that seems to be perishing, unwept and unhonored.

The old idea of "summer novels" seems to be disappearing. The term once stood for flimsy trash in paper covers, badly printed on poor paper, dealing largely with the love affairs of high-born impossibles. Cheap, lurid, and meretricious though they were, they took their place in the country outfit as a matter of course. To-day, the news-stands prove that they still exist, but one no longer finds them on the piazza railing and in the bottom of the canoe.

It has been claimed that this change is

in a measure due to the "nature books," the studies and stories given over to wild life which have been so popular of late, and which have taken to themselves the title of summer reading. If this is true, we owe the nature writers a great debt; for the Sandhill Stag is a better companion than the Deserted Wife, and the Kindred of the Wild a more wholesome association than that of lay figures with lordly titles.

BROADWAY SLANG—An expressive argot which is peculiarly a New York product.

Dr. Brander Matthews has oftentimes written entertainingly and instructively on the subject of slang. Like many another native writer, he has rejoiced exceedingly whenever he could prove that a supposed "Americanism" actually owed its origin to some classic English writer like Shakespeare or Dryden.

Dr. Matthews deserves to be taken to task for his lack of patriotism in trying to credit the older country with some of the raciest and most pungent flowers of speech indigenous to our soil. We can afford to admit that Shakespeare put the words "I guess" into the mouth of one of his characters many years before this evasive form of speech began to serve the purpose of the Pilgrim Fathers in their dealings with the Indians; but where is the true American who will allow that the British mind can conceive, or even comprehend, some of those delicate subtleties of the tongue that pass current as "American slang," but in reality are of New York, and New York only?

Sometimes this argot is comprehensible only to those familiar with the life along upper Broadway. A case in point is a well-known joke which, local historians declare, had its origin at Weber & Fields':

"A lady friend of mine found a pearl in an oyster at Shanley's the other night," says one of the comedians.

"That's nothing," replies the other. "I know a lady who got a diamond necklace out of a lobster at Rector's yesterday evening."

In order to appreciate this joke one must know the precise shade of meaning which attaches itself to the term "lobster" in the parlance of Broadway.

Another example of the apt use of a slang term may be found in an article published in the New York *Sun* some weeks ago, descriptive of a certain French nobleman who is understood to have come

to this country for the double purpose of lecturing on the poetic literature of France and of disposing of a little ancestral bric-à-brac, dirt cheap for cash. The count, according to the *Sun* writer, called his discourses "conferences," and proposed to deliver them "at a charge of five dollars per con."

To understand the quoted phrase, one must accurately estimate the French nobleman's value as an educator, and also know exactly what the word "con" means in New York.

FAIRY TALES OF TO-DAY—Some that claim the title seem to be textbooks in disguise.

There was a sad time in the history of this country when all juvenile literature taught a religious or moral lesson. There was a pathetic little black volume called "Gallande's Child Book of Repentance," wherein a mother tells her children, aged five, seven, and nine, that "there are many kinds of sorrow." This book had a vogue in its day, and there were many like it, warranted to dampen the spirits of the most cheerful infant.

That unspeakable little prig *Rollo* was the natural literary successor to books like Gallande's. Then came a reaction, and a happier day dawned, when "Alice in Wonderland" and the Grimm fairy stories appeared, and "Crusoe" and "The Arabian Nights" were taken back into favor. Since that time many story-tellers have amused themselves by getting together the old world legends and spinning all sorts of delightful yarns.

But now "child culture" comes stalking along, and is trying to put a stop to all this. It seems that the classical fairy tales are immoral; "Jack the Giant Killer" consumes the six-year-old with a fierce bloodthirstiness, and "Cinderella" brings his impressionable nature in contact with unpleasant people. So the child culturist flings away the contaminating stuff, and tries to fill the gap with fairy tales of an improved and improving sort. "In Happy Far-Away Land" is one of these desirable articles. Its prospectus states that "it is a book written in accord with the most modern ideas of what a child should hear read. Its stories make no mention of murders, thefts, and dishonesties, or of the thousand and one cruelties which fill the old-fashioned fairy story and are so unpleasantly abundant in real life. Each of the twelve tales points a decided moral." In more than

one of these sugar-coated pills, as their compounder impressively assures us, "scientific facts are taught. The gospel of work is preached in all these stories."

It seems too bad that the poor little child-cultured infant should have scientific facts conveyed to him in this underhand way. To have the "gospel of work" preached by the very fairies is as depressing as to be taught how many kinds of sorrow there are. It is hard to believe that a youthful acquaintance with "Jack and the Beanstalk" is calculated to ruin a man's or a woman's usefulness in later life. Science and work are grand things in their proper places, but a little corner might be left for the fairy story that is not doctored with moral sentiments about work, and that does not contain scientific facts in solution.

THE NEED OF NEW NAMES—The large market that awaits the ingenious maker of original and appropriate names for novels.

Since specialization is the order of the day, why does not some ingenious and imaginative person of quasi-literary bent devote his energies to finding new titles for distracted novelists? The producers of fiction are always lamenting that all the good names have been used by their predecessors. When they do, by a miracle, stumble upon something that suits them, it is only to discover that the name has already been used abroad, and that the foreign edition of their tale will have to bear some inferior title not yet copyrighted across the Atlantic.

Only a week or two ago a wail arose from a harassed writer, who said that he had looked all through the Bible and Shakespeare—the two best friends of the title-seeker—and that he had failed to find a taking phrase for the back of his new book. Certainly a firm which would spare a hard-working author such research as this, and would leave him free to devote all his time to the investigation and rehabilitation of old plots, would be conducting a philanthropy as well as a paying business.

Apropos of duplicate names, even the ingenious Miss Josephine Daskam seems to have stumbled upon trouble. She is announced to be busy upon a humorous work to be called "The Biography of a Baby." Miss Millicent Shinn published a very serious and, to young mothers with theories, a very absorbing book under that name about two years ago.

The Champion Horses.

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN.

THE MOST FAMOUS RECORD-HOLDERS AND PRIZE-WINNERS OF THE VARIOUS BREEDS INTO WHICH THE FINEST OF FOUR-FOOTED ANIMALS HAS BEEN SPECIALIZED.

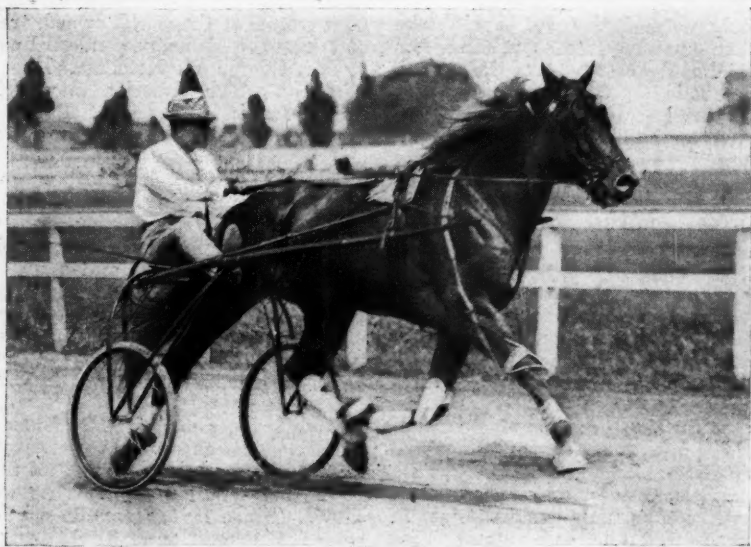
IT was said, not long ago, that horse and man would become extinct at about the same time, and that at no very distant period. The reason given to support this remarkable statement was that the automobile would replace the quadruped and run over the biped.

There is no denying the fact that we are fast approaching the age of the general predominance of the horseless vehicle. This, however, does not mean the extermination of the horse. On the contrary, the equine has never occupied a more conspicuous and important position all over the world, and especially in this country, than he holds to-day. It has been stated, and with some degree of

truth, that the United States is "horse crazy" at the present time.

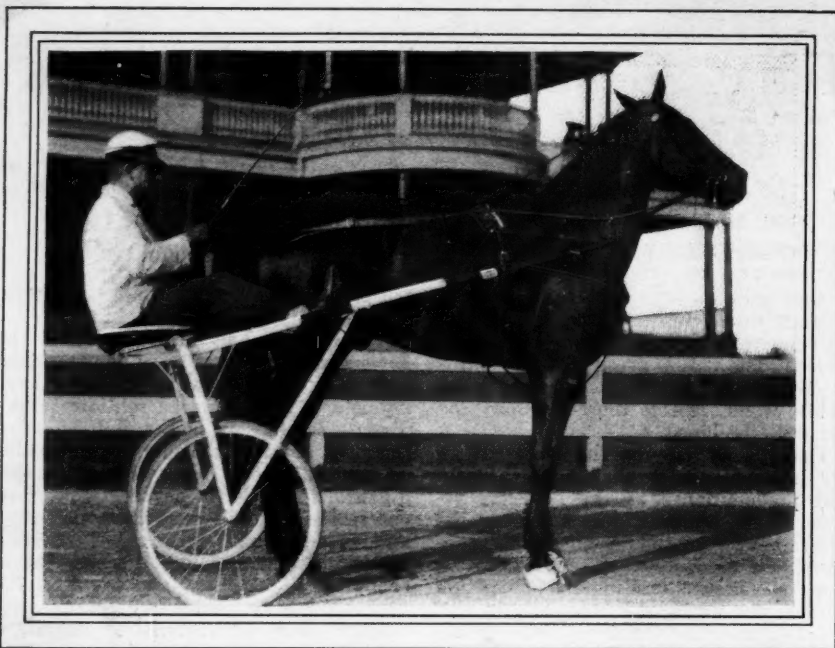
To show on how firm a pedestal the horse stands to-day, it may be mentioned that at a conservative estimate we have not less than a hundred million dollars directly invested in horses and the horse industry, and that the sum involved is increasing each year. Were we to add to this gigantic total the money represented in enterprises which depend upon the horse and horse-lovers for support, such as racing—thoroughbred and light harness—horse shows, polo, coaching, and the like, the figures would be trebled or quadrupled.

With our characteristic American fondness for a champion in every line,



CRESCEUS, THE CHAMPION TROTTER, WHOSE RECORD FOR THE MILE IS TWO MINUTES, TWO SECONDS AND A QUARTER.

From a photograph by Marx, Brooklyn.



DAN PATCH, THE CHAMPION PACER OF 1902—HIS RECORD FOR THE MILE IS ONE MINUTE, FIFTY-NINE SECONDS AND A HALF.

From a photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

it is only natural that we should take more than a passing interest in the horses that stand as the best types of the species. Of course it is impossible to pick out any one horse and style that particular animal, whatever be his merits, "the champion horse." The different breeds vary so widely in conformation, size, and looks that any such attempted comparison would be absurd on its face. The slender thoroughbred cannot be judged by the rules that apply to the stockily-built hackney, nor can the artificially-gaited trotter or pacer be compared to the mongrel polo pony with his mustang blood. Centuries of more and more careful and scientific breeding have made too radical departures, and drawn the different breeds too far apart, for any single standard to be applied to all horse-flesh.

Each distinct breed, however, has its finest representatives, and from among them we can usually—though not in every case—pick some one animal which is fairly entitled, by his breeding and his performances, to be called champion.

CRESCEUS, KING OF THE TROTTERS.

At the top of the list of champion American horses stands Cresceus, cham-

pion trotter of the world, owned, trained, and driven to his many wonderful records by Mr. George W. Ketchum. Here is a horse of which America may well be proud, for in this son of Robert McGregor and Mabel the two minute trotter, elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp, has been all but realized. In addition to the world's mile trotting record—two minutes, two seconds and a quarter—Cresceus holds the mile race record of two minutes, three seconds and a quarter—made against The Abbot at Brighton Beach—the two mile record of four minutes, seventeen seconds, and the record of two minutes, fifteen seconds, for trotting on the ice, made at Ottawa, in Canada, last winter.

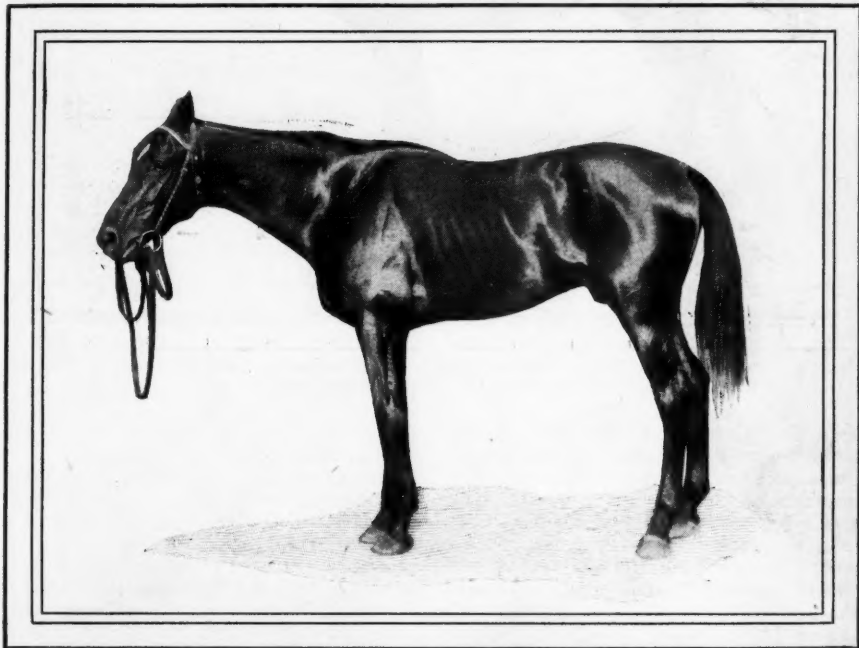
Each succeeding year has added new laurels to the champion trotter's crown. Not the least of these is the fact that he is the first stallion to hold the world's record. Since 1845, mares have held the coveted title most of the time. Lady Suffolk, Highland Maid, Flora Temple, Goldsmith Maid, Maud S., Sunol, Nancy Hanks, and Alix were all queens of the trotting turf; and the other champions—Dexter, Occident, Rarus, St. Julien, Jay-Eye-See, and The Abbot—were geldings.

The reason for this is not hard to find. The mares and geldings greatly outnumber the stallions in training, and the careers of the latter are usually short. Cresceus will be retired to the stud this summer in the full possession of all his wonderful speed, and with more honors than were ever won before by any horse. He is a chestnut, and was foaled in 1894. His lines are suggestive of strength and stamina rather than grace and beauty.

Lamplighter, Lazzarone, Bankrupt, Pickpocket, and Stockton are all the get of Spendthrift.

The record of Hastings was a brilliant one. Old turfites remember well his famous duels with Handspring and Clifford. The Surf Stakes, the Toboggan Handicap, and the Belmont Stakes were some of the classics which Hastings put to his credit while racing.

Hastings has already proven himself to



HASTINGS, THE CHAMPION THOROUGHBRED SIRE OF 1902, OWNED BY AUGUST BELMONT.

From a photograph by Marx, Brooklyn.

He is a perfect racing machine, and needs only a slight hint from his driver, knowing, seemingly, just what is expected of him.

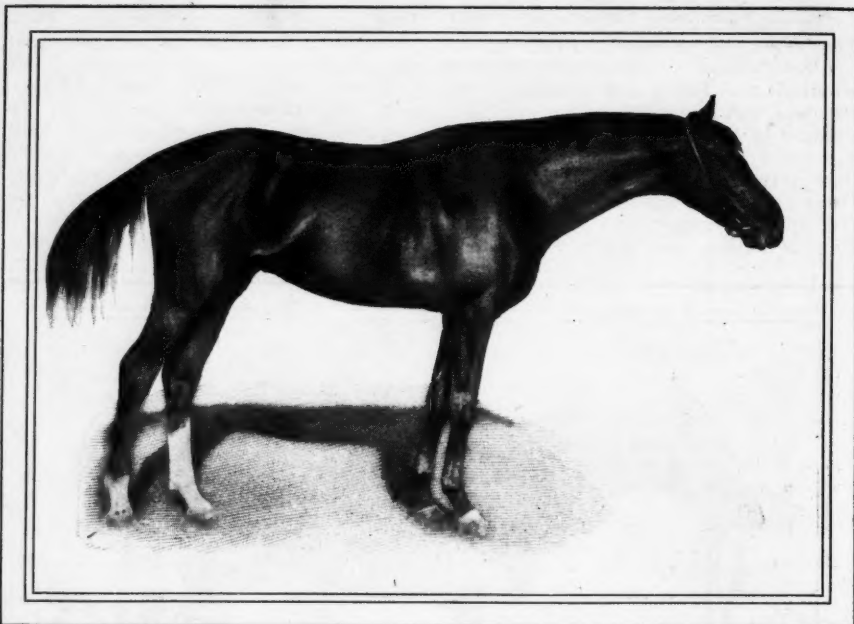
THE CHAMPION THOROUGHBRED SIRE.

Mr. August Belmont, financier and turfman, the president of the Jockey Club, owns in Hastings, the champion thoroughbred sire of 1902, one of the most promising young stallions now living. Hastings headed the list of winning sires last year, and his get won more than a hundred thousand dollars in stakes and purses. Hastings is a brown horse, and was foaled in 1893. His sire, Spendthrift, was a great racer; his dam was the imported Cinderella. Kingston,

be a great sire. He was sent to the Nursery Stud of Mr. August Belmont in 1899, and the first of his get ran as two-year-olds in 1901. Some of his sons and daughters who have already made names on the turf are Masterman, Mizzen, Lord of the Vale, Gunfire, Rosetint, Toscan, Gloriosa, and Fire Eater. All of them have remarkable constitutions, possess great gameness, and show ability to race in any kind of going. Hastings had bad feet, however, and he has unfortunately transmitted this hereditary defect to most of his progeny.

DAN PATCH, KING OF THE PACERS.

The pacer king of 1902 was Dan Patch, whose record stands at half a second less



HERMIS, OWNED BY LOUIS V. BELL, AND RECOGNIZED AS THE CHAMPION THREE-YEAR-OLD OF 1902 ON THE RACE-TRACKS OF THE EASTERN STATES.

than two minutes. At Readville, Massachusetts, in September, this remarkable horse paced a mile in one minute, fifty-nine seconds and a quarter, but the time was not allowed, as the conditions of the trial required him to beat the world's record, which Star Pointer set at precisely that figure. All horsemen expect the new champion to do still better during the present season. Indeed, it is predicted that he will go the distance in less than a minute and fifty-nine seconds.

Dan Patch is trotting bred, a member of the great Wilkes family. His father was also a champion—Joe Patchen, two minutes, one second and a quarter. He is a bay, and was foaled in 1897.

Dan Patch toured the country last summer, going exhibition miles in all the prominent cities, and always pacing around the two minute mark. He entered only three races, which he won easily. In the fall Mr. M. W. Savage of Minneapolis purchased him for sixty thousand dollars. The price is significant when it is recalled that Star Pointer, in his prime, was sold for less than sixteen thousand.

CHAMPIONS OF THE TURF, EAST AND WEST.

Hermis, the champion three-year-old of 1902, is the property of Mr. Louis V. Bell, the New York broker, and is one of

the gamest thoroughbreds racing to-day on the American turf. A son of Hermence and Katy of the West, he started fourteen times, was first ten times, second once, third twice, and once unplaced. While Hermis failed to win any one of the great three-year-old classics, he was adjudged a better horse than Major Daingerfield, who won four important races—the Brooklyn Derby, the Tidal Stakes, the Lawrence Realization, and the Annual Champion—from inferior fields. The two three-year-olds did not meet in competition. Hermis did not round into his best form until late in the season, when he beat the best all-aged horses of the country in brilliant fashion.

McChesney, last year's champion three-year-old of the West, probably shares with Sceptre, the famous English filly, the honor of being the most talked-of horse in the world. McChesney is a son of MacDuff and Manola Mason, and is one of the most honest thoroughbreds that ever looked through a bridle. He started seventeen times in Western races, was first eight times, second four times, third once, and unplaced four times. Messrs. Durnell & Herz, the owners of the colt, raced him all winter at New Orleans, and then sold him for thirty thousand dollars to Mr. E. E. Smathers

of New York, the owner of Lord Derby and many other fast trotting horses.

McChesney is a large chestnut horse, a grand weight-carrier, who shows at his best over a distance of ground. Once in front, he stays there, although his winning margin is seldom large. As a stretch runner he has few equals and no superiors. Horsemen are looking forward with keen delight to the meeting of McChesney and Hermis. Each numbers supporters by the thousand, and the contest will be well worth the seeing.

OTHER CHAMPION HORSES.

Lord Brilliant and Lord Golden, champion singles and tandem pair, are without doubt the two most remarkable show horses living to-day. Trained and driven by Aurel Batonyi, the well-known professional whip, they have been exhibited all over the country, and have won hundreds of blue ribbons.

Lord Brilliant is a chestnut gelding,

fourteen years old, measuring fourteen hands and three inches and a half. He has been exhibited four hundred and fifty-one times, and has won four hundred and forty-four firsts and seventy-five championships, with more than forty thousand dollars in prizes, not to mention many cups and plates. For the past three years, driven by Aurel Batonyi, he has won the Waldorf-Astoria five-hundred-dollar gold cup given at the National Horse Show, in Madison Square Garden, for the best gig horse. Mr. H. C. Hoskier, who showed Lord Brilliant in 1900, sold the horse to Dr. John L. Wentz, who won with him in 1901 and 1902. A win next fall will give him the coveted cup outright.

Lord Golden is a golden chestnut gelding, eighteen years old and of precisely the same height as Lord Brilliant. He has won two hundred and thirty-one first prizes. He makes a perfect wheeler for his champion colleague. The latter is



J. M. WATERBURY ON HIS FAMOUS POLO PONY, STRAWBERRY.

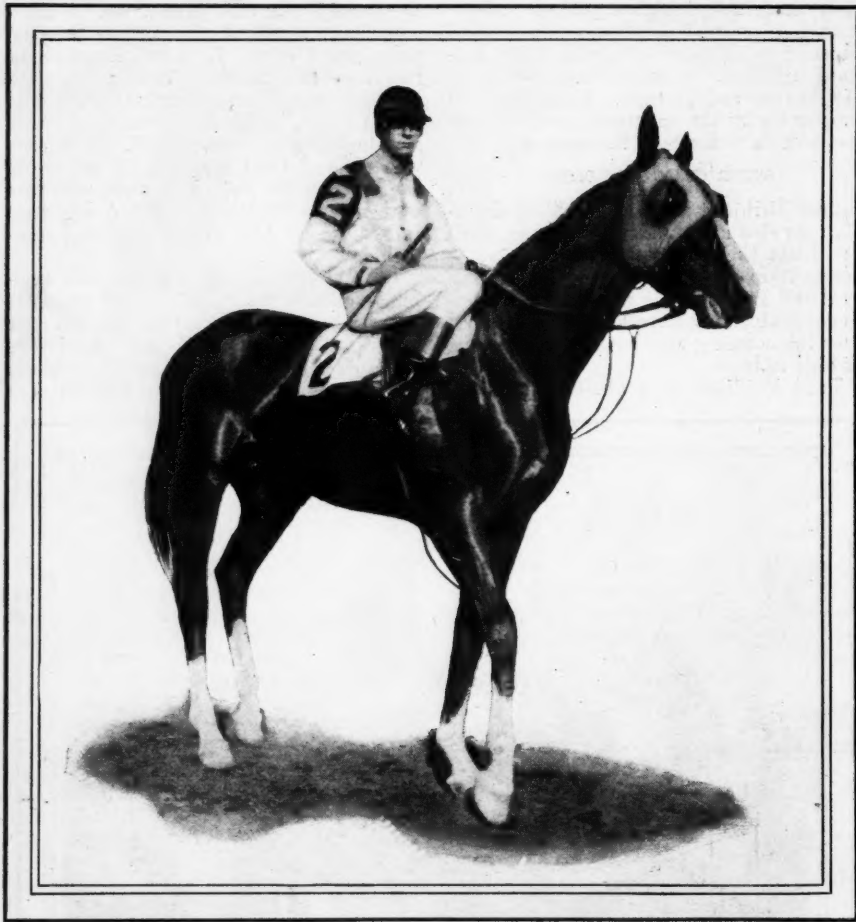
From a photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

an exceedingly high-spirited and nervous animal, and all but ran away with Aurel Batonyi at the Atlantic City horse show last year.

Fandango, the champion hackney stal-

other stallion. He won the American Hackney Society challenge cup in 1899 and 1900.

Heatherbloom, recognized as the champion high jumper of the world, is the



MCCHESNEY, OWNED BY E. E. SMATHERS, AND RECOGNIZED AS THE CHAMPION THREE-YEAR-OLD OF 1902 ON THE RACE-TRACKS OF THE WESTERN STATES.

From a photograph by Cook, Chicago.

lion, was imported into this country in 1893 by Mr. Frederick Joy, of Detroit, from the Brookfield Stud of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, London. He is now the property of Mr. F. C. Stevens of Attica, New York, owner of the Maplewood Hackney Stud. Fandango is fifteen and a half hands high, a bright chestnut in color, and is now in his twelfth year. He is a son of Rattler and Polly, and is the sire of more National Horse Show winners than any

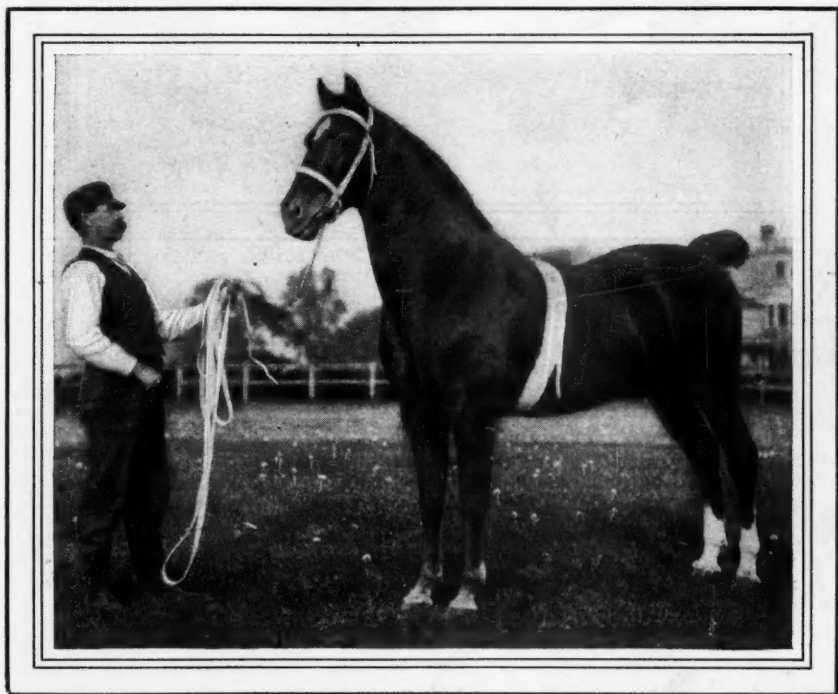
property of Mr. Howard Willets, of White Plains, New York. He is a brown gelding, by Philosophy, son of Longfellow, and has a white slip on his face. He has a record of seven feet eight inches, made at Chicago this year, and has jumped much higher in private trials. At the farm of Mr. Donnelly, who rides the champion, he jumped eight feet one inch in the presence of several witnesses, while at Mr. Willets' own place, Gedney Farm,



LORD BRILLIANT AND LORD GOLDEN, THE CHAMPION TANDEM PAIR, WINNERS OF SEVERAL HUNDRED PRIZES AT HORSE SHOWS.

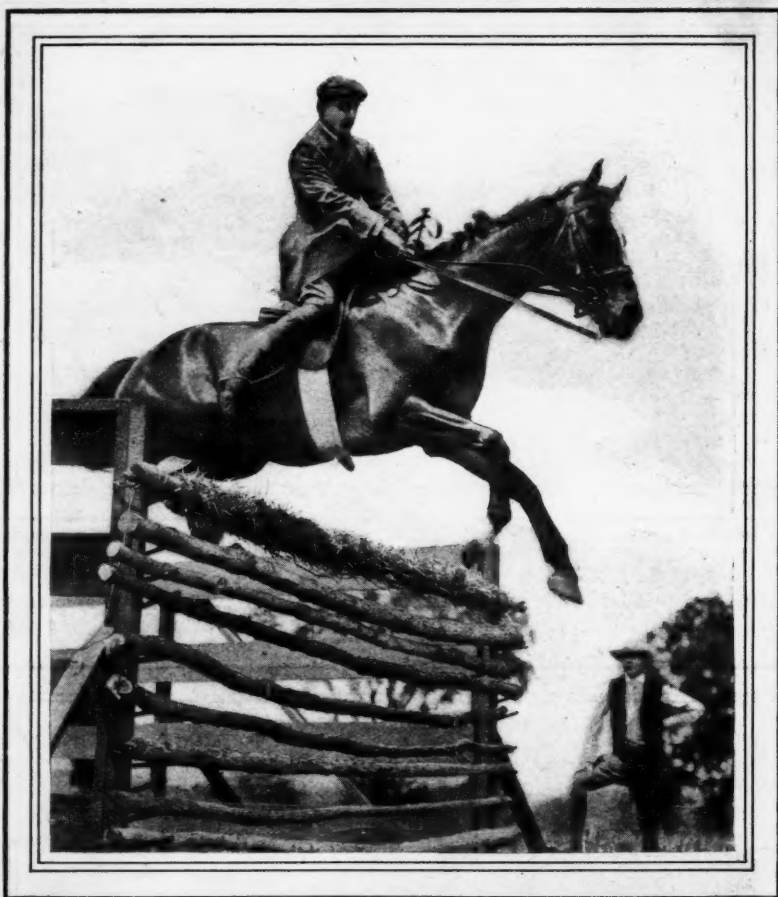
the bar was negotiated at eight feet three inches.

There is no accredited champion polo pony, but every prominent player has his



PANDANGO, THE CHAMPION HACKNEY STALLION, OWNED BY F. C. STEVENS.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by A. H. Godfrey, New York.



HEATHERBLOOM, THE CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER, OWNED BY HOWARD WILLETS—HIS RECORD IS SEVEN FEET, EIGHT INCHES.

favorite mount. Perhaps the best-known specimen of this interesting equine type in America is Strawberry, owned by Mr. J. M. Waterbury, one of our leading experts at the game. This sturdy pony has been ridden for three or four seasons on champion teams, and was used in England before he was brought across the Atlantic. Mr. Waterbury usually saves

him for the last period of a polo match, the crucial time of the struggle.

Strawberry, who is a small roan, knows the game thoroughly, and rarely makes a mistake. Like the typical polo pony, he is more or less sleepy and indifferent when not in play, but a perfect whirlwind when on the field of action with his master on his back.

THE DREAMER.

"To-morrow comes," he cried, "and brings to me
The sweet possession of my heart's desire!"
And, filled with hopes that kindle and inspire,
He builded high upon what was to be.

"Easy the path," he said, "and short the way.
Why haste? To-morrow comes!" But as he spoke
The fatal sands were running, and he woke
To find To-morrow shrunk in Yesterday.

R. H. Fuller.

THE STAGE

MARGARET ANGLIN AS SHE IS.

"*Lady Macbeth*? No, indeed. I never thought of playing it," said Margaret Anglin not long ago to a representative of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. "I would as soon think of trying to play *Hamlet*, and that has never appealed to me. I know it has been reported, and only recently, that I am to appear in '*Macbeth*,' but I give you my word I have never dreamed of doing so."

An interesting fact concerning one of the characters played by this clever young actress is that the version of "*Camille*" in which she made a brief but striking success in San Francisco last summer was of her own making. It seems almost incredible, but it is a fact, that Miss Anglin had never even read the play of "*Camille*" before its production was suggested. *Rosalind* and *Ophelia* she knew thoroughly, as she knows many other notable parts which she may never act, but *Marguerite Gautier* was an absolute stranger. Miss Anglin had seen the whole play but

once; that was some years ago, when Jane Hading and her company were in New York; and one day, after a matinée of her own, she caught a hasty glimpse of Olga Nethersole in the last two acts.

From these two performances she carried away no conception of the part, only a blurred recollection of the whole. When she began to study it out for herself, the stage versions seemed to be a little out-of-date, so Miss Anglin took Dumas in the original—the play, that is—and set hastily to work to make her own stage book. She found it a most absorbing and interesting task.

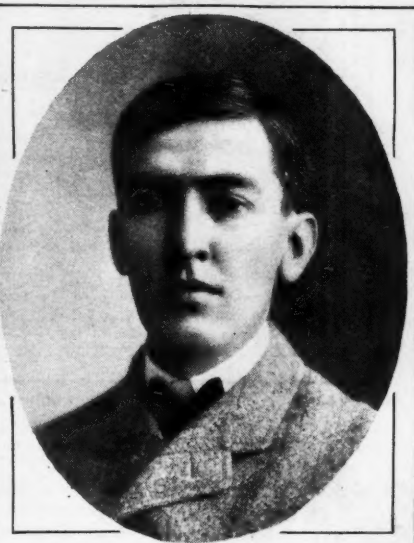
She introduced several bits of stage business which might not be approved by the stanch old guard of theatergoers, rich in memories of the splendid *Camilles* of other days, but which she believes added not a little to the smoothness and realism of the production.

For instance, the fourth act was played in a card-room, with the ball-room opening out of it at the back, the couples dan-



ORRIN JOHNSON, WHO HAS BEEN WITH ANNIE RUSSELL
IN "THE GIRL AND THE JUDGE" AND
"MICE AND MEN."

From a photograph by Marceau, New York.



GEORGE ADE, WHO WROTE THE SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL
COMEDIES "THE SULTAN OF SULU" AND
"PEGGY FROM PARIS."

From a photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

cing down stage and withdrawing naturally when the music stopped. This, of course, is a radical reversal of the traditional scene—a ball-room in which two or three gaming tables have been placed. During that entire act, the old versions of

The last act was shortened considerably, and *Camille* played it through without leaving her couch. A physician was introduced for a few minutes in this act, but the call of the bride and groom was done away with. Miss Anglin says that she



WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, A POPULAR MEMBER OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY, WHO WAS "CAPTAIN RICHARD HAYNES" IN "THE UNFORESEEN."

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

the play do not provide for the announcing of any of the guests except *Marguerite Gautier* and the *Comte de Varville*, and yet many people come and go. Miss Anglin's version changed this; a number of the arrivals were duly announced by a Frenchman with an irreproachable pronunciation.

enjoyed the experience thoroughly, and hopes one day to repeat it before a New York audience.

It was "Brother Officers" that first brought Miss Anglin to the Empire Theater. During the first season in San Francisco with Henry Miller's stock company the play had its first official perform-



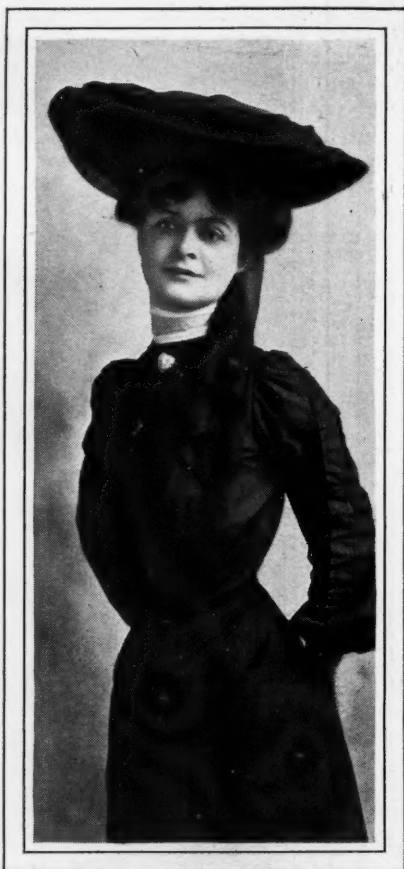
HELEN BERTRAM, LEADING WOMAN IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."

From her latest photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.



MILLIE JAMES, MADE UP AS THE CHILD "SARA CREWE," IN "THE LITTLE PRINCESS."

From a photograph by Marceau, New York.



MILLIE JAMES AS SHE REALLY IS.

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

ance in America. It proved so charming that Mr. Frohman decided to give New Yorkers an opportunity of seeing it, and so Miss Anglin's part—the *Baroness Roydon*—was the hinge on which her fortunes turned.

As was briefly outlined in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for June, 1902, it was her *Roxane* in Mansfield's production of "Cyrano" which definitely raised her above the rank and file. Her *Baroness Roydon* not only made her the leading woman of the Empire stock company, but foreshadowed her splendid performance as *Mrs. Dane* in her own defense.

She is reluctant to tell which part of the year she finds the more enjoyable, the New York season before a conservative, cosmopolitan audience, or the ten weeks in San Francisco, where she did and dared so much. But one or two parts fall to the

lot of the Empire's leading woman during the entire season in the East, while on the Western coast she has had a wide range. "Trelawney of the Wells," "The Liars," "The Wilderness," and many others of the New York successes bear her name on the Columbia Theater programs; from *Sophy*

Europe with her mother and sister, with whom she lives in a charming home on New York's upper west side.

For next season, as this goes to the press, the theatrical world is busily concerning itself with a starring tour for Miss Anglin, as well as with the dissolution of



LAWRENCE D'ORSAY, THE ENGLISH ACTOR WHO HAS MADE A HIT IN THE COMEDY "THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

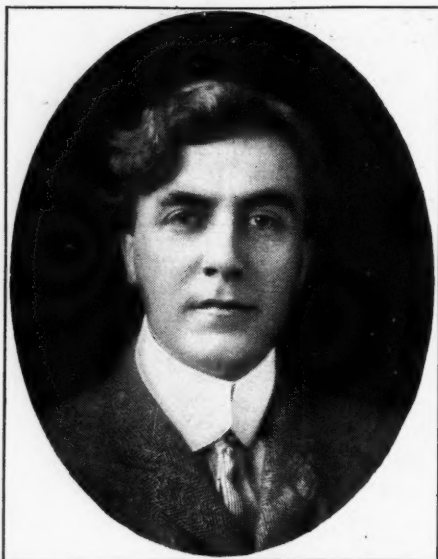
Fullgarney, the manicure in "Lord Quex," she climbed the social ladder to gay, good-hearted *Lady Algy*.

San Francisco is not likely to have this clever and ambitious young actress on the boards of the Columbia this summer, at least not for more than a week or two, when she may run out there to appear in something new and very attractive. Miss Anglin is planning to give herself a real vacation, and is already booked to sail for

the famous Empire stock; but in which ever capacity she is to appear—as leading woman or as star—her attractive personality as well as her genius for emotional rôles will insure her a prominent place in the attention of theatergoers.

THE WONDER OF "THE LITTLE PRINCESS."

Our two portraits of Millie James show her in interesting contrast—one picture



CHARLES MACKAY, WHO WAS THE LOVER FROM THE FACTORY IN "THE BIRD IN THE CAGE."

From a photograph by Armstrong, Boston.

as she really is, and the other as she is made up for her latest great success in child delineations—*Sara Crewe* in Frances Hodgson Burnett's pretty play, "The Little Princess." This work, originally put on at the Criterion for matinees only, became so popular that it moved from one theater to another after the original New York time had expired, and was then taken on the road as a regular evening bill. More than this, it gave such a vogue to children's plays that a metropolitan manager took "Little Lord Fauntleroy" down from the shelf after some years of repose there.

Miss James' performance as a child of ten is really wonderful. Her ability in this line was made manifest two years ago, when she appeared as the terror from the orphan asylum in "Lovers' Lane." She is the daughter of the well-known tragedy star, Louis James; her age is in the neighborhood of twenty-seven, and she began her stage career nine years ago with Roland Reed in "The Club Friend." Next she was the *Wozy Girl* (created by little Gladys Wallis, now married and off the boards) in "The Senator," and for one season she played with James Corbett. Three years ago she was seen by New Yorkers in "Woman and Wine" as the mother of a baby, with two husbands to her credit.

Next season a new play, especially de-

signed for her abilities, will probably be ready for her, and she may also appear in some of the famous Lotta rôles.

THE GREATEST EARL IN STAGELAND.

Late last winter the eclipse of a female star was the means of hanging a new male light in the theatrical firmament of New York. Elizabeth Tyree had leased the Madison Square Theater for a ten weeks' term to present "Gretna Green." Unfortunately, the public did not manifest any wild desire to crowd the house. In this emergency Kirke La Shelle stepped forward and said that he would take six weeks of Miss Tyree's time for a comedy he had just bought from Augustus Thomas. He had a good deal of faith in



AUGUSTA GLOSE, WHO SINGS THE SONGS AT THE PIANO IN "LIBERTY BELLES."

From her latest photograph by the Burr-McIntosh Studio, New York.



MARGARET ANGLIN, LEADING WOMAN OF THE EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY, WHO MAY
BECOME A STAR NEXT SEASON.

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.



MARIE GEORGE, THE AMERICAN ACTRESS, AS "GRETCHEN" IN THE NEWEST DRURY LANE PANTOMIME, "MOTHER GOOSE."

From her latest photograph by Downey, London.

it, too, for it had been declined by Charles Frohman, just as Mr. Thomas' other play, "Arizona," had been, only to prove a fortune in the hands of La Shelle. Better

yet, Mr. La Shelle offered to star Miss Tyree jointly with Lawrance D'Orsay, whom he had picked out to create the name part in "The Earl of Pawtucket."

Mr. D'Orsay did not seem to be a particularly promising proposition as a star. He was an English actor of the "haw haw" type, who had exactly fitted his part as the *King* in Annie Russell's production of "A Royal Family." The winter before last he was a foppish Englishman in "The Wilderness," at the Empire. Since then he had dropped out of the ken of metropolitan theatergoers. But from the very start Mr. D'Orsay and the *Earl of Pawtucket* became interchangeable terms, and the comedy won a popularity that extended clear beyond the six weeks Mr. La Shelle had engaged at the Madison Square.

Mr. D'Orsay hails from Northamptonshire, and, like many other actors on both sides of the sea, started out in life with the idea of becoming a lawyer; but he drifted on to the stage, where he has usually played the rôles of blasé Englishmen, in which Americans have been in the habit of seeing him. Once, however, he had the ambition to get up and stir about more briskly on the boards.

"Why can't I appear in a melodrama?" he said to his manager.

"All right," was the reply. "You might try it;" so Arthur Shirley wrote one with a scene in which the bullets peppered about D'Orsay thick and fast. But something went wrong, the actor had his clothes shattered by shot, and for the remainder of the scene was obliged to play with his face always carefully turned to the footlights.

"Aw, I say," he remarked afterward to Mr. Shirley, "if I keep on in this sort of thing, you'll have to get me a pair of asbestos trousers!"

GEORGE ADE'S OWN STORY.

"Be sure to be born in Indiana," was some wit's recipe for literary fame. George Ade's parents attended to this important matter for him, as the boy first saw the light in Kentland, just east of the Illinois State line, on the 9th of February, 1866. His father was the town banker, and the boy was educated within the confines of the State which he has since helped to make still more famous than it already was, graduating at Purdue University, at Lafayette, in 1887.

"I began my newspaper work on Lafayette dailies," said Mr. Ade, in response to the writer's queries, "and went to Chicago, to the *Daily News* there, in 1890. Among my fellow journalists in the Windy City at that time were Harry B. Smith, the comic opera librettist; F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley); Charles B. Dilling-

ham, now manager of Julia Marlowe and other stars; and Frederick Upham Adams, author of "John Burt," the serial recently concluded in *MUNSEY'S*. I started in, like the rest of the boys, as a general reporter, but in a couple of years I was made a traveling correspondent. In '93 I did special stories dealing with the World's Fair. At the close of the exposition the editors put me in charge of a two-column story section in the *Record*, formerly the *Morning News*. For seven years I kept this department going six days in the week, except for occasional brief vacations. It was during this period that I wrote the sketches that were collected in my 'Artie' book.

"Two other volumes of mine were put upon the market, but I did not strike a profitable lead until I hit upon the 'Fables' idea. This was in 1899, when my publishers wanted me to get out some kind of a little book for the holiday trade. During my six years on the 'story department' I had tried to find out what kind of stuff the dear public craved, and I had become convinced that ninety-five per cent of my readers had a fondness for picturesque American slang. This, mind you, provided it was not too redolent of the criminal classes, and was used in the exposition of either simple truth or worldly philosophy. The result was my 'Book of Fables,' and I have been writing fables ever since, pretty nearly two hundred, all told. In fact, I have become so identified with slang that I fear I shall not live long enough to be taken seriously. For some time now, more than eighty newspapers have been printing my fables every week.

"As to the opera business, I'll tell you how I came to go into that. In 1900 I visited China, Japan, and the Philippines. War correspondents from the United States over there told me of the American occupation of Sulu, about its extraordinary sultan, and of the diplomatic efforts of our representatives to enforce American law without seriously disturbing its pet institutions of polygamy and slavery. It struck me as a comic opera story, and I felt sure that some one could write an entertaining musical play around the sultan and his variegated household. The local color, the weapons, and the costumes would be entirely new to the stage.

"After I came home I tried to give my idea to men who were in the business. I presented it to Frank Pixley, who had written 'The Burgomaster,' but he did not seem to care for it. Then I tried to

force it upon Kirke La Shelle, the manager, while we happened to be chatting one day; but when he realized that I had a libretto concealed in my conversation, the temperature of the room fell several degrees, and I desisted. Well, about a year after my return, I chanced to meet Alfred G. Walthall, a very young musician of Chicago, who was trying his hand at composing. He wished to get hold of some lyrics, and appealed to me to grind out a few for him. I remembered my outline for a Sulu operetta, and resolved to work it off on Walthall if possible.

"Up to that time, however, I had never written any verse, and it was like sawing wood for me to turn the lyrics; but we began to collaborate, intending to give the result of our joint work to some amateurs for a trial performance. We had the piece fairly under way when Henry W. Savage, the Castle Square Opera man, heard that I was tinkering at a libretto and asked for an interview. He read the story of the play, listened to some of the music, and said he was willing to give the piece a production.

"When I contemplated submitting our stuff to a regular first night house and all the critics, I weakened, but Mr. Savage rather insisted that we should go ahead and finish the piece. We did so, and 'The Sultan of Sulu' was brought out in Chicago on March 11, 1902, at the Studebaker, where it ran for eleven weeks. Of course we had to revise and patch it up, but we kept it going, and now it is almost half a year old at Wallack's in New York.

"My second musical piece, 'Peggy from Paris,' which goes to Boston for the summer after its Chicago run, is not a light opera, but a modern farce, with music by William Loraine. This will venture into New York in the fall."

TAKING THE AUDIENCE "BEHIND."

The region "behind the scenes" is no longer one whose secrets are jealously guarded. In the spring New York had two plays which took the audience into what was formerly regarded as a mysterious realm. One of these was "Pretty Peggy," in which Grace George showed Peg Woffington's birthday supper in the green room at Covent Garden in the days of David Garrick; the other was Richard Harding Davis' play for Henry Miller, "The Taming of Helen," whose final act is laid in the same room at a modern London theater.

The latter is the best thing of the sort in recent years, and has none of the con-

ventional features. The leading woman of the play within the play, Jessie Millward, leaves the theater on an important errand, having only fifteen minutes before she must return in time for her appearance in the last act. It is a first night, and much depends on the success of the piece. The consternation of author, manager, and actors when they find that their main prop has slipped away is capitally set forth, and supplies an incident that can truthfully be set down as a novel one in a well-tilled field.

"Pretty Peggy" also claims a novelty in the mob of players that surges into orchestra stalls and balcony to howl down the French dancers in a performance of "As You Like It." But Charles Coghlan in "A Royal Box" had already accustomed us to the interrupted play. Grace George has merely pushed the idea literally a little further, sending the mob into the theater proper instead of the proscenium boxes.

"A FOOL AND HIS MONEY" A WISE PRODUCTION.

The demand for good comedies, noted in our last issue, is making itself felt to some purpose. Another hit, almost comparable to that of "The Earl of Pawtucket," has been achieved by George H. Broadhurst's latest output, "A Fool and His Money." Oddly enough, the piece was a long time in trying to find a New York house. According to rumor, it had been turned down by William Collier, just as the "Earl" is said to have been returned with thanks by Charles Frohman. The lead in "A Fool and His Money" is now in the hands of Jameson Lee Finney, who seems to be everything that the comedy could demand. He certainly looks the part better than would Collier, who is getting a bit old these days to play skittish young men. Finney's voice, too, has just the modulations to give due effect to the high-sounding yet meaningless combinations of words with which the *Fool* confounds the German baron.

May Vokes, the ever memorable Tilly of "My Friend from India," is another slavey in the new comedy, one who eats ice to make her eyes beautiful, a process to which she has been put up by the unblushing Finney. "A Fool and His Money" is a worthy successor to those other Broadhurst laugh-provokers, "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home," with the added merit of being named much more sensibly.

The Conversion of Casey.

HOW PRIVATE GOGGINS, OF THE SALVATION ARMY, FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

BY FRANCIS Z. STONE.

SHORTY GOGGINS, sometime aspirant to the welter-weight championship, and late bouncer-in-chief at Deegan's place, was returning to the Salvation Army barracks through a district familiar to him. It had been the scene of his exploits in the unregenerate days before the army had worked upon his crude emotions and directed them to laudable ends.

The probationary term of mufti had not expired, and Goggins mourned the absence of an outward and visible sign of spiritual grace, such as his uniform would have afforded. He yearned for persecution, submission to which would entail a fight with Satan. All other forms of combat being prohibited, even that seemed desirable. A short two months had elapsed since he had turned his back upon the old world, yet he feared that he was already forgotten.

A few habitués of the locality greeted him guardedly, recognizing by their manner his claim to respect on the score of prowess, and at the same time according him the contempt due his defection. After all, it was only a few weeks ago that Goggins signed articles for a "finish contest" with Casey the Rat-Biter, and the betting had begun at even money. A man who had commanded even money against the redoubtable Casey could not be utterly scorned.

It was in front of Deegan's place that the crown of martyrdom for which he had longed was offered to the ex-pugilist. The swinging doors opened, and out came Deegan himself, accompanied by Casey the Rat-Biter and Snipe Einstein, the latter's manager.

The Rat-Biter, who attributed Goggins' retirement to fear, was not backward in stating his convictions, together with his estimate of Goggins and his forebears. Snipe Einstein was fluent and funny. Deegan rolled his fat cigar to the drooping corner of his wide mouth, and looked sidewise at his former bouncer with that curious, impersonal interest which goads to madness.

Now that he had found what he was seeking, the experience fell short of Gog-

gins' expectation. However deeply it may be submerged for the time, a man's past is never wholly obliterated by an emotional wave. He hesitated, and, with the instinct of the boxer, turned and faced Casey.

Whether the Rat-Biter misunderstood the movement or whether he struck in mere wantonness is of no importance. He hooked his right promptly to the jaw, and Private Goggins of the Salvation Army dropped to the pavement like a shot rabbit.

"One! Two! Three! Four!" counted the grinning Einstein.

Goggins lifted himself upon one elbow, got to his knees, and knelt thus, with bowed head.

He was not praying. All his recent experiences and resolves had been jolted out of him at the angle of the jaw. He was back in the ring, taking the full count; at the end of it he would rise up and stand upon the defensive until the gong should send him to his corner, to be fanned and sprayed into condition for the renewal of hostilities.

Though the street was all but deserted when the knock-down occurred, it was now alive with detached figures converging at a run upon the scene of the assault. Deegan lifted the kneeling man and hustled him into the saloon. They disappeared in the office at the rear; Casey and Einstein stopped at the bar.

Deegan's attitude towards his former employee had undergone a change from the moment when the latter received the blow; not because anything chivalrous in his nature protested against the act itself, but because Goggins had once been a protégé of his. He felt towards Casey as he would have felt towards a driver who had run over a dog that he no longer owned, but which had once won battles for him.

Presently he came out of the office and approached Einstein.

"An even fifty," he said, "that Shorty does your man with four-ounce gloves, at catch weight, up-stairs, within an hour."

Einstein shared Casey's belief that Goggins knew the Rat-Biter to be his

master. Also, it was pretty low tide with the pair, the death of a boxer in the ring having recently brought about an unwontedly rigid enforcement of the law prohibiting such contests. Snipe saw, too, that Deegan regarded the matter as personal, and was therefore liable to bias in judgment. Casey himself said nothing, but assumed an expression at once hard and superior.

"I'll go you if you'll make it a century," said the manager.

Deegan nodded, and, extracting a thick roll of notes from his trousers pocket, dealt five twenties down upon the bar with the facility of an ex-bookmaker. Einstein covered the deposit, and after a brief colloquy they separated, Deegan reentering the office.

"Well," he said, "it goes. Up-stairs in an hour."

Goggins shot a scared glance at the speaker.

"Say, Deegan," he began hurriedly, "I got to get out of dis an' back to headquarters. I was on me way back from an arrant for Cap when Casey handed me dat poke. On de square, I can't put up no scrap. When I told you I'd fight him I was nutty wit' dat t'ump in de teet' an' didn't t'ink nuttin' about bein' saved. On de square, Deegan, I can't do it!"

Deegan turned the key in the lock and faced his refractory principal with legs wide apart and projecting lower jaw.

"So I lose a hundred, do I, an' you make yourself a liar an' a crawler, an' take a punch from that stiff Casey? Say, I think him an' that Motzer is right! You've got a yaller streak in you like a quarantine flag."

Goggins clinched his hands and breathed hard. His attitude was not one of Christian humility. Deegan marked it, out of the corners of his eyes.

"I don't know what they tell you over at the army," pursued the tempter, "but if they give it out that it's wrong to scrap, they don't read their Bible. The Bible's full of scrappin'. Mind, I ain't sayin' nothin' against the army, Shorty—they're good people, all right, an' I cough up my bit whenever they come around for it; but them folks is just as liable to make a bum guess as any of the rest of us. An' this is one of the times. Didn't I square it for you when you stood to do time for putting O'Hara in hospital? Didn't I make good for giving your sister Maggie a decent funeral? Say, is there anything in your religion that tells you it's right to go back on a man that's stuck by you?"

Goggins' head dropped, and he fumbled

the brim of his hat. Convictions that he had believed immovable were shaken. His slow mind was utterly bewildered.

"An' see here," the other went on, "it's nothin' more or less than your duty to put Casey out. Take the gang around here. They'll say: 'Well, if Shorty Goggins, that was the toughest thing on the line, can square it an' yet keep good enough to do the Rat-Biter, this army business ain't so worse. I'll look into it an' see what's doin'.' That's what they'll say if you do the square thing an' be right. But what kind of a spiel will they make if you crawl? 'Say, did ye hear about Shorty, that fought the draw with the Baltimore Sunflower on Hagan's barge? The army got him, an' he turned yaller. Casey put it all over him in front of Deegan's place an' he never peeped. An' he got into Deegan for a hundred. That's what them army people do for a guy.' So they'll all say. You know you can't be any use to the army down here without you got the respect of the gang."

This last argument suggested a compromise between conscience and inclination. Nay, more, it allied them. Goggins straightened up, his face hardened with a mighty resolve.

"A' right," he said.

The tip had gone forth that there was something doing at Deegan's place, but only the elect were admitted to the loft above the saloon, which was variously used as the assembly rooms of the Martin J. Corcoran Club, the training quarters of Deegan's protégés, and the scene of their occasional contests.

About fifty men gathered at the ring-side—saloon keepers, ward politicians, bail brokers, and a policy magnate. There were also a few fighters prepared to challenge the winner of the impending conflict. The air was thick with cigar smoke, and the bass growl of conversation rose and fell without pause. The doors had been locked.

The belated arrival of Councilman Cohen put an end to the inevitable wrangle over the choice of a referee. Timekeepers were appointed, and corners allotted.

Goggins sat silent and preoccupied, in black trunks and bicycle shoes, with a dingy sweater thrown over his bare shoulders. Casey the Rat-Biter sprawled upon his chair in a plaid bath robe and chewed gum. He exhibited a bored nonchalance.

The fat referee lifted a pudgy hand, upon which a large diamond scintillated. The hum flattened out.

"Gents, this contest will be to a finish, for a side bet an' the gate receipts, winner to take all, between Shorty Goggins and Casey the Rat-Biter. Queensberry rules to govern, an' hittin' allowed on the break. I would request you gents to blank your snipes, as smokin' annoys the contestants; also to refrain from any demonstration whatever durin' the scrappin', as we don't want to be pinched. The contestants bein' well known to all, I won't waste no time in interducin'. Are youse ready?"

The Rat-Biter nodded assent and divested himself of his robe; but Goggins stood up and addressed his antagonist.

"Casey, ye're dead sure ye can do me?"

"Sure," answered the other in tones which provoked a laugh.

"How about a bet on it, just between you an' me?"

"I'll put up anyt'ing I got."

"A' right. You gents hear what he says. If he goes back on it, dere won't be no scrap." Goggins advanced to the center of the ring. "Dere's only one bet I can make," he said, with a stumbling deliberation born of his intense earnestness. "If I do youse, ye'll have to join de army an' be saved. If youse do me, I quits de army an' goes back to my old graft wit' Deegan. Does it go?"

There were loud guffaws and growls of derision. Casey stared at his opponent, in manifest doubt of his sanity. Then he held converse with Einstein.

"Take him up, Casey! Be a dead game sport!" shouted half a dozen, who voiced the general sentiment.

The only point of honor recognized by their code was involved. Moreover, Goggins' threat to withdraw unless his wager of battle was accepted had weight with them. They were in no mood to be balked of the expected spectacle.

Whether Casey was as confident of his prowess as he pretended, or whether pride prevailed over prudence, does not matter. He stood up, despite the detaining hand that Einstein laid upon his shoulder, and bawled out:

"I take the bet!"

A hilarious roar expended itself in defiance of the frantic pantomime of the referee, who scolded them and promised to declare the fight off in the event of a repetition of the offense. Then he called the men to the center, where they touched gloves perfunctorily and returned to their corners with the shambling gait that belongs to this ceremony. Councilman Cohen kept his eye on the watch. He shut it with a snap, and the gong clanged.

They came up briskly, in marked contrast to their late assumption of slouchy indifference. The Rat-Biter was the taller by four inches, with all the advantage in reach thus implied. He shaped angularly, with bent knees and feet a yard apart.

Goggins was turtle necked, with square, bulging shoulders that buttressed jaw and jugular like ramparts, half way to the top of his bullet-shaped scone. His weight was all above the loins, and he crouched low, with his chin and stomach drawn in and his broad, muscular back arched like a bow.

No reporter was present. Leads, stops, blocks, and counters went unrecorded. The shuffle, tramp, and thump of craftily shodden feet, the loud smack of gloves against bare skin an inch beyond the dangerous zone, and the almost noiseless chug of blows which attained the true point of percussion, were sounds that ceased only for the clang of the gong.

Goggins fought for Casey's salvation as well as his own. It was not Casey at whom he drove his fists, but at the devil incarnate in Casey. It was not Casey who laid open his cheek-bone to the ear with an upper cut of the unpadded heel of the hand, but that Satan at whose burning in effigy he had recently assisted. Defeat meant more than death. It meant damnation. He made no complaint when Apollyon resorted to unfair tactics; nothing less was to be expected from the adversary. Moreover, it did not matter. Of his own victory he had no more doubt than of the triumph of light over darkness. His belief in the invincibility of his cause was as absolute as that which once led men to make trial by battle the backbone of jurisprudence.

Nevertheless his confidence did not entail indifference to details. He "bored in" to neutralize Casey's superiority of reach, and improved every opportunity that was offered for half arm work.

He had lost count of the rounds; there might have been seven or eleven. Always when the gong sounded after the reprieve, which seemed so cruelly short, the lank form of the Rat-Biter rocked in front of him. Just out of range the hard, set face showed above the blood-stained gloves, which moved with a sinister rhythm, not unlike the erect heads of a pair of hostile cobras. Goggins' thighs ached and his knees shook; a dull throbbing at the back of the neck just at the base of the skull recalled a swing that had landed flush after a break, sending him bodily against the ropes.

He ducked a straight left, crossing with his right, but Casey was inside, and his bare upper arm smacked the wet, freckled neck. He hooked his left upward to the stomach, but Satan's champion was too close, and the blow became a push. He saw the green eyes glitter, then a gloved thumb and finger dug viciously into his own optics; something rigid as a bar of iron impinged upon his consciousness, and it was as if he had never lived.

So quickly was it done that neither referee nor spectators saw how the Rat-Biter had used his elbow; but they saw Goggins shrink together suddenly and slip downward from Casey's embrace into a limp huddle. With a roar they threw themselves inward upon the straining ropes. The referee's fateful monosyllables were inaudible up to the fifth. Then the howling was bitten off in mid volume as Goggins opened his eyes, sneezed, and rolled over upon his elbow.

"Six!" counted the councilman.

Goggins struggled painfully to rise.

"Seven!"

The brain was alive, but the connection between the motor centers and the outlying limbs was still broken. As in a dream when the legs refuse their office at the approach of a supreme horror, and when sweat beads the brow from the agony of impotence, so Goggins suffered as he strove to reanimate his senseless members. For the first time his faith failed him; he saw himself abandoned and given over to the enemy of souls.

"Eight!"

His crude imagination weltered in a momentary vision of the Inferno which was to enfold him through an inconceivable eternity. The conception, vivid as a lightning flash, acted like a galvanic shock. He reached his knees.

"Nine!"

Over him crouched Satan in the guise of Casey, an incarnation of triumph and malevolent ferocity. Goggins staggered to his feet, his forearms crossing his battered face. A staccato shout greeted him.

The Rat-Biter threw himself upon the crusader. Goggins lunged fiercely and blindly, and felt nothing. Then he was back in his corner and some one had thrown a rug over his shoulders. There was a yelling crowd around him, and Deegan was muttering profane congratulations. Over in the other corner, which he could not see because the ring was full of men, Snipe Einstein was sourly and perfunctorily laboring over the senseless Rat-Biter.

That night two battered men, the one glowing with a spiritual triumph, the other sullen, dogged, and watching cornerwise for hilarious comment, shambled up the central aisle of the Salvation Army hall while a meeting was in progress.

Fronting the platform Goggins halted, and, addressing the pained Swede who wore the insignia of captain, explained the interruption in true Cove-nanter strain:

"I have fit de good fight, an' I win!"

THRUSH SONG.

HARK to the song of the thrush,
At the fall of the dusk and dew;
Piercing the twilight hush,
Thrilling it through and through!
While the first stars twinkle, twinkle,
And the little leaves crinkle, crinkle,
Low as a rill,
Clear as a bell,
Down from the hill,
Up from the dell,
And all for me and you!

LIST to the song of the thrush
From the shadows cool and deep,
From the heart of the underbrush
Where the pixy people creep!
While the winds grow crisper, crisper,
And the little leaves whisper, whisper,
Fine as a flute
Blown at the morn,
Soft as a lute
Or fairy horn,
A call to the land of sleep!

Sennett Stephens.

ETCHINGS

A JUNE SONG.

INTO the garden now
Softly she goes,
Lighting the leafy bough,
Waking the rose,
Stirring the dreamy hush
Into a tune:
Listen, again the thrush
Sings—*June!*

Buds in the fragrant tree
Blossom and shine;
Forth on his quest the bee
Flits to the vine;
Music and gladness fill
Daybreak and noon:
Listen, the lyric rill
Sings—*June!*

Stars in the blue above
Tenderly glow,
Touched with the fire of love
Kindled below;
Here in the dusk apart
I wait, and soon—
Listen, it is my heart
Sings—*June!*

Here in the scented gloom
Sweet with the dew,
Breathing the breath of bloom
Under the blue
Night of the summer-time
With its pale moon,
Listen, the world in rhyme
Sings—*June!*

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE DANCER.

I—THEY.

GLITTER of footlights on shining gauze,
A laughing nod to the quick applause,
A thrill of waiting, a swift advance,
A poise on tiptoe, and then—the dance!
Oh, joy of motion and youth and grace,
Oh, swallow flight through the gleaming
space,
Oh, dreamy swing to a cadence slow
While earth-bound mortals go mad below!

Down with the faint heart that halts!
Scoffer and cynic speak false.
Life is a measure of melody,
Set to the time of a waltz!

II—SHE.

Dazzle of footlights on tawdry gauze,
Some idle clapping, a weary pause,
A leaden heart and a smiling glance,
A sigh half stifled, and then—the dance.
Oh, weary driving of joyless feet,
Oh, bitter ashes of fruit once sweet,
Oh, free-born people who shout and rave
At the measured steps of a dancing slave!

Tears for the faint heart that halts.
Laughter of dancers rings false.
Life is a dead march, in mockery
Set to the time of a waltz.
Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

PAIN.

GRIM-FACED fellow, silent guest
At Life's feast, what wilt thou with me?
With a great fear unexpressed
At my heart, I follow thee;
Leave the lights, the laughter gay,
Heavy-hearted go away.

At the last, I thank thee, friend;
I am weaned from specious show
Of delight—the banquet-end
Meant but surfeit: now I know
Real from seeming, and am trussed
For the May-be and the Must.
Richard Burton.

BLOSSOM SONG.

*Bloom of the apple and bloom of the pear,
How I love you,
Set naught above you,
Vision so radiant, attar so rare!*

Oh, light my foot when up the east
Comes morn arrayed as for a feast!
I do not know a thing so light,
A truant on the wind released!

Oh, light my heart when youngling day
Floods in with orient array!
I do not know a thing so light
Search all the year from May to May!

For where spring weaves with blossom-
loom,
My love goes like a soft perfume;
I do not know a thing so fair
As is my love amid the bloom!

And all the things of lyric birth,
They voice their ardor and their mirth;
I do not know a thing so glad,
As is my love, upon the earth!

Apple and pear sprays tenderly
With her sweet kiss bequeatheth she;
I do not know if aught so sweet
As my love's kiss in heaven can be!

*Bloom of the apple and bloom of the pear,
How I love you,
Set naught above you,
Vision so radiant, attar so rare!*
Clinton Scollard.

THE SHADOW OF THE BRIDGE.

I'm in my boyhood's rowboat, and the
summer twilight falls—
As many a summer twilight fell which
memory recalls—
Upon the placid bosom of the old canal
we knew
When love and you were young, and I
was under twenty-two;
When, daring in that clumsy boat to risk
your life for me,
You'd let me take you rowing in the twi-
light after tea.
We'd ease the oars to watch the round
moon rising o'er the ridge,
And let the boat drift softly toward the
shadow of the bridge.

The long, straight, golden level stretched
before us, for a truth,
As long and straight and golden as life
to love and youth.
And both our hands were on the oars, and
yours were touching mine,
And when I pulled a stroke, you pushed,
your kindling eyes ashine.
At every stroke two jeweled wreaths ex-
panded and entwined,
And the willows drew conclusions from
the wake we left behind;
To one another winked the stars; the
moon smiled o'er the ridge,
As we rippled on in silence 'neath the
shadow of the bridge.

Then craftily I paused a stroke—ah, I
had much to learn!—
You smiled and quick retreated to the
cushions in the stern.
We drifted on in silence now, while idly
in the tide
You trolled your hand and let it gurgling
play from side to side.
I sat benumbed, until your hand from out
the ripples flashed,
And on my face I felt the drops of water
that you dashed;

You laughed aloud, I tried to join, the
moon smiled o'er the ridge,
And we rippled out in silence from the
shadow of the bridge.

Ah, life's canal has come to be no longer
smooth nor straight;
It twists and turns in tortuous ways to
many a lockman's gate.
Now on this level, now on that, my drift-
ing shell is cast,
Full many another maid has shared the
boat—nor yet the last!
The last? I'd give them all, oh, winsome
girl of County Wayne,
To have your white hand throw cold
water on me once again;
To see again, at twenty-one, the moon
just o'er the ridge,
And, with the eyes of thirty-five, the
shadow of the bridge!

Frank C. Drake.

CUPID IN COURT.

(The culprit having pleaded "Guilty," the prosecu-
ting attorney moves for sentence.)

MAY 't please the court! This culprit
here,
Who seems so young and tender,
Deserves a sentence most severe,
For he's an old offender.

The summer girl who jilts her beaux
Without the slightest reason
From Cupid takes her cue, which shows
He's instigated treason.

A master of the burglar's art,
His "breaks" are bold and wilful,
And he has stolen many a heart—
In theft he's very skilful.

Arson's a horrid crime, yet he
Goes armed with match and tinder;
He fires dull souls, and laughs to see
Their hopes reduced to cinder.

With such accessories in his crimes
As Winifred and Alice,
Manslaughter he commits; at times
His mischief runs to malice.

"Guilty!" he pleads, with callous nerve;
His plight seems not to shame him.
I ask a sentence that will serve
To punish and reclaim him.

Your honor, let not justice fail!
Theft should suffice, or 'arson,
To send the culprit to that jail
Whose warder is the parson.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.*

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

XXIV (Continued).

"THERE must be some easier way into that cave," said Gaudriol, incubating his ideas. "Cadoual could never have got you in the way you came out."

"That's certain," returned Alain. "I could never have got out if Loïc had not opened the window."

"And *pardie*, where is Loïc? I had forgotten all about him."

They had all forgotten all about him.

"He went down the rope to see where I had come from," said Alain. "He will come back when he's tired, if he doesn't get lost. You can ramble for days down there."

"We must find that other way in," said the sergeant. "That may tell us tales. Show us, *mon gars*, exactly where you were walking when—you know."

Alain jumped up and led them round the cliff.

"Now, *voyons!*" he said. "Here is where I always came up. Then along here. So, through the bushes——" and he stopped and looked round. "To the best of my knowledge, *monsieur le sergent*, it was somewhere about here. You must remember I was not noticing particularly. I was just going along, thinking of—of where I had been, and more of where I was going;" and he looked at Barbe, who smiled back at him.

"Now, my friends," said Gaudriol, "scatter and search every inch of ground. Much may depend on it."

And they broke and searched as eagerly as if they looked for treasure. The children searched, too, chattering and laughing, and squealing at the prickings of the gorse, with no idea that they were looking for the life of a man.

But their efforts came to nothing, and it was only when they were about giving up the search that accident revealed what endeavor had failed to discover. The youngsters had soon grown tired of finding nothing, and had taken to subdued skylarking among the great stones of the menhir. The ghostly atmosphere and the place forbade more than surreptitious punches, and unexpected pushes into favorable clumps of gorse, and the conse-

quent rushes of retreat and pursuit. It was one such successful attack which led to the finding of the upper cave.

Jannick Godey, son of Jan, coming stealthily round one of the stones, found Master Hervé Buvel standing with his back to him. Jannick dived headlong into that tempting back, and Hervé disappeared with a subdued howl into the bushes in front of him. But instead of rising full of wrath and prickles, as Jannick hoped and expected, Hervé had gone completely out of sight.

Jannick's pent-up fear and breath were just on the point of coming out in a roar when Hervé stuck up his head among the gorse and gasped, "A hole!"

It was a hole they had been told to look for, and Jannick's roar of fear turned at once into a shout of triumph.

"*V'là, monsieur le sergent*, we have found it! I found it myself, and put Hervé Buvel in to make sure!"

"Good boy!" said the sergeant. "Let us see the hole, then."

"It is here, *monsieur le sergent*, and it is deep," squeaked Hervé, and Gaudriol planted a heavy official foot in the gorse and drew him out.

Behind the bush the foot of the huge stone was hollowed. The burrow ran into the earth with a steep slope, and looked anything but inviting. The other searchers gathered round.

"Let me try it, M. Gaudriol," said Alain, pushing through. "My eyes are used to the dark;" and he disappeared into the hole.

Some of the younger men were making to follow when Gaudriol stopped them.

"No," said he; "the fewer the better. If it is the place, we want to see it as the last users left it."

Alain's head came up behind the gorse, and he crept carefully into the daylight.

"It looks as if it might be the place," he said. "It opens out, but I cannot see much, and there may be openings down below."

"We will return with lights," said Gaudriol. "Can I get in? There is not too much room, *ma foi!*"

"If you take off your hat and coat you might manage," said Alain, somewhat

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doubtfully, as he measured his breadth with his eye.

"I'd take off my shirt and my skin to get what I want," said the sergeant warmly.

For he saw that there would be trouble, and possibly danger, for Alain, unless evidence could be found to confirm his story.

"Understand, you all," he said, looking round. "No one enters there till I give permission. Ah, *mon beau*," he added, as Loïc Breton came swinging along, "what did you find down there?"

"But, *monsieur le sergent*, it is a wonder beyond words. And to think we none of us knew of it! There are caves and caves. I dared not go far lest I should get lost."

"Away over there," said Alain, pointing inland toward the far-away tower of Landroel, "is a cave from which I could find no outlet. Against the end wall there is a man kneeling in prayer. The water drips on him forever, and he is turned to green stone. He wandered there till his heart failed him, and then he knelt, and prayed, and died. I will go down with you any time you like, *monsieur le sergent*, and show you all the things I have told you of."

"To-morrow, then," said Gaudriol. "We have had enough for to-day, and you, *mon gars*, deserve a day aboveground. And how in the name of heaven do you expect me to get down there?"

"It is quite easy," said Loïc. "Over the cliff, and you swing into the hole I made with the axe; then you slide down the rope for seventy or eighty meters, and there you are."

"And how do you get back?"

"Same way," said Loïc; "just climb the rope, and——"

"H'mph!" said Sergeant Gaudriol. "Well, we will see."

He insisted on Alain and Barbe going to his own house, in spite of Mère Pleuret's protestations. At sight of Alain come back from the dead she flung her arms round his neck and wept over him, as glad to see him again, almost, as if it were indeed her own boy come home again. But Gaudriol's thoughts were all of the future, and the three of them sat into the small hours of the morning discussing the matter. The sergeant questioned Alain minutely till every smallest point was clear to him, while Barbe sat holding his hand and gazing at the sputtering sticks, content with life since he was by her side.

Next day Alain did the honors of his

prison-house to such members of the community as cared to risk their lives over the passage. He showed them all the wonders of the place, from the wavering remains of the devil-worm in the sea cave to the petrified green man in the furthest cavern; and their amazement at all they saw was very great.

Barbe was anxious to go, too, but just as she was stepping to the cliff edge after the rest, Gaudriol stopped her.

"Come with me," he said. "We have work to do, you and I;" and he led her along to the opening below the great stone. "Do you know what is going to happen, *ma fille*?"

"No, *monsieur*."

"Alain will probably be arrested to-day for the murder of George Cadoual——"

"Oh, *mon dieu, mon dieu!*" wailed Barbe, with startled eyes. "I thought his troubles were over!"

"On the contrary, they are but beginning, if I know anything of Mère Cadoual. She is bursting with venom and thirsting for blood. But we will save him, you and I. He has done his part, we will do ours. Now help me in here."

It was a very tight fit, but he managed to creep in at last, with clothing sufficient left on him for decency. He had brought candles, and with their assistance they made minute examination of the cave. He bade Barbe step lightly, disturb nothing, and miss nothing.

It was Barbe who made the first discovery.

"*Tiens*, here is something!" And she picked up from a corner a blue stocking-cap. "It is Alain's. I know it by the edging."

"Good! But it proves nothing. *Allons, ma fille!*" And they groped over the floor inch by inch.

"Miss nothing!" said the sergeant, time after time. "Nothing is too small;" and it was he who made the next find—the fag end of a cigarette.

"Good!" said he. "I would like some more of those;" and in time they found two more similar scraps.

They groped and spied, every faculty sharpened to a fine point, but it looked as if all the discoveries had been made. Their attention so far had been concentrated on the floor. M. Gaudriol, straightening his back by way of a change, exclaimed suddenly: "There is something!" at an object which caught his eye on the level. It was a ring of hardened wax, where a candle had burned to death. He examined it carefully, and then proceeded, with infinite labor and caution, to

dig out with his knife the projecting slab of rock on which the candle had stood, so keeping the wax ring intact.

"That may be of value," he said. "It remains to be seen."

Not another thing could they find, until they went step by step down the tunnel, and came near to falling through the rift into the lower cave. They stood and peeped cautiously into the apparently fathomless depth.

"That is how they got in," he said, and dropped a stone.

It made no sound. They recoiled at thought of the bottomless depths, and crept back to the twilight and so up into the day.

Their search had not yielded much, but Gaudriol was disposed to think that these things might be enough. He could not be sure, however, for he had had long experience of examining magistrates, public prosecutors, and country juries. He knew the craving the ordinary man has to see every crime separately paid for and canceled, so to speak, by an adequate penalty, and he knew the unrest, the feeling of insecurity, engendered by unrequited crime in the minds of both the people and the law.

He had seen men condemned on circumstantial evidence, whose innocence came to light after they had expiated the crimes which they had never committed. He remembered that the detectives from Paris had given it as their opinion that it was Alain Carbonec who was guilty of this crime. Certainly, one of their strongest arguments was the fact that Alain had disappeared. But he saw that a skilful prosecutor might weave, out of the simple facts of the case, a mesh of incrimination from which Alain might find it difficult to escape. He knew that Mme. Cadoual would spring at the chance of making some one pay for her son's death, and that even though there might be an element of doubt, she would be more satisfied to have Alain pay the penalty than to have no penalty paid at all.

For himself, he believed every word of Alain's story, but, unfortunately, it was not he who had to be satisfied in the matter.

When they got back aboveground he examined their finds and made pronouncement on each.

"Those are Cadoual's cigarettes. No one else hereabouts smokes the like of them. That candle was a wax one. Wax candles are not common. I must look into that. The cap, you say, is Alain's. The big stain at the back is blood. That

is all right! I think these things will help, *ma mie*, and I will see that they are rightly used."

XXV.

MATTERS turned out just as the sergeant had foreseen. It was after midday when the men came up out of the cavern. Gaudriol himself had gone back to the village with his treasure trove, but Barbe sat herself down on the edge of the cliff to wait for Alain. She would have liked to go down into the wonderful cavern, and she knew she could manage the descent well enough, but the thought of climbing two hundred feet up a rope rather appalled her.

The men came up over the brow, one by one, Alain last of all, and as his eyes fell upon her she saw them lighten with the look she loved. He came quickly to her and put his arm round her, and they all went down the slope together.

"Little sister!" he whispered in her ear, with a glad laugh which belied his words and brought the color into her face.

The men were full of the things they had seen belowground. They all talked at once, twenty-five to the dozen, and no one listened for a moment to any one else. Alain and Barbe were the only silent ones, and that because their speech had no need of the uncouth clothing of words.

As they came along the row of houses which constitute Plenevec, they saw, standing in front of Gaudriol's house, the old sergeant himself, looking graver and fiercer than usual, and two other gendarmes. Beyond them Pierre Carcassone came striding up the shingle.

"How, then?" said Loïc Breton. "What do the big mustaches want now?"

"Oh, Alain!" gasped Barbe. "They have come for you!"

"For me, child?" he said, with a laugh. "What do they want with me?" for he thought it was only her fears for him that prompted the words.

"M. Gaudriol said it would be so," she cried, clasping her hands more tightly round his arm, and speaking very quickly. "It is Mme. Cadoual. She will try to make out that you killed her son!"

"How, then? I killed Cadoual?"

"We know it is not so, and we have found things in the cave below the stone which will prove it. Do not lose heart, Alain. M. Gaudriol and I shall be at work!"

Here the strange gendarmes came for-

ward, and Gaudriol followed slowly behind.

"Which of you is Alain Carbonec?" asked one.

"I am, *monsieur*," said Alain, stepping forward.

"Our instructions are to convey you to Plouarnec, *mon gars*, to answer for the murder of George Cadoual——"

"But George Cadoual was not murdered, *monsieur*," said Alain quietly; "therefore it is not possible——"

"All that is quite possible, *mon gars*, but we have our instructions, and we must carry them out, you understand."

"Assuredly," said Alain, and he turned to Barbe, kissed both her pale cheeks, and looked into her eyes. "It will be but for a very short time, my dear one, and then——"

And to Gaudriol he said: "*Monsieur le sergent*, you do not believe this of me?"

"Not for a moment, my boy. I know you too well. You will be back here in no time, and happiness will await you."

"I am at your service, *messieurs*," said Alain, and he and the two gendarmes walked off along the road to Plouarnec.

"*Dieu de dieu!*" said Pierre, striding up to the group that stood looking after them. "Tell me, some one, was that Alain Carbonec or was it his ghost?"

No one answered him for a moment. On some of them his presence grated harshly. It required an impatient "*Eh b'en*, are you all dumb?" from Pierre before he got a reply, and then it was Gaudriol who said:

"Yes, it is Alain Carbonec. He has been shut up inside the rocks for two months, and now they have taken him to prison for a crime which he never committed."

"Ah, truly!" said Pierre, and nodded his head in a way which suggested a doubt on that subject. "*B'en!* Now you will come home, I suppose"—to Barbe.

"No," said she with a decided shake of the head, "I shall stop here."

"As you please, but if you don't come back now, you don't come back at all."

"Then I will not come back at all."

And Pierre went back to his boat, which Jan Godey had tied to the iron ladder as he passed the light the previous night.

XXVI.

THEN began for Alain Carbonec and Barbe Carcassonne such a time of trial and suffering as only a vindictive woman, who has gained the ear of the law, can inflict

on an innocent man and the heart to whom he is dearer than all the world.

As soon as she heard of Alain's resuscitation, Mme. Cadoual went straight to Plouarnec and demanded audience of M. Besnard de Sarras, the examining magistrate. She told her story with such explicitness of detail and such emphasis of assertion, stating as fact what was at most only possibility, and backing it all up with the statements of the Paris detectives, that M. de Sarras had no option but to order the immediate arrest of Carbonec.

Doubtless in her own heart Mme. Cadoual believed all her own assertions. She had thirsted for vengeance, she had raged and chafed at the disappearance of the man at whom all the facts pointed. Now, when he was suddenly delivered into her hands, she did not waste a moment. The volcano within her blazed into new life, and M. de Sarras was overwhelmed in the molten flow.

He briefly examined the accused, listened to the extraordinary story which was the only evidence he opposed to *madame's* sworn statements, and duly committed Alain to the assizes.

Barbe was heart-broken. Gaudriol was deeply chagrined. Alain's preliminary examination had, of course, taken place in private, and afforded him no chance of doing more than tell his own story; and the story he told was so surprising that the magistrate received it with a doubt which he hardly took the trouble to conceal.

Gaudriol saw M. de Sarras, and did his best to get him to look into the prisoner's side of the case. M. de Sarras told him plainly that the matter as it stood was beyond his power to deal with; it must go before a jury. It would only be a question of another month's detention, and, said the magistrate with a shrug, after the experiences Carbonec had gone through, that would be the merest bagatelle.

That month between Alain's arrest and his trial at Plouarnec was the longest and dreariest Barbe ever spent. There was that in it, too, for the trying and testing of her soul which none but she and one other ever knew.

She had thought, when she believed Alain dead, that sorrow could bite no deeper. She had yet to learn that death is not the worst that may threaten or befall one. Her heart was still to be wrung white with anguish for him and for herself.

Not for one second did she believe him guilty. Night after night she and Gau-

driol went over the facts of the case, and even Gaudriol, as sure of Alain in his own mind as Barbe was herself, could not but acknowledge, to himself, though never to her, that the facts against him were terribly strong, while those that made for him seemed painfully weak. And as the days passed and no new rifts of light appeared in the mass of clouds which were threatening to engulf the accused man, Gaudriol found what little confidence he had growing less and less.

Barbe lived with Mère Pleuret. The old lady had insisted on it. But every evening, when Sergeant Gaudriol's duties were over, barring rare and unexpected calls, she went to the old man's cottage and sat before his fire. While he smoked, he assured her that all would be well with Alain, with so much insistence that she began at last to have her doubts about it.

She walked the six miles to Plouarnec almost every day, in the daily hope that the rigidity of Alain's seclusion would be relaxed. But it was not, and she never once set eyes on him till he was brought into court on the day of his trial.

And now that befell Barbe which occasioned her distress of mind so great that the remembrance of it never left her. The outward and visible sign of it remained all her life long in a deepening of the understanding in her grave, dark eyes. She passed into the furnace a girl, with all the vague fears and hopes of maidenhood before her. She came out of it a woman who had looked sorrow in the face, and had wrestled for her life, and for the life of another dearer than herself, for whom she had been willing to throw her life away. It was only by the mercy of God that the sacrifice she was ready to make was not consummated. She never forgot it.

Gaudriol had sought out for Alain's defense a certain young advocate, one Noel Bernardin, whose acumen had greatly impressed him in other trials. It was not without difficulty that he succeeded, for Bernardin was a rising man and much run after.

Noel Bernardin came of an old Huguenot family down near Saintes, in the Lower Charente. His mother was a Scotchwoman, one of the Kerrs of Dalkeith. His father was that General Bernardin who fell in the Hell Trench at Gravelotte, just when the fate of France and Prussia hung by a hair. After the general's death, Mme. Bernardin spent much of her time among her own people in Scotland. Young Noel finished the

English side of his education at Merchiston, near Edinburgh, and learned there many things not found in books which stood him in good stead. Without this training—well, the bullet at Gravelotte which sent him to Merchiston made for the salvation of Barbe Carcassone.

These things are necessary to explain him. From his father he inherited the hot blood of the Bernardins, which had never thinned or cooled even under the refining influences of Huguenot teaching or persecution. From his mother he got a clear, logical head, a warm heart, and great tenacity of purpose.

From Edinburgh he went to Paris, and flung himself into the student life in all its phases, good and bad, as heartily as he had learned to fling himself into the games on the Merchiston fields. Whatever Noel Bernardin did he did with all his might, and when he set his heart on a thing it rarely escaped him. He was at this time a brilliant lawyer, as good-looking as he was clever, and was making a great reputation at the Paris bar. His thoroughness was something to wonder at, and his honesty was such that his fellows first predicted failure for him and then marveled greatly at his success.

It was he who refused a fee of twenty-five thousand francs from the rich banker, Roussillon, in a somewhat scandalous case. He refused it because, in the first place, he did not like the look of his would-be client; and, in the second place, because he had already formed his own opinion on the matter. He believed Roussillon quite capable of all that was imputed to him, and more, which is saying a good deal. And when the man was sent into retirement for a long term of years, the only fault Bernardin found was that the sentence was not twice as long.

But Paris is a trying place for hot young blood, a furnace whose fires scorch and devour more than they cleanse. Noel Bernardin, when he came to years of indiscretion, went the pace with the rest. His mother died just before his majority, and with her went the only possible brake on his fast-spinning wheels. But he had the worldly wisdom to keep the two phases of his life distinctly and wide apart. In the courts he was the clear-headed, strenuous advocate, who never lost a case if law and logic and infinite striving could win it. For the rest—well, perhaps the less said the better. He did as others did.

Gaudriol had written to him in Paris. The old man's heart was in this business. It was as tender a heart as one may some-

times find below a grizzled mustache and an official uniform. He liked Alain and he loved Barbe, and he was determined to see them through this business. He had his savings, for the possibilities of spending were small in Plenevec, and no opportunity had ever presented itself before by which he could get more enjoyment out of his money. So he got Noel Bernardin's address in Paris from the clerk of the court at Plouarnec, and wrote to the brilliant lawyer, begging him to undertake the defense of an innocent man on trial for his life.

Bernardin, by a fortunate chance, was holiday-making in the neighborhood of Roscoff. He claimed the Ile de Batz as an original discovery of his own, and found much entertainment in its beauties, natural and feminine—and few possessed a keener eye for both than himself. Gaudriol's letter followed him there, and he determined, good-humoredly, to run over to Plenevec and take a look at the matter, to see if it was interesting enough to amuse him. It was only a cross-country jaunt, and that bit of the coast was new to him. And so the old sergeant was delighted, one afternoon, by the sight of the elegant figure of M. Noel Bernardin strolling unconcernedly along the shingle and absorbing the local color of Plenevec.

"Ah, *monsieur*, you do me too great honor," said the old man, hastening up to salute the young one.

"You are Sergeant Gaudriol?" said Noel.

"At *monsieur's* service," with another salute.

"Your letter caught me at Roscoff, so I thought I would just run over and have a chat with you. Now, what's it all about?"

"If *monsieur* will do me the great honor of accompanying me to my house, I will explain it fully;" and they went in together.

XXVII.

"THE facts are strong against you, my friend," said Bernardin, at the end of a long talk. "They are purely circumstantial, of course, and inevitably so under the circumstances; but things don't look bright for your man. I know what country juries are. They always convict on circumstantial evidence sooner than let a crime go unpunished."

"I know it," said Gaudriol gloomily. "But this man is innocent, *monsieur*. I would stake my life on it."

"If the innocents convicted by country

juries on circumstantial evidence could all return and haunt the men who condemned them, there would be some pretty lively times," said the barrister, tapping his gold pencil between his teeth.

Was it worth his while to break into his holiday? After all, it was only the possible life of a common fisherman. There was not much glory in it, at best, and if there was one thing he hated it was trying to drive light into the dark brains of country jurymen. It was like driving nails into a fog. Then he had some big cases coming on, which would take up all his time. No, on the whole, he did not think it was worth his while.

He was on the point of saying so when a tap came at the door, and in answer to the sergeant's "*Entrez!*" Barbe Carcasone's face glimmered in on them, and the slim girlish figure stood outlined against the sunshine outside.

"Come in, *ma fille*," said Gaudriol, as she stood hesitating at sight of the tall stranger. "It is of your affair we are talking. This gentleman can save Alain if he will—"

"Oh, *monsieur!*"

Barbe's great eyes rose to Noel's, blazing and swimming with the tumult of her feelings, and her hands clasped up toward him as if he were the Holy Mother herself. And Noel Bernardin's eyes dwelt on her with great appreciation. There was something worth looking at in Plenevec, after all!

He looked again into the dark eyes and the sweet, anxious face, and then he said:

"*Bien!* I will undertake it. But, you understand"—to Gaudriol—"it will not be easy."

And Barbe ran to him and would have kissed his hand.

"You give me life, *monsieur!* You give me hope. I was in despair. They will not even let me see him. I go each day, but they will not admit me. And he is innocent, as innocent as I myself!"

"We must prove it, *mademoiselle*. I will come back to-morrow, and you shall tell me all you know, and show me all these strange places. *Nom de dieu*, it is as strange a story as ever I heard!" To himself he added, "And you are the prettiest girl that ever I set eyes on."

He went back to Roscoff, and thought all the way of nothing but Barbe's lovely, eager face and those great eyes of hers into which a man's soul might tumble and lose itself. And all that day Barbe thought of him—when she was not thinking of Alain—and magnified him into a demigod who had only to speak and stretch out his

hand and Alain would be free. For the bitter knowledge still lay far ahead of her that our earthly demigods are mostly made of clay.

I have seen Barbe Carcassone in later times, and even then there was a charm about her which is difficult to describe, but which haunted one like a dream. She had a sweet, oval face in which the tender softness of the girl was just molding into the firm, chaste lines of the woman. The cheek-bones were perhaps just a trifle high, showing her Celtic origin; the brow was broad and placid; the nose straight and wonderfully delicate; the mouth just ripe, and the curving lips just full enough to indicate the feeling that was in her. When I saw them they met a trifle more firmly than they probably did at this time—before she had learned her lessons.

But it was her eyes that held you captive and never let you forget them. They were large, and of a very deep blue, black at times with the intensity of her feelings, and at times a velvety violet. They were rather deep-set, and looking into them you thought of dark, shaded pools in whose depths you might surprise the glimmer of quiet stars. There was in them at all times—when I saw them—a trustful glow which made for the rekindling of one's faith in humanity, and a quiet appeal which was infinitely pathetic and touching—the wistfulness of the girl who seeks to know, with the tender depth of the woman who has known. She was only a peasant girl, but there have been queens with infinitely less grace and few with greater beauty.

Noel Bernardin had seen his share of beautiful women. He had had his tender thoughts of them, and more; but Barbe set his blood on fire as no other woman ever had done. Far from attempting to fight the flame, he fed it with both hands.

He went home to Roscoff that first day very full of thought. Perhaps he was pondering the points of the case he had undertaken. Perhaps he was thinking of other things.

"*Mon dieu!*" he murmured more than once. And again: "What a find!" And yet again: "But she is incredible!"

Strange, indeed, that so meek and quiet a thing should kindle so fierce a fire in so experienced a man! But it was so. Barbe's fresh young beauty swept him like a devouring flame, and before it all his higher feelings, his early training, his self-control, disappeared like a drop of water on a red-hot bar. Perhaps the strange chance that had thrust her thus upon him had something to do with it.

God knows, opportunity brings about as many a fall as inclination or intention.

He rode over again next day, having secured a horse from the hotel at Roscoff, and had another long interview with Sergeant Gaudriol and Barbe; but I doubt if his knowledge of the case was greatly increased thereby, for he was looking at Barbe most of the time and thinking of her all the rest.

No one, however, could be two minutes in Barbe Carcassone's company, and discuss the case of Alain Carbonec, without seeing that all her heart was given to that fortunate unfortunate, and that every hope of her life was bound up in him. And so Noel Bernardin saw that he must tackle the matter from a business point of view. He flung himself heart and soul into Alain's case, as was his way with whatever he undertook, and in this case a two-fold cord drew him swiftly on.

Conflict was life to him; a fight against odds when he had faith in his cause was a great and fierce joy; and in this case he promised himself a fee commensurate with his services—a fee beyond the capacity of Sergeant Gaudriol's bank account to pay—a fee *du diable*.

Day after day he rode over to Plenevech, till he knew everything that was to be known which bore in any way on the case. He learned all about Cadoual and Pierre and Alain and Barbe, and their relations one with another. He went down into the great cavern with Loïc Breton, and marveled at what he saw there. Under Barbe's guidance, he inspected Cap Réhel from the top and from the bottom, wormed himself after her into the cavern under the stone, and subjected it to the minutest scrutiny, but found nothing that had escaped the previous searchers.

The fee he would demand depended on his winning his case, and he spared no pains to that end. Day by day, and hour by hour, the fire within him burned more fiercely, till at last the flames broke out.

It was only three days to Alain's trial. Noel Bernardin and Barbe Carcassone had been viewing the way by which Alain had been in the habit of scaling the cliff from the sea, and Bernardin had shuddered at thought of anything without wings going either up or down.

"Sit down here and listen to me," he said, when they had done, and his eyes burned on her face. And, all aflame as he was, he found it difficult to begin when Barbe's innocent wells of truth rose to meet the fire of his own.

"What is it then, *monsieur*?" she said with a gasp, for his look startled her.

"You want me to save Alain Carbonec?"

"*Mais, mon dieu, monsieur!* Can you doubt it?"

"Well, I will save him if it be within the power of man to save him. But my fee will be a high one."

"Anything, *monsieur*; everything in our power, if you will only give us time to pay it. I would give my soul to save Alain!"

"It's not your soul I want. It is you yourself—you."

"*Comment, monsieur*, I myself? *Mon dieu*, what can you mean?"

"I want you, Barbe, you yourself all to myself."

"But, *mon dieu, monsieur!* I belong to Alain."

"It is no good belonging to a dead man."

"But Alain is not dead!"

"He will be unless I save him."

She stared at him wild-eyed, the horror of it biting into her heart like an icy tooth, and her blood chilled as his meaning forced itself upon her.

"Well?" said Bernardin. "What do you say? Is he to live or die?"

"*Mon dieu! Mon dieu!*" and she rocked to and fro in her anguish for Alain and for herself. "Will no less satisfy you?"

"Nothing less. I want you, Barbe, you. You have set me on fire. You will come to Paris with me—"

"Oh, *mon dieu!*"

"Everything you want shall be yours—the best that money can buy—dresses and jewels, horses and carriages—everything you desire. My God," he blazed, "there is no woman in all Paris to compare with you!"

"I want only Alain—Alain," she wailed.

"And I want only you. I will save Alain to get you. I won't save him for you."

"*Mon dieu! Mon dieu!*" she moaned again, and cast herself on the turf at his feet and clawed it with her trembling little brown hands. "Spare us, *monsieur*, spare us! All our lives we will bless you, and work to pay off the debt!"

He sat down beside her, and put his hand gently on her shaking shoulder, which shook the more at his touch.

"See, Barbe!" he said. "I cannot help it. You have possessed me body and soul. I would go through hell itself to win you—"

Her coiffe had slipped—she had bent to

the fashion since she had come to live on shore—and the dark hair rippled out from its confining caps. His wandering fingers touched it caressingly, and his whole body shook. She shivered and crept along the earth away from him.

Perhaps some touch of the better nature that was somewhere in him rose at sight of her utter desperation. Perhaps the violence of his passion upset his brain for a moment.

"I will marry you, Barbe," he said hoarsely. "You shall be my wife!" And at the moment he meant it, for at the moment there was nothing in heaven or earth that he desired but the lovely young thing that lay there under his hand.

"I shall die!" moaned Barbe.

"On the contrary," he said, coming back to himself, "you shall begin to live, and learn what life is like! Now, listen to me, Barbe! You shall swear to me by the Holy Virgin that you will speak of this to no person whatever, and that when Alain Carbonec is free"—Barbe shivered and moaned again—"you will come to me at my bidding."

"Swear it!" he said again, as she remained prone and silent.

"*Eh bien!*" he said at last, and he got up. "Then, as sure as you live, Alain Carbonec's head goes into the basket;" and he turned to go.

She heard the pressure of his foot on the turf. It was the foot of Death striding on Alain. Her white face rose and looked after him in mortal agony. She scrambled to her knees, to her feet, and ran after him—ran after to pluck back Death from Alain at a price at which Alain would not care for life! But to her the one thing was to save his life—even at the cost of her own. And she said to herself as she ran:

"When Alain is free I will throw myself into the sea. I will kiss him once when he is free, and then I will throw myself into the sea."

"I will swear!" she panted behind Bernardin.

He turned, took her two hands in his, and looked into her twisted face. "By the Holy Mother?" he said.

"By the Holy Mother!"

He bent and would have kissed the brown hands, but she snatched them from him and sped away along the hillside, like one who had sinned and shunned the sight of man.

Bernardin stood and watched her as long as she was in sight, and then turned and went on into the village.

(To be concluded.)